

THE New Movie

A TOWER MAGAZINE

MAGAZINE

AUGUST

10c

15¢ in Canada



FILMS

CROSS THE SEA
by ELSIE JANIS

RALPH BELLAMY'S SECRET DAUGHTER

The authentic story of my life
Jean Harlow

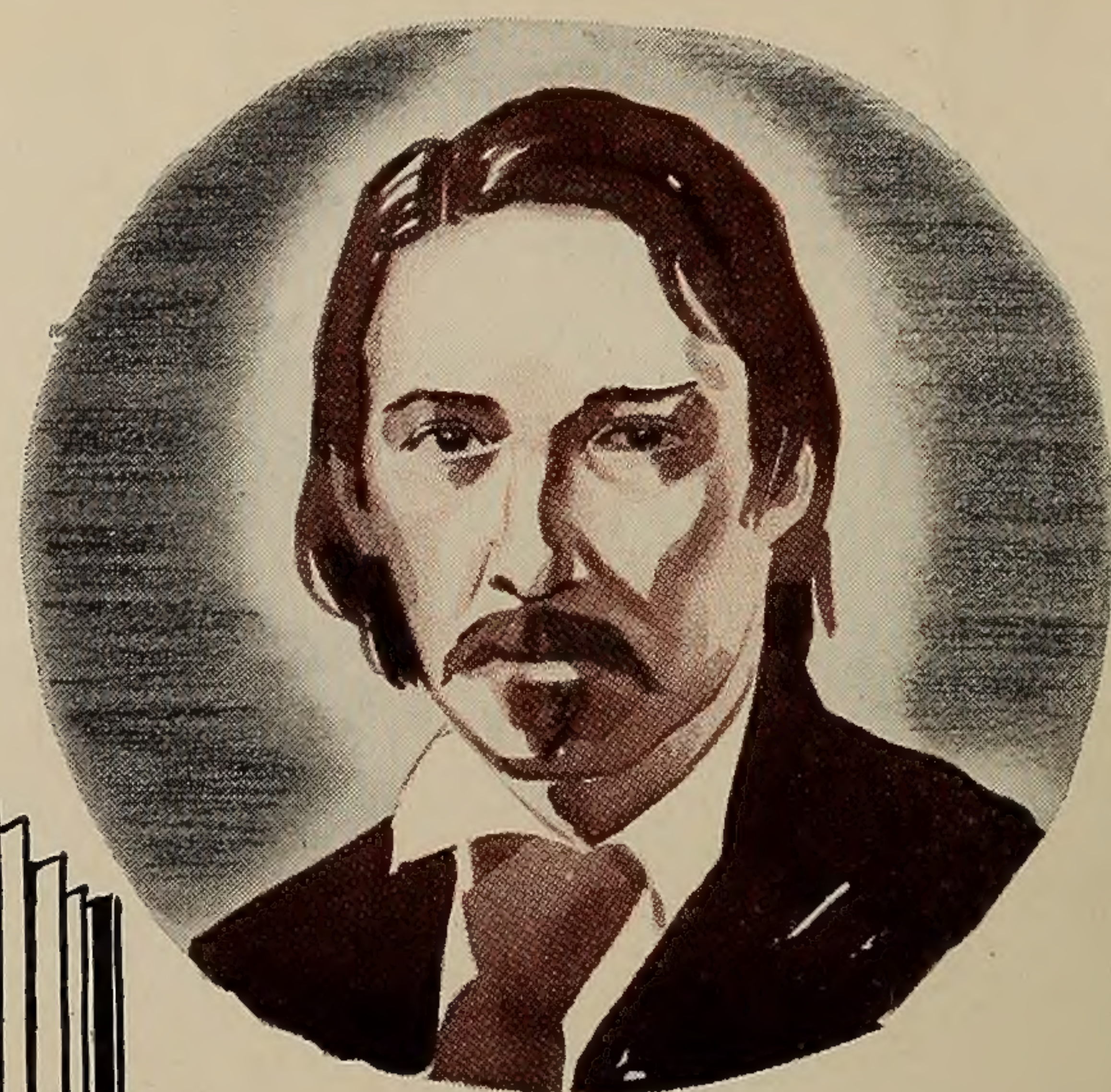
SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

If Robert Louis Stevenson had
traded his pen for a camera...



Wallace
BEERY
Jackie
COOPER
IN ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S
TREASURE ISLAND

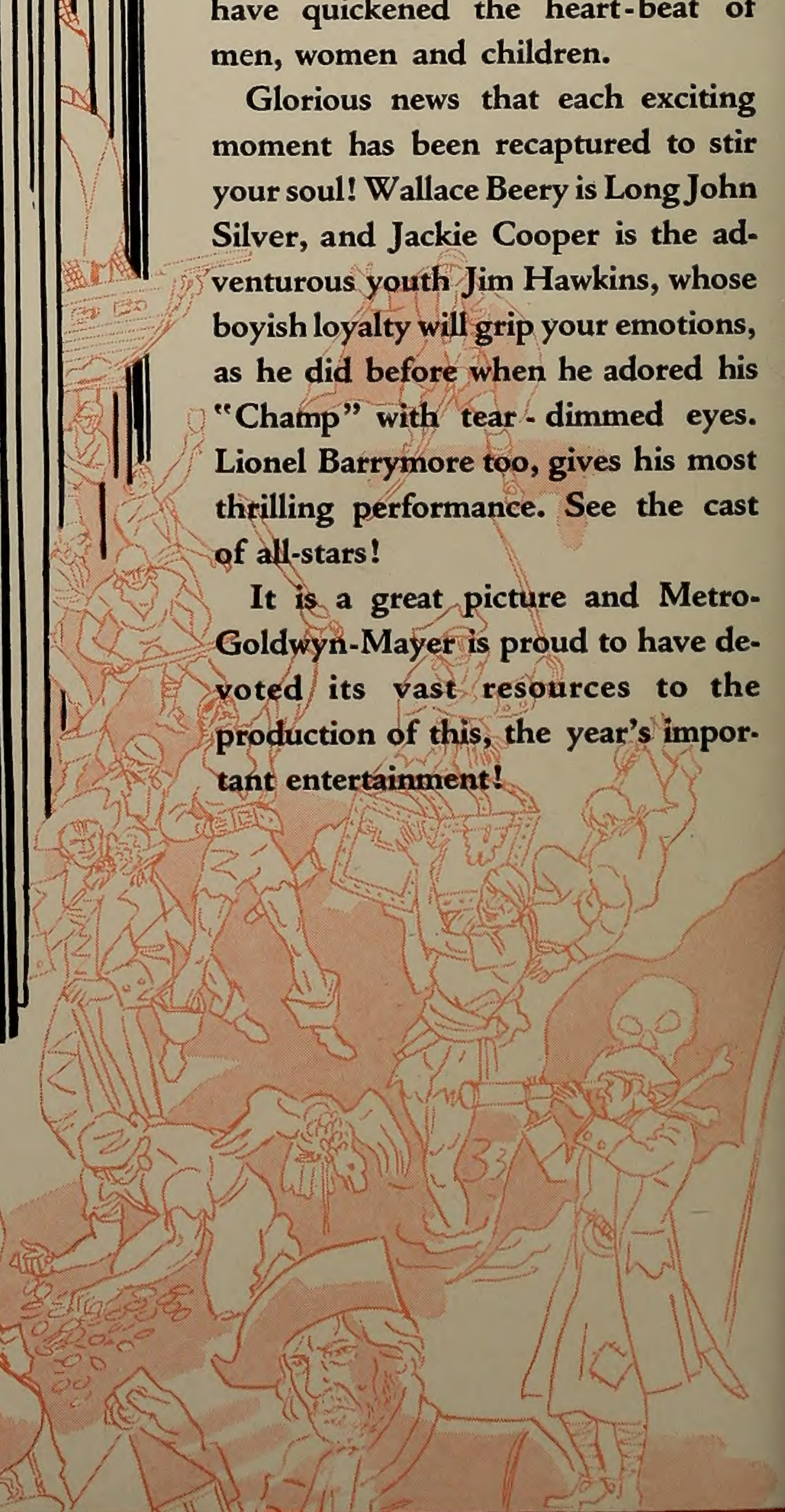
Little did he know that one day his immortal story of "Treasure Island" would come to life...just as his other thrill-novel "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" captivated the world. Two million copies of "Treasure Island" have quickened the heart-beat of men, women and children.

Glorious news that each exciting moment has been recaptured to stir your soul! Wallace Beery is Long John Silver, and Jackie Cooper is the adventurous youth Jim Hawkins, whose boyish loyalty will grip your emotions, as he did before when he adored his "Champ" with tear-dimmed eyes. Lionel Barrymore too, gives his most thrilling performance. See the cast of all-stars!

It is a great picture and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is proud to have devoted its vast resources to the production of this, the year's important entertainment!

WALLACE BEERY *as* Long John Silver
JACKIE COOPER *as* Jim Hawkins
LIONEL BARRYMORE *as* Billy Bones
OTTO KRUGER *as* Dr. Livesey
LEWIS STONE *as* Captain Smollett
"CHIC" SALE *as* Ben Gunn
WILLIAM V. MONG *as* Old Pew
DOROTHY PETERSON *as* Mrs. Hawkins

Directed by Victor Fleming • Produced by Hunt Stromberg
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



Isn't It A Shame!

SHE HAS A BIG HOUSE . . . A SUCCESSFUL HUSBAND . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



Emily's house is a show-place—the finest house in town. And Emily is as gracious and lovely as her house is grand! But—there's a "but" about Emily!



Emily's successful young husband would send to the ends of the earth to grant her smallest wish! But—the "but" about Emily gives her many bad moments!



When Emily goes to parties in other people's houses, she doesn't seem to "click." She feels left out of it all. For the "but" about Emily is her teeth!



Emily's husband should tell her what people notice about her teeth—that they look dingy and ugly. If only she'd go to her dentist . . .



He'd explain that it's "pink tooth brush" which is responsible—that she should clean her teeth with Ipana—and massage Ipana into her gums.



By the time Emily's gums were firm, her teeth would be good-looking again. She'd be attractive again! And she'd get plenty of compliments!

YOU, like Emily, should examine your teeth in a mirror, by bright daylight. If your teeth look dingy and ugly, "pink tooth brush" may be at the root of the trouble.

To be sure that your teeth are brilliantly clean and good-looking—do as many dentists suggest: clean them with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana on your

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums.

The foods of today are not coarse enough to stimulate the gums and keep them hard. Inactive gums often become tender, and sometimes bleed. This is "pink tooth brush."

Stimulate your gums and keep them firm with a twice-daily massage with Ipana. The ziratol in Ipana

aids the massage in toning them. In protecting them against "pink tooth brush," you are safer from gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. You can feel safer, too, about your teeth. Remember: Ipana for tender gums, and Ipana for clean teeth.

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

I P A N A
TOOTH PASTE



VISIT

"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Bldg. No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934.

The Girl on the Cover Jeanette MacDonald

The lovely red-haired girl whose name has come to spell musicals. Having gone to school with the Shuberts, and been given her diploma by Ernst Lubitsch, Jeanette is the mythical princess of the mythical kingdom of musical comedy, always beautiful, always gay—always the *least* bit naughty—L. A. Gimpel painted her for you.



THE **New Movie** MAGAZINE

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

VOL. X, No. 2

ONE OF THE TOWER MAGAZINES

AUGUST 1934

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Published Monthly by TOWER MAGAZINES, INC., 4600 Diversey Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Executive and Editorial Offices: 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. . . *Home Office:* 22 No. Franklin St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

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ADVERTISING OFFICES

55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Russ Building, San Francisco, Cal.

ON SALE AT WOOLWORTH STORES AND NEWSSTANDS THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

HELLO, MARY, DARLING.
JIM'S WORKING LATE
SO I DROPPED IN FOR
A CHAT

SPLendid—but MIND IF I
HOP IN THE TUB FIRST?
I'M MEETING MY HUSBAND
IN TOWN FOR DINNER
AND I'M LATE NOW

CAN'T MISS MY LIFEBOUY
BATH THOUGH. SO REFRESHING
THESE HOT, STICKY DAYS
— AND IT KEEPS ONE SAFE.
NOTHING KILLS ROMANCE
QUICKER THAN "B.O."

IS MARY HINTING?
HAVE I EVER
OFFENDED? IS THAT
WHY JIM ACTS SO
INDIFFERENT— STAYS
IN TOWN SO OFTEN
LATELY? I'D BETTER
USE LIFEBOUY, TOO

LATER

HOW FRESH AND CLEAN
I ALWAYS FEEL AFTER
MY LIFEBOUY BATH!
NO FEAR OF "B.O." NOW
EVEN ON THE HOTTEST
DAY

NO "B.O." NOW— *good times for all*

YES, I'M CALLING FOR
JIM AT HIS OFFICE.
WE'RE DINING IN TOWN

SO ARE WE!
LET'S MAKE IT
A FOURSOME

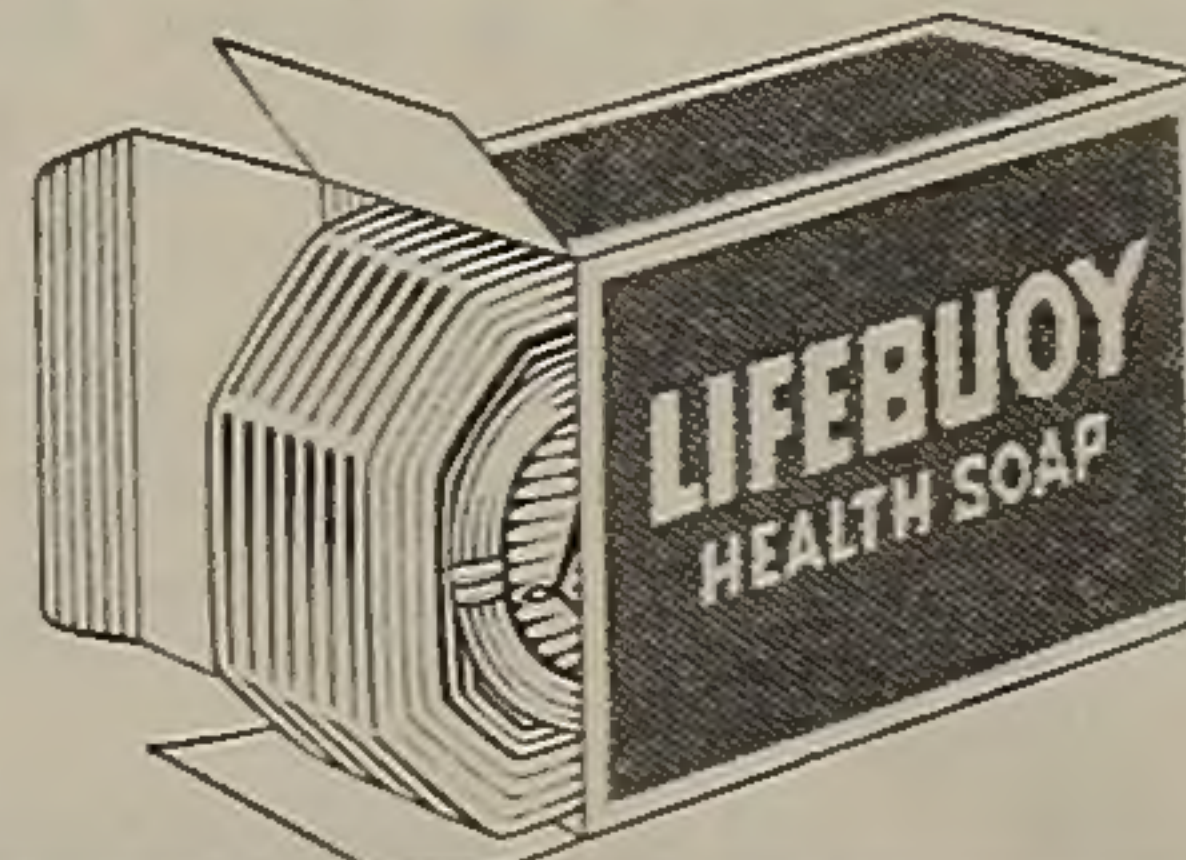
HONEY, YOUR LIFEBOUY
KEEPS MY SKIN MUCH
CLEARER

I CAN SEE THE DIFFERENCE.
IT CERTAINLY DID WONDERS
FOR MINE, TOO

MEN and women everywhere find Lifebuoy a truly remarkable complexion soap. It *deep-cleanses* pores. Gently searches out impurities that cloud the skin. Adopt Lifebuoy and *see!* A lovelier complexion is yours for the taking!

Brisk cold showers, lazy warm tub baths—whichever you choose for summer, Lifebuoy *always* gives thick, creamy lather. Lather which refreshes, *protects!* Stops "B.O." (*body odor*), so common in hot weather. Lifebuoy's fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by
Good Housekeeping Bureau



NO MORE *HOT* WASHDAYS FOR HER

HEAT, STEAM, SCRUB, BOIL!
IT'S KILLING ME. ISN'T THERE
SOME EASIER WAY TO GET
CLOTHES WHITE?

OF COURSE
THERE IS

OH, TELL
ME!

SOAK THE CLOTHES IN
RINSO SUDS—INSTEAD OF
SCRUBBING THEM RINSO
LOOSENS EVERY SPECK
OF DIRT

NEXT WASHDAY

SO I TRIED RINSO
AND LOOK! 4 OR 5
SHADES WHITER
WITHOUT BOILING

OR SCRUBBING?
FINE! OUR CLOTHES
WILL LAST MUCH
LONGER NOW

HURRAH! WE'LL SAVE
LOTS OF MONEY!

SOME women have saved up to \$100—just by changing to Rinso. For Rinso *soaks* out dirt—saves clothes from being

scrubbed threadbare. It is safe for your finest cottons and linens—white or colors. Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Gives rich, lasting suds—even in *hardest water*. Wonderful for dishes and all cleaning—easy on hands! At your grocer's.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

HOLLYWOOD

DAY by DAY

By NEMO

EVEN Mae West has her worries. Since going to town with the nasty gangsters, she's taking no chances on getting herself spotted for a "ride," even around the Paramount lot.



Everyone working on her set was obliged to sign an identification card, and, if even a prop boy left the set for a split second, he had to sign his name again upon returning. This was compared with the original, and, woe betide the wretch who dotted an "i" the first time and failed to do so the second!

Not scared, understand, but just de-

termined to be careful, Mae flatly refused to do her stuff on Stage 13.

Consequently, the cast was moved, bag and baggage, on Stage 4, where, just as they were ready to shoot, the roof cracked (Von Sternberg having just finished work on "Catherine the Great," no doubt)!

So what? So Mae's party shoved over to Stage 1, and, if anything goes wrong there (and it might . . . Mae being the fire hazard she is) Paramount will just have to lease the Hollywood Bowl for further operations.

*I*N her next picture, Adrienne Ames, Stephen's former wife, is to play opposite her new husband, Bruce Cabot. And unlike Joel McCrea, Bruce is delighted at the prospect of making screen love to the Little Woman.

"It will be an inspiration!" he says proudly. While Joel shakes a doleful head and insists: "It's death to Romance!"

Deaf to RKO pleas, Joe almost sulkily refused to play opposite, or even work on the same lot with, his missus, Frances Dee.

Ah, well . . . every man for himself. . . .

A local snoop reports that Joan Crawford has given up lugging a

gardenia between her teeth since meeting up with Francis Lederer!

And for why? For because when the dashing Czech is within ogling distance, her breath becomes so warm that the poor little gol-darnia just withers up and dies. That's why.

Mebbe so. But Franchot Tone seems to be sticking pretty close to the home plate, and, while he never withered a gardenia, still, the Tone idea looks pretty permanent as yet.

C. B. DeMille has at last found somebody who dares to "NO!" him. And, right in his own family, too!

His niece, Agnes DeMille, came clear from London for the express purpose of doing a dance number on the back of a white bull, in her uncle's forthcoming opus, "Cleopatra."

But, when Uncle Cecil told her to do so-and-so, when she felt it would be better to do such-and-such, little Agnes shouted "NO!", packed up her G-string and went away from there, for keeps.

(Please turn to page 12)



Boy, here's where Joe could have some real competition. But then if the lion did open his mouth, do you think Joe E. would stay long enough to compete? At the right: Alice Faye and Hobart Cavanaugh show us what might happen if the police start measuring the swim suits again this Summer.



NEWS ABOUT THE MOVIE FOLK YOU KNOW



**A SUAVE VILLAIN —
A DEEP MYSTERY —
A STUNNING GIRL —**

» » » That's all Bulldog Drummond wanted! And Scotland Yard spent the unhappiest hours of its life learning that Drummond . . . as usual . . . "got" his villain . . . and got his girl!

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
presents

Ronald Colman.

in
Bulldog Drummond
Strikes Back

with **LORETTA YOUNG**
WARNER OLAND • UNA MERKEL
• CHARLES BUTTERWORTH •
Directed by **ROY DEL RUTH** • *Released thru* **UNITED ARTISTS**
a **DARRYL F. ZANUCK** production

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

Junior Hollywood Gossip

Child stars of former years return to the movies; news and comment about the younger movie set

By
HENRY WILLSON



IT seems to be "All Home" month in Hollywood—because the town's flooded with the return of former "child prodigies," who have all grown up, and are resuming their careers in pictures. Remember Wesley Barry, the freckle-faced, red-headed youngster who blazed into prominence in the old Kalem productions? Well—he's back in the movies, and you'll see him after four years absence, in the RKO film "The Life of Virgie Winters." Another famous boy star of the silent days, Ben Alexander, a few years Barry's junior, will appear in the same production. At the height of their fame as boy stars, Barry and Alexander appeared in some of the same characterizations. Wesley starred as "Penrod," and a little later, Ben played that role—also doing "Penrod and Sam."

Johnny Downs is back in town—and we find him greeting his sweetheart of childhood days, Mary Kornman, in his dressing room at the Mayan Theatre in Los Angeles, where Johnny is playing the young leading man in the stage musical "Take a Chance." We remember this good-looking boy as the child sheik of the "Our Gang" Comedies. Mary, who is now a married lady of eighteen, had come to witness the opening night of Johnny's show:

"Gee, how you've changed—Gosh! I can't believe it," cried Johnny and Mary simultaneously, when they got together in John's dressing room. In fact, Johnny didn't realize that his former leading lady was now Mrs. Lou Tover—and he greeted her with open arms and a big kiss, as she entered his dressing room followed by friend husband. A bit embarrassing for the moment—but Mr. Tover is a good sport.

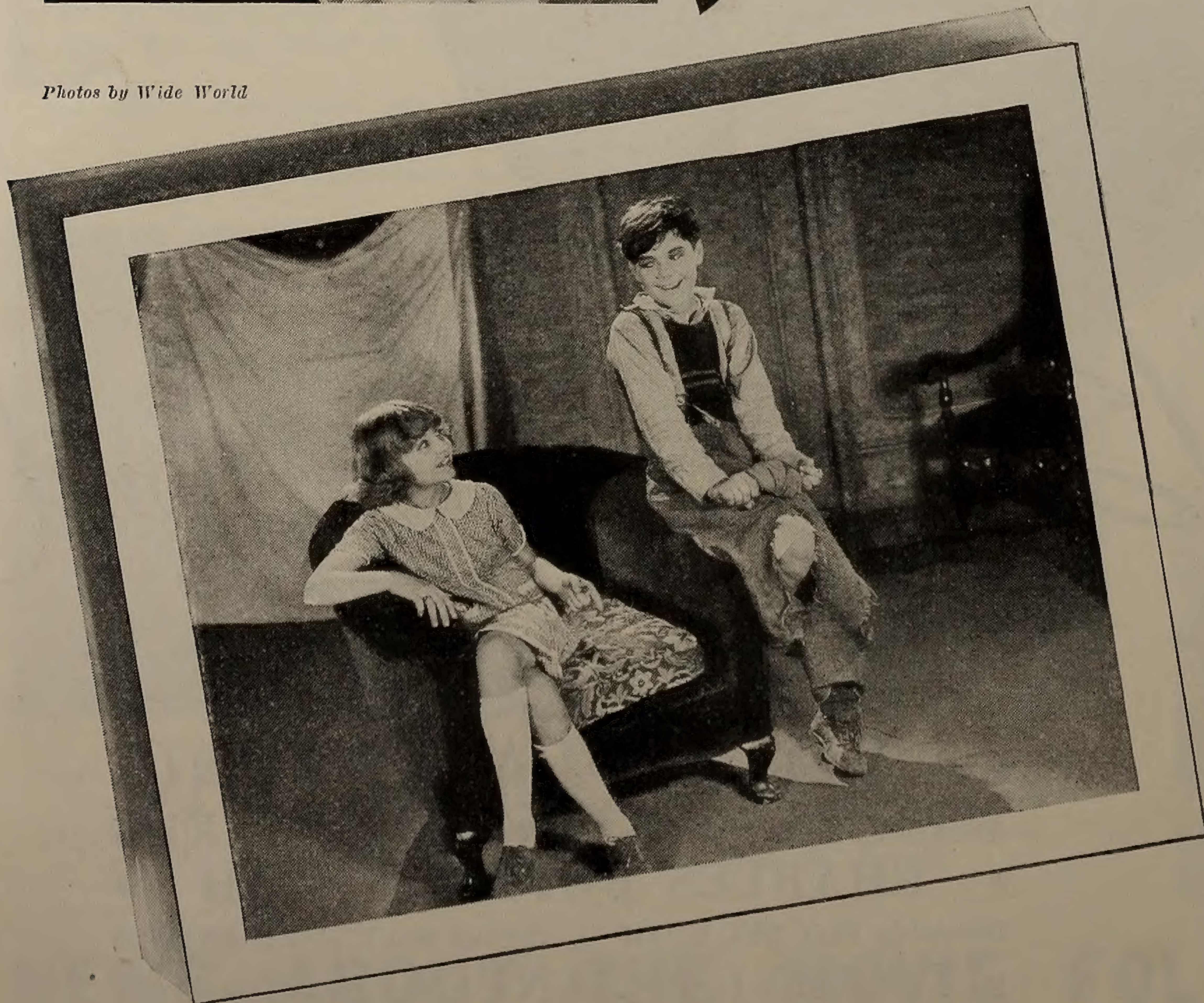
Mitzi Green is back in the fold, too—all grown up. It
(Please turn to page 70)

Gawsh and golly! Johnny Downs and Mary Kornman are saying—could those mere infants be *us*? skip-p-p it! (Below, left) the picture they're looking at, when they were kids, in an "Our Gang" comedy not so many, many years ago.



(Above): Wesley Barry, once a child actor, who rose to stardom on his freckles, chatting with Betty Furness on the RKO lot.

Photos by Wide World





Clarence Sinclair Bull

UNA MERKEL—A real comedienne need not be fat nor funny-looking. Una has undeniable loveliness, yet she chooses to arouse laughter rather than sighs of admiration for her lips and golden hair. She will appear soon in "The Merry Widow" and later in Harold Lloyd's "The Cat's Paw."

Tell us.. ANOTHER

*What Grocery Store salesperson
has been most HELPFUL to you?*

HOW? WHEN? WHERE?

A TWO-WAY OPPORTUNITY:

- (1) To earn easy, quick cash, yourself
- (2) To help a Grocery Store salesperson win local and national FAME.

Pick from behind the counter of any *grocery* store in which you trade, the *one* salesperson from whom you have received the most *helpful* service. Put that salesperson's name on the official ballot on the right hand page of this announcement (or facsimile thereof). Then submit to TOWER MAGAZINES, New York, a letter of 50 words or less describing this enjoyable *grocery* shopping experience. Tell *what* you bought—*how* you were helped in making your purchase—*when* and *where* the incident occurred.

Help *yourself* to earn part of this \$1,000 which is available only to *August* readers of TOWER MAGAZINES. Help that neighborhood grocery store salesperson who has given you *friendly, helpful service*, win FAME in the 1934 Retail Sales HONOR ROLL sponsored by TOWER MAGAZINES!

\$1,000 IN CASH!

Help TOWER MAGAZINES Choose the
1934 RETAIL SALES HONOR ROLL

**Cash for TOWER READERS—
FAME for Store Salespeople**

Sit down immediately after reading this announcement over carefully and compose your letter of 50 words or less. Get it in the mail *today*—in plenty of time to be an August winner!

82 CASH AWARDS:

- (1) First Prize for the *best* 50-word letter.....\$250.00
 - (1) Second Prize for the 2nd *best* 50-word letter..... 100.00
 - (1) Third Prize for the 3rd *best* 50-word letter.....50.00
 - (4) Fourth Prizes for the (4) *next best* 50-word letters .. 25.00 ea.
 - (25) Fifth Prizes for the (25) *next best* 50-word letters.. 10.00 ea.
 - (50) Sixth Prizes for the (50) *next best* 50-word letters... 5.00 ea.
- (Awards given ONLY in accordance with rules stated in this announcement)

Courtesy—enthusiasm—knowledge of goods on display—honest desire to *help* you—these are the qualifications of the ideal Grocery Store salesperson.

You need not buy anything to compete. Letters will be judged on their merits: value of the salesperson's service to *you*—manner in which you tell of the grocery buying incident, etc. Keep your letter within the 50 word limit. Have both it and your ballot in the mail before midnight, September 15, 1934. Address Shopping Editor, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City.

(Entries may be used by publisher in any manner desired and will not be returned.)

Duplicate awards will be paid in case of tie. Decision of judges final. Only *one* statement per person for each of the monthly Cash Offers in this series. Tower employees and their families are excluded.

A Program to Improve Relations Between Store Salespeople and Their Customers

TOWER MAGAZINES believe that in these three words—*Friendly, Helpful Service*—lies a basis for finer understanding between store salespeople and their customers. It is the basis upon which we want *you* to help us pick the 1934 Retail Sales Honor Roll.

Not only may you win an award yourself, but you may help bring *fame* to a grocery store salesperson in *your* community.

To All Grocery Store Salespeople:

Be courteous—*helpful*—always. The receipt in our office of 5 ballots bearing *your* name, admits you to membership in the 1934 TOWER Retail Sales HONOR Roll. You will be presented with an attractive *bronze* honor badge of identification. 10 ballots, similarly received, entitle you to membership and a *silver* HONOR badge. 25 ballots, similarly received, give you membership and a *gold* HONOR badge—highest recognition of all.

HOME • SERENADE

Tower

enjoyable shopping experience



By Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

10 FREE TRIPS TO NEW YORK

Each 1934 TOWER Retail Sales Honor Roll winner will be provided an opportunity to obtain still greater reward. A FREE trip to America's retail capital—New York—FAME as one of the nation's best ten retail store salespersons—This is the final goal for each of those best ten retail Salesmen or Saleswomen who write the best ten (50-word) statements on WHAT CONSTITUTES FRIENDLY, HELPFUL SERVICE. Be the Grocery Store salesperson from *your* city to earn this glorious visit to the center of retail activities! Civic and merchandising leaders will be here to acclaim you for your achievement!

**NEW MOVIE • TOWER RADIO
MYSTERY**

Magazines

\$1,000 IN CASH

for August TOWER Readers!

FAME for Grocery Store Salespeople

Write about an enjoyable experience in which you received *helpful* service from a Grocery Store Salesperson. Follow suggestions on opposite page. Watch September issues of TOWER MAGAZINES, too . . . \$1,000 more in awards for buying experiences in a Department Store. You may try for each month's awards.

DEALERS: Beautiful two-color *Friendly, Helpful Service* Window Seals are yours for the asking. They will identify *you* as co-operating in this tremendous nationwide movement to improve store SALES and SERVICE. Write Ben Irvin Butler, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



MAIL THIS OFFICIAL BALLOT TO
SHOPPING EDITOR, TOWER MAGAZINES,
55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Write, clearly, in this space, name of your most *helpful* Grocery Store Salesman or Saleswoman, together with name of store in which *he* or *she* is employed. Mail this official ballot (or facsimile) completely filled, to Shopping Editor, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

.....CHECK
(Grocery Store Salesperson's name) (Man?) (Woman?) WHICH

.....
(Name of Store in which employed) (Department of Store)

.....CHECK
(Your Name) (Married?) (Single?) WHICH

.....
(Your Address—Street, City, State)

.....
(No. of children in your family) (Occupation of head of family)

Do you OWN?....or RENT?....(apartment?)....(house?)....
CHECK WHICH

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

NEMO KNOWS—DAY BY DAY—AND NEMO TELLS



(Continued from page 6)

SAY-YY-Y! . . . maybe the Gable-Roland fracas started when Gil made some crack about Clark's recent operation?

It has just come to our shell-pink ears that, during his time out in a local hospital for an operation, our Clark fought like mad against being tied into the regulation bob-tailed nightie.

Whether or not it was true, you must admit that we Great Lovers have a right to protect our reputations as such.

And, if the man *does* have knobby knees (which is just a vague guess, so help me!) we're sure that you worshipping females would prefer to carry on in blissful ignorance.

Life, as is, presents enough difficulties.

Jan Rubini, whose sweet music has been heard all too seldom of late, was guest of honor at a cocktail party attended by the cream of Beverly Hills music lovers.

There was a wail of disappointment when it was discovered that

the modest Jan had left his violin at home, but his charming wife, Adele Crane, graciously lifted her sweet voice in several choice selections, and capably oiled the troubled waters.

Harold Lloyd's mother and brother, Gaylord, were among those present.

Our "grape-vine" mail-box turns in the information that Dick Powell is staging a one-man revolution at Warners.

No raisee . . . no singee!" says Dick determinedly. And it looks as if he means it.

Furthermore, Dick has been going places with Ginger Rogers.

Looks like the wailing wall for Lew Ayres?

A gentle-looking, gray-haired man stopped Gary Cooper as he was leaving the Ambassador, extended a card and politely asked Gary for an autograph.

Graciously, as always, Gary took the card, asking if the old fellow had a pencil.

"A pencil?" growled the autograph-seeker. "Whadda ya mean? . . . Don't you carry your own equipment?"

The Dick Arlens have returned from Europe, and Joby's biggest problem is how to break Dick of the French accent he picked up in Paris!

She says he can out-parlez the natives, besides singing "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" front, back, and side-ways, with no encouragement!



EDDIE CANTOR TELLS THIS ONE

Our last child, the fifth to be born, was a girl. We had envisioned it as a boy and rather counted on it being a boy. But it arrived, the prettiest bit of femininity you ever saw. Then I got a wire from Will Rogers and what do you think his message said? "When you want a boy, call Western Union."

AFTER nearly mowing down Danny Danker for escorting Alice Faye to a night club, Lyle Talbot ups and changes his mind (which should be pretty tidy, on account of he changes it so often) and starts getting palpitations over Irene Colman.

That lad's affections should be filed under: Subject to Change Without Notice.

Gene Towne and Graham Baker wrote a swell yarn about a Chinese lighthouse, strictly Chinese.

Warners bought the tale, and, when it hit the screen the boys could barely recognize their brain child.

The title had been changed from "Chinese Light" to "One Man's Woman," and it was about a strictly American prizefighter!



Many of the movie folk have hobbies. Ida Lupino's is sketching. This photograph was taken while she was working busily away during a leisure moment on the set.



The hands have it, and Hugh Herbert and ZaSu Pitts have it too, or them! Here we see the two famous comedians comparing notes, or would say hands?

"Spanky" McFarland, five-year-old Hal Roach star, has the right idea. If you want to enjoy your reading get up where no one can bother you. "Spanky" picked a high camera.



Star

GABLE'S BOB-TAILED NIGHTY . . . GINGER'S BEAU

THE LATEST NEWS OF STARS AND PLAYERS

The beautiful girl who was Mrs. John Gilbert (Virginia Bruce) has returned to Hollywood's social life, now that her decree has been granted.

Billy Bakewell was pretty attentive to her at Ann Sothorn's cocktail party, the other P. M. But then . . . what man in the place wasn't?

Virginia's M-G-M prospects look great at the moment. Gallantly putting unhappy memories behind her, there is a wistfulness about her, a gentle sadness in her eyes, that only serves to enhance her beauty and charm. Perhaps it is motherhood which has brought about this remarkable change in her.

JOAN BLONDELL is tickled to death over the prospect of her coming baby. Although her marriage to George Barnes has been one to which we point with pride, out here, Joan says the little fellow will make it just that much more binding.

It's getting harder and harder to figure things out these hot days . . .

Ann Harding showed up at the Beverly Derby the other afternoon with a swagger stick in one hand and an old-fashioned folding fan in the other.

Furthermore, the fan was unfurled and beating up a stiff breeze for who-tied-it!

Two old-time prospectors were working a mining claim. At breakfast one remarked:

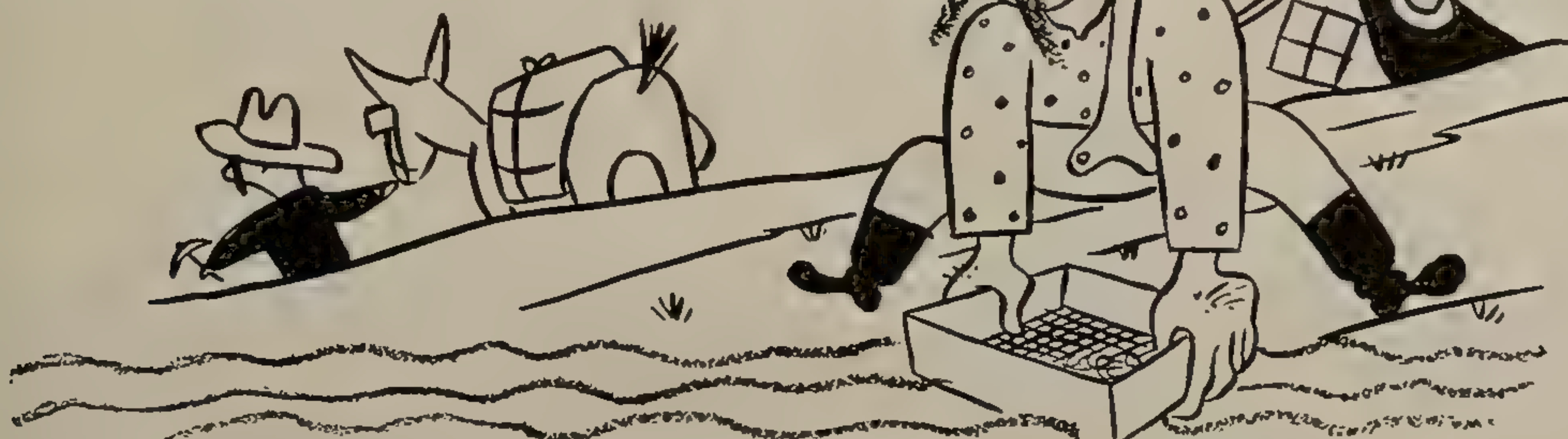
"Looks like rain today."

Along about noon, the other replied: "No, I don't think so."

Dusk was falling when the first prospector started packing his belongings.

"I'm getting out," he said. "Too much argument here."

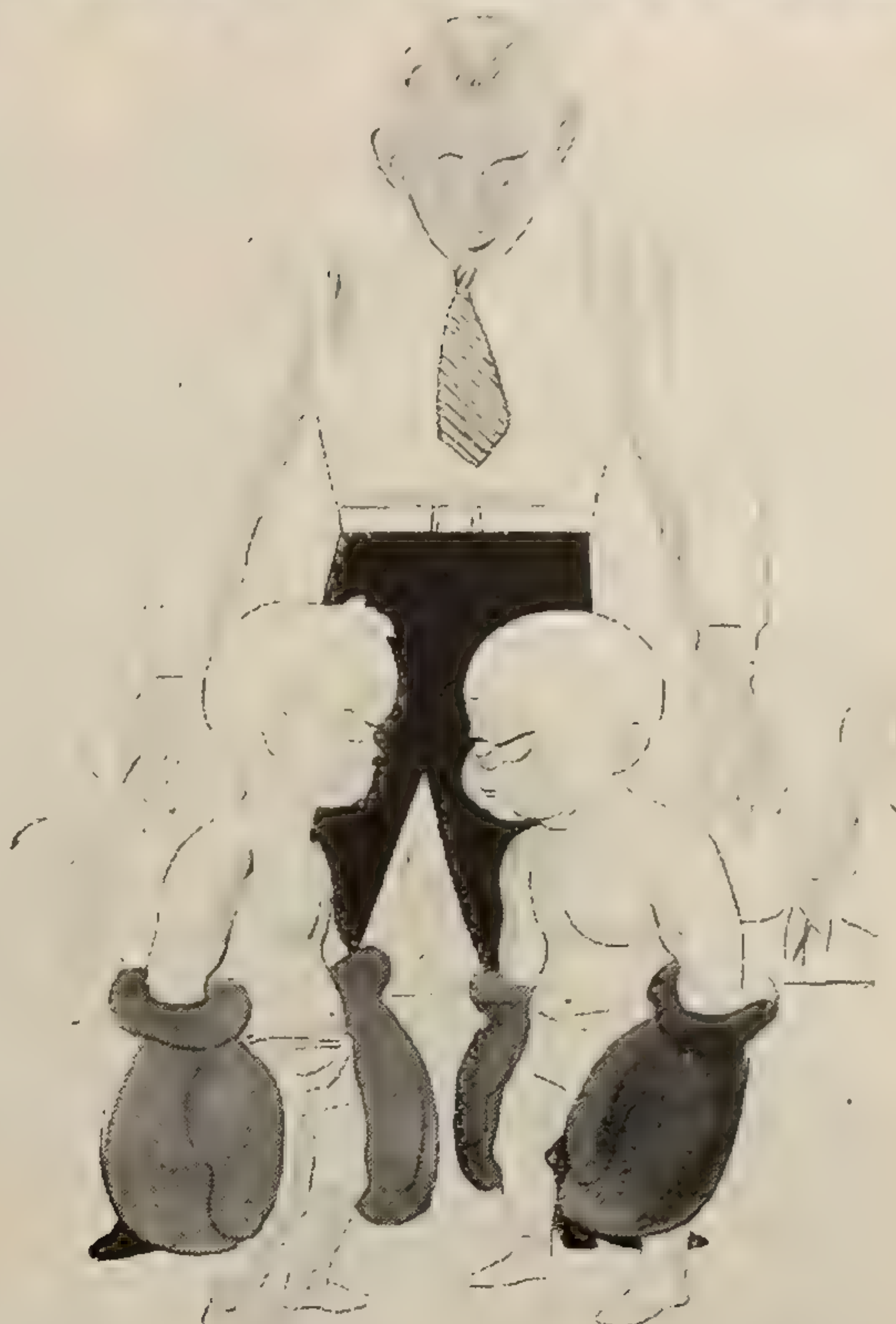
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD TOLD THIS ONE



STOPPING over in New York, on his return from Europe, Richard Arlen reports that the very latest in modern Greenwich Village furniture is upholstered in burlap and trimmed with common ordinary rope!

Cute, no less.

Papa Stork has a busy season ahead of him, what with the Bing Crosbys scheduled for twins. Dixie and Bing always wanted three kiddies, anyhow, and we think it's right smart of 'em . . . doubling up on the second order.



INCIDENTALLY, the Bing Crosby offspring is in training getting all set to polish off the bouncing Arlen buster, upon the latter's return to Hollywood.

The feud started several months ago when "Elmer" Arlen made some disparaging remarks about "Gunder" Crosby's crooning papa.

"Don't you call my Pop a crooner!" Gunder bristled. "Ga-ga blub-blub-blub to you!"

"Yah-hh-h . . ." Elmer cracked snappily, "and bo-bo-bo hope to you!"

And the fight was on. Or something.

An eye-witness reports that Director William Dieterle suddenly went hysterical, while at work on the "Du Barry" picture, and had to be taken off the set to recuperate from a bona-fide nervous breakdown!

(Please turn to page 14)

Just a few of the boys cuttin' up. (Left to right) Bert Wheeler, Charlie Murray, Woolsey, George Sidney, and in the back row, Olsen, Johnson and a waiter. It was at Olsen and Johnson's party at Sardi's in Hollywood.

Miss June Grabiner of Chicago had a chance to go into the movies, but refused. "I'm afraid," was her only word of explanation.



MORE BABIES . . . AND THE CROSBY-ARLEN BOUT

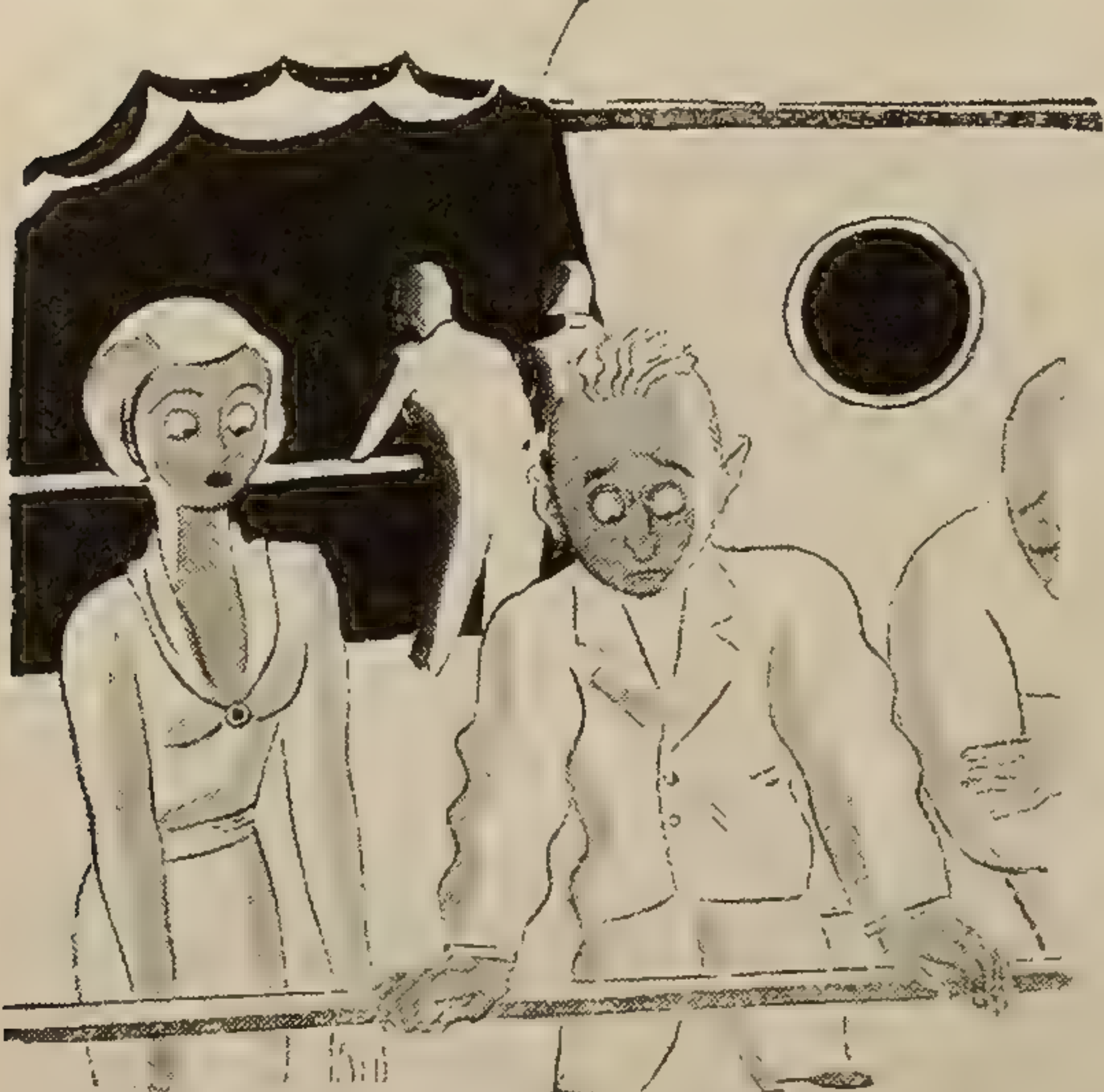
NEMO KNOWS—DAY BY DAY—AND NEMO TELLS

(Continued from page 13)

THIS is no fib. Carole Lombard is probably the one woman in all the world to declare that she hates to have Bing Crosby sing a love song in her ear!

During the making of "We're Not Dressing," Bing had to croon a sentimental ditty to the "girl friend" (pictorially speaking). Now, you'd love that, wouldn't you? But, not Carole. She couldn't stand it! So they let her sit down to it. And, even then, she hated it!

"There is nothing in the world more difficult than to just sit and try to look interestingly romantic," Carole wailed. "I felt like a ventriloquist's dummy, and probably looked half as intelligent. Even chewing scenery is preferable, because there's some action to that. And I'm crazy about Bing's singing, too. But . . . I can't take this inanimate business!"



M-G-M chartered a yacht and invited a few select(?) members of the Fourth Estate on a location trip to Catalina, where "TREASURE ISLAND" was in the making.

The take-off was swell. It was a beautiful day, and dat ol' devil sea was smooth as glass.

But, the return trip, late at night, convinced us that it would be a swell idea to stick to our car.

If any acrobatic dancer can get himself into any more crazy shapes than that rolling, pitching, leaping boat did . . . we'll pay good money to see it!

Furthermore, there was downright mutiny on board. For, while we huddled, mal-de-mer-ishly, in one corner of the card room, the first mate (a Public Enemy, if there ever was one!) braced himself precariously in the door-way and munched, alternately, on a ham sandwich and a dill pickle!

IN the afternoon, we boarded the old pirate galleon for a tour of inspection.

Jackie Cooper and his little stand-in, Johnny Dunsmuir, leaped about shinnying up the mizzenmast, straddling the heavy pirate guns, and playing catch with cannon balls . . . some synthetic and some real. Stand clear there!

Wally Beery leaned disconsolately against the rail of the forward deck, gloomily contemplating the sun-swept water. At that time, Wally's wife was desperately ill in a Hollywood hospital and the man was working under a mental strain that made things difficult as well as pathetic.

Every evening, when the rest of the company had repaired to their individual cottages in the cove, Wally hopped into his plane and flew back to Hollywood to be with his wife as much as possible.

At present, Mrs. Beery has recovered sufficiently from her heart ailment to be home once more. And, is Wally happy?



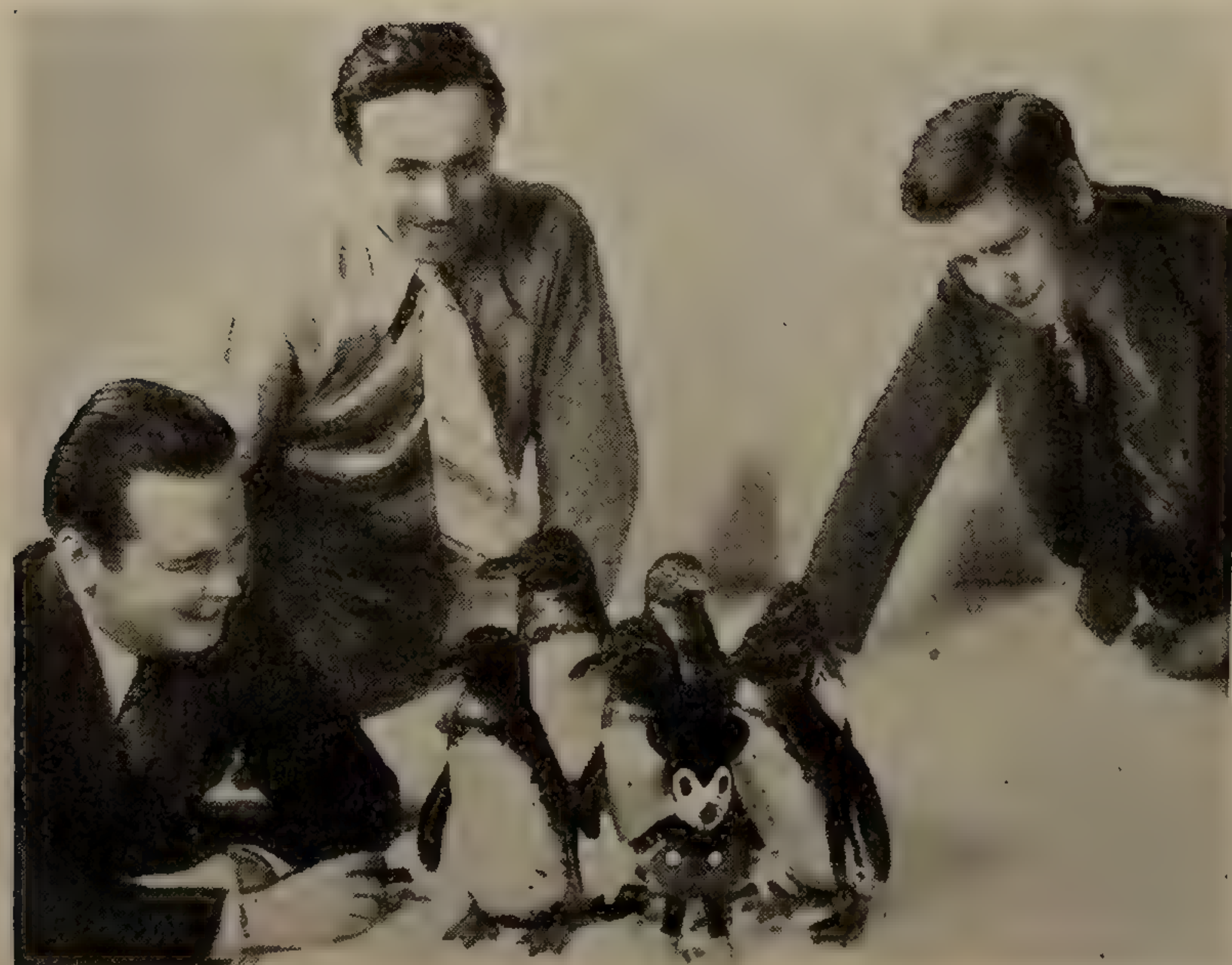
LIONEL BARRRYMORE, who definitely refuses to work under press inspection, hid out somewhere until we gathered up our pencils and went away from there.

LEWIS STONE, usually reticent toward outsiders on the set, seemed to have got into the spirit of his pirate role and was as charmingly swashbuckling as any pirate that yo-ho-ho-ed over a bottle of rum.

CALL it a paradox, or just plain silly . . . but, M-G-M spent (or so they say) \$40,000.00 to have the galleon reconditioned so it would be seaworthy.

Then, to save the \$15.00 they would have been obliged to pay an extra man for speaking one line, the director, Victor Fleming, read the line himself, out of camera range. And you'll be fooled into thinking you're hearing the big bad pirate's vocal equipment.

\$40,000.00 for exploitation, but not one cent for the extra man. . . .



(Above) Gene Markey and his lovely wife, Joan Bennett, photographed as they left for an extended vacation.

(At left) Walt Disney (center) and assistants study the penguins' reaction when confronted with Mr. Michael Mouse. Looks like fun, too.

CAROLE CAN'T SIT . . . "TREASURE ISLAND."

THE LATEST NEWS OF STARS AND PLAYERS



A Scotchman went to consult a local doctor. As he was leaving, the doctor remarked:

"You have forgotten something. My fee for the advice I have given you is four dollars."

"Aye," answered the patient, "but I'm not ga'ng to take your advice."

ZEPPO MARX TELLS THIS ONE

AND, while we're on "pet peeves," it would seem that Margaret Sullivan's strenuous objection to "prying newspaper people" had the desired effect on local scribes. Because, when Margaret and Patsy Ruth Miller took off for New York, via plane, the send-off party consisted of one solitary sepia maid!

The newspaper boys are cracking down on that "distant" attitude.

HERE'S some more for the "Too Bad" department:

Just a dream or two ago, the Herbert Marshall-Edna Best marriage was one of the happiest and most idyllic within our range of vision.

Tempted by a juicy contract, Edna reluctantly came to Hollywood, only to break her contract and go rushing back to the man of her heart...

all for Love, and the world well lost.

Then Bert (as Edna calls him) came to Hollywood... alone. And, in the process of carving out a niche for himself, something happened to the Perfect Romance.

When Edna, induced by another contract with Warners, hurried to join her man... it was too late.

NEMO Confucius, he say: Hollywood bad place in which to leave handsome husband to own devices. N'est-ce pas?

THE late George Billings, famed for his one great role of "Abraham Lincoln," is reported to have had such a deep passion for the role that, ever after, he affected the characteristics and mannerisms of our dearly beloved president.

Button-holing a publicity man in a studio cafe, Billings went into his act, expounding his Lincolnian theories until the weary p.m. was bored stiff.

Finally tearing himself away, the p.m. joined his friends at a nearby table, remarking:

"That guy'll never be satisfied until he gets himself assassinated!"

FROM Palm Springs comes the rumor that your old favorite, Clara Bow, and hubby Rex Bell have placed an order with that well-known long-legged bird.

When the Motion Picture Theater Owners of America held their convention in our fair city, Mae West talked to them over a phone from her sick bed, rather than disappoint the gentlemen.

Eddie Cantor (the extra man's friend) is having a swell time these last few weeks.

As president of the Actors' Guild, Eddie swears that he will not work in a picture where fake extras are employed to replace the bona fide old-timers.



SID GRAUMAN'S stunt of foot-printing our current celebs in the fore-court of his famous theater is small stuff compared with an idea promoted by ye olde maestro, Ben Bernie.

Little Bennie thinks it would be much cuter if Garbo and a few of those folks SAT in the wet cement... for Posterity!

That's all well and good, but... how about Tom Mix's Tony? After all, you can lead a horse to wet cement, but... why go on?

(Please turn to page 95)



(Above) Harold Lloyd, famous movie comedian, is one of the happiest married men in Hollywood. Shown with him are Peggy (left), Mrs. Lloyd and Jean Lloyd. (At the right): Ann Harding, RKO star, enjoys the view from the porch of her mountain-top home.



CLARA BOW'S STORK . . . SEX APPEAL BY PHONE

NO CINDERELLA

This movie writer declares, "Of course Hollywood is full of Cinderellas—but the Cinderellas must have 'arrived' before the Prince Charming will give them a tumble." Diamond slippers are wanted on the Boulevard today, not glass ones

BY
ELEANOR GRIFFIN

*"As shines the moon in
clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was
seen.
One praised her ankles,
one her eyes,
One her dark hair and
lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such an-
gel grace,
In all that land had never
been.
Cophetua swore a royal
oath:
'This beggar maid shall
be my queen.'"*

ALL day long in Hollywood and far into the night motion picture cameras grind out new versions of the Cinderella tale, and scenario writers tear their hair and smoke package after package of cigarettes as they puzzle out new twists for the old, old story.

Yet in Hollywood where the handsomest young men live, and with charm a necessity, earn the largest salaries ever paid to young men from the beginning of time, there really is no Cinderella romance.

A congressman weds his secretary; a duke makes a duchess of a chorus girl with buck teeth; a maharajah marries a mannequin; but the pretty little extra girl, rushing by with the mob, has not once married the leading man. The blond waitress with the lovely eyes and exquisite ankles, who caters so devotedly to the gastronomic peculiarities of the star considers herself well rewarded if on a day when everything is going smoothly on the set he beams, "Thank you, dear," or "How about some mustard, honey?"

In some cases the high note of romance has been reached with a photograph inscribed: "To Hattie, who always remembers, 'Goose liver on Russian rye and no butter.' Sincerely, Lionel Lovelace." And even the girl with a degree from Vassar, typing away



Drawings by ELDON KELLEY

in the stenographic department as she plans for a writing career, would be considered quite a success by her contemporaries should she appear at the Friday night fights squired by Gary Cooper.

Romance runs rampant in Hollywood. The very air is laden with it. It shrieks at you from newspaper headlines two and three times a week.

The call of Hollywood is strong. Who *wouldn't* like to ride around in a limousine, collect a huge salary, and have thousands of people writing in to ask for her picture? And somehow the legend persists that anybody from Gross Gulch can hitch-hike out to California and land a job the next day with a studio at six thousand dollars a week. All you need is pearly teeth. How did that tale ever start, anyhow? Perhaps it started just *because* Hollywood puts out so many Cinderella pictures with happy, happy endings.

"Tomorrow I can quit my job slinging hash and go out and get a job slinging hash—fancier hash—at the Brown Derby," many a gal sings to herself in her dreams. "And the second day I'm there Gary Cooper and Clark Gable and Jimmy Cagney will rush up to me yelling, 'Here's the girl we want for our pictures!'" Or sometimes it goes that, on her second day in Hollywood, a multi-millionaire producer will

ROMANCE in Films



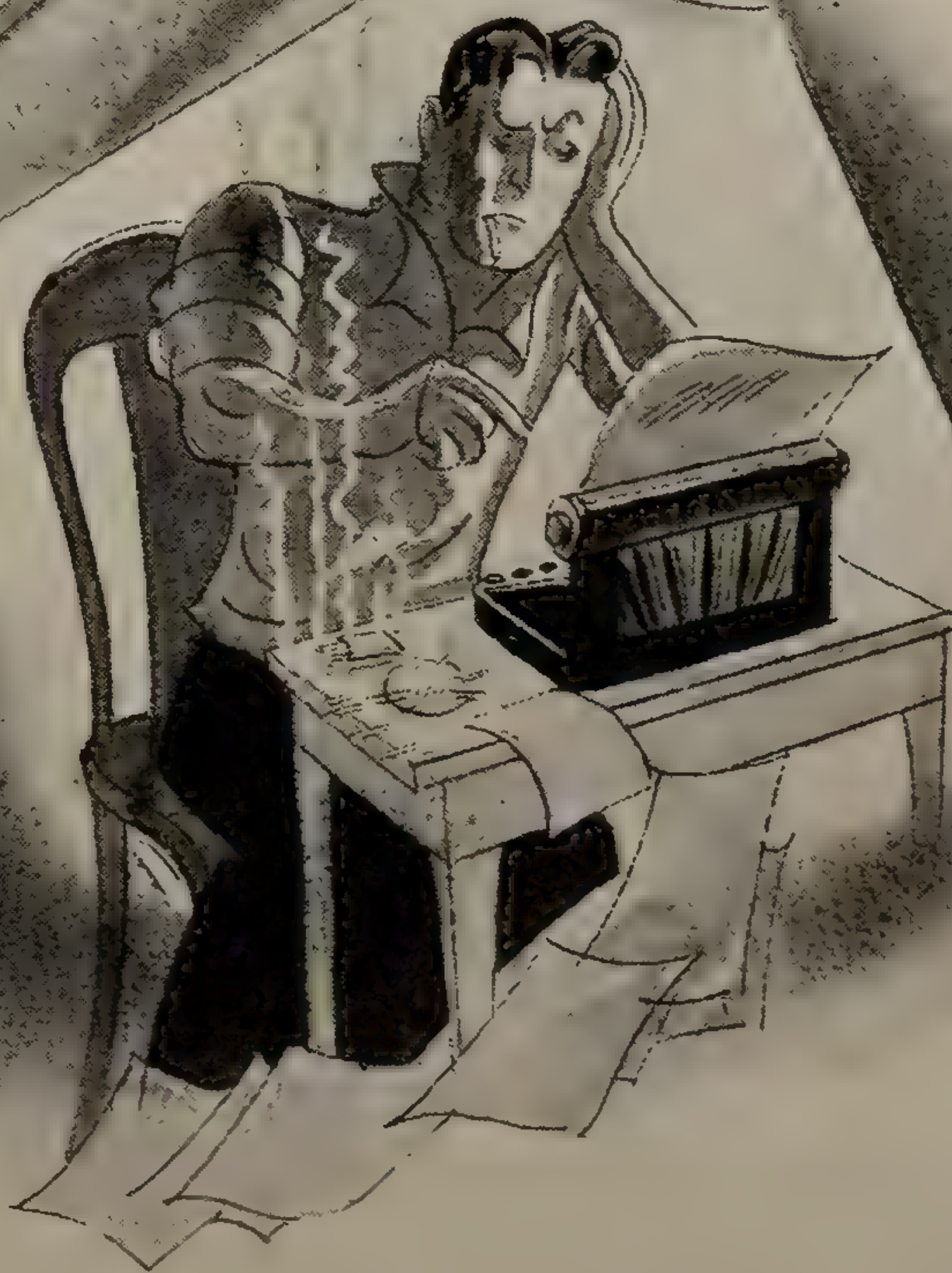
All over the country thousands of girls sigh,
"Why couldn't this happen to me?"

stroll in, swoon in delirium as she hands him his soup, and exclaim in throaty tones, "Young lady, do me the honor of becoming my bride!" . . . But Cinderella needs diamond slippers to get along the Boulevard today, not glass ones!

Romance? Sure there's Romance! But Hollywood romance runs in its own peculiar channels. It's fun while it lasts, and perhaps its ephemeral quality is half the charm, but flitting as it may be it doesn't descend on every little girl with big eyes and a cute little figure.

Of course, Hollywood is full of Cinderellas . . . girls in rags one day and in silver foxes and town cars the next, or, at least, figuratively speaking; for silver foxes and town cars aren't considered the smartest thing right now and salaries are by no means what they once were. The thing is that the little Cinderellas must have arrived, to have proved themselves worthy of notice, before the Prince Charming will give them a tumble.

And in, the length and breadth of the land no greater or more flamboyant untruths are uttered than those flashed to a palpitating world when the Hollywood young man of the moment describes the girl of his dreams, the *(Please turn to page 73)*



Scenario writers tear their hair as they puzzle out new twists for the old, old story to which they wish to give the happy ending.

CLOSE-UPS

INTERESTING PEOPLE OF THE MOVIES

AND WHAT THEY DO . . .



PEACE AND UNREALITIES

FRANCES DEANER

SHE has interviewed ex-presidents, piloted half-mad, shell-shocked soldiers through the noisy maze of city streets; done duty at Washington's Walter Reed Hospital (they specialize in amputation, shell-shock cases); canteen work in France; post-war relief work at the nation's capital; and, after grappling with life's grimmest realities she finds calm, even peace, in the unrealities of Hollywood.

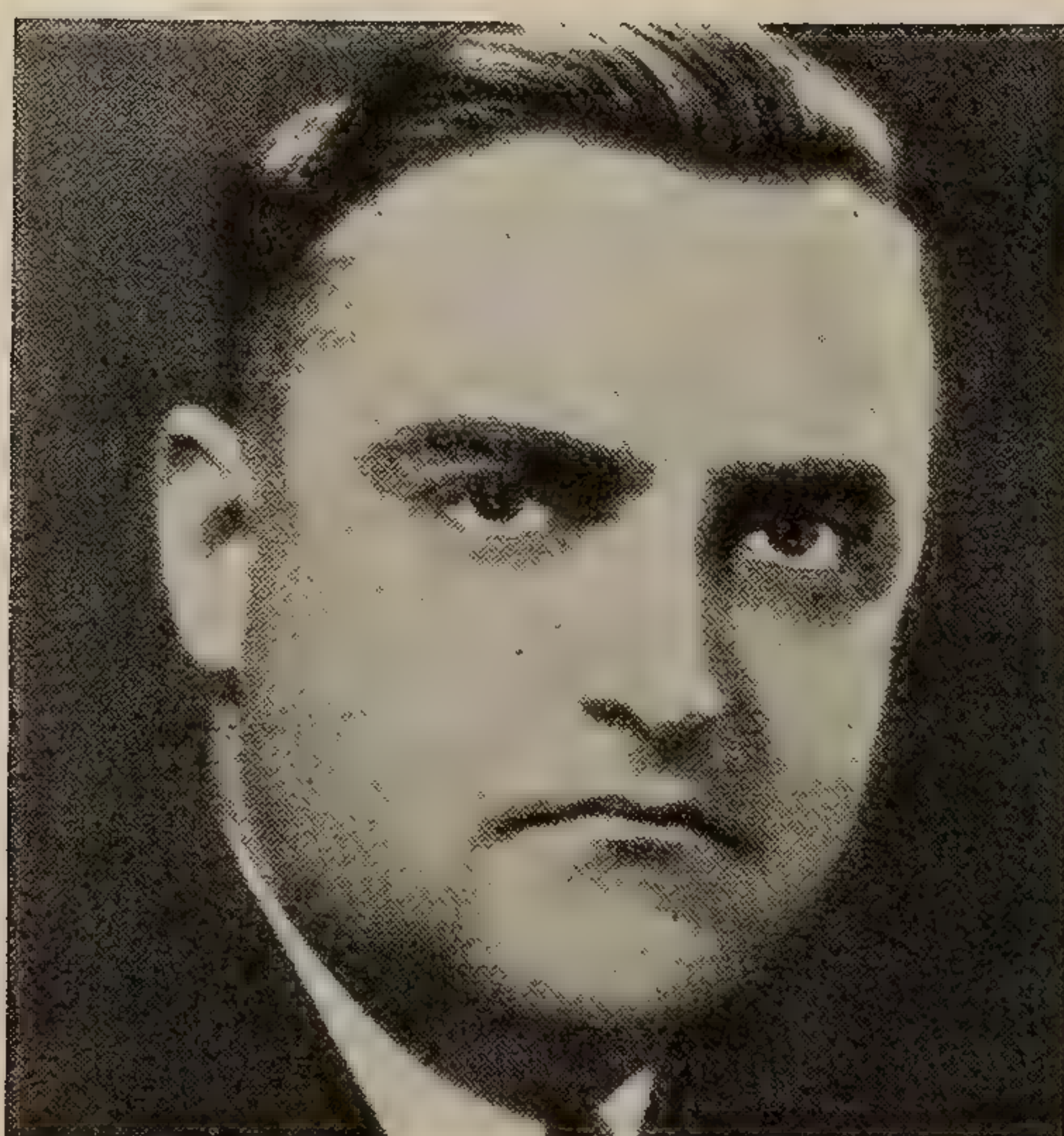
Life did not beckon to "Bobby" Deaner. Rather, she had to make her own eventful career. It led from her native San Francisco to an emotional high peak of eleven months in the busy Hades of war-torn France where she danced with furloughed soldiers until her feet ached, helped doomed men write last letters to loved ones and broke her heart daily at the pitiful waste of human life and emerged sadder, wiser, and more firmly than ever convinced that war is the world's most pitiless and most barbaric pastime.

"People often think I am cold and unfeeling," she says. "But I'm not. It's because I have seen so much suffering. A little more doesn't give me an emotional upset."

Today, Frances Deaner, blond, dainty, standing five feet one-half inch in her size two and a half pumps, writes on everything from cookery and metaphysics for national publications to jade and old prints.

By

DOROTHY SPENSLEY



AN IOWA BOY MAKES GOOD

W. RAY JOHNSTON

EVEN in that rendezvous of striking characters—the movies—he stands out. That he happens to be president of Monogram Pictures is irrelevant; leadership asserts itself in any field.

Had W. Ray Johnston gone in for lumberjacking he would now be camp boss; or had he decided on railroading, you would find him in the front office. Look at his picture and you will understand his unchecked rise. That thing they call determination is written strongly in his face.

An Iowa boy, he learned to fend for himself early. He was already a seasoned campaigner when most men are just beginning. Now, at forty-two, he is a veteran. Twenty years ago, by way of hauling himself up by his bootstraps—seven league boots they were—he became actor, secretary, film salesman, even theater manager. And now the President has elevated him to the Code Authority.

He likes to entertain. He has turned his cellar into a "Monogram Club" for his friends and there he gives his parties. On these occasions a yellow parrot rides on his shoulder, a cat sprawls in his lap and a collie lies at his feet—just a few of the numerous animals he loves and keeps about his house. If O. O. McIntyre wrote this he would say, "Ray Johnston, an Iowa boy who made good." Since he didn't write it Ray Johnston's record says it for him.

By

GEORGE HARRIS

IVAN KOVACEVIC, certainly the strongest and perhaps the most remarkable man in Hollywood, is known as John Northpole to the stars.

Kovacevic, after adventures as circus strong man, prizefighter and explorer, was working as an extra in Hollywood. One scene was being shot over and over. Eight miner-extras pushed a cart, weighing 1,100 pounds and carrying a ton of ore to a turntable. Then an engine turned the table. Then the men pushed the cart back to the camera—and the process was repeated.

John became bored with all the pushing, so while the company was having lunch he turned the car himself. The car was turned half way around when the director saw him. "Hold it!" he shouted, and returned with practically all the stars, executives, directors — and the studio doctor.

"Now," said the director, "continue with what I *think* you were doing."

Ivan lifted the end of the car and got it back on the tracks.



A HERCULES IN HOLLYWOOD

IVAN KOVACEVIC

The amazed onlookers could not believe what they had seen. The doctor stepped forward to examine him but could give no satisfactory version of the feat. "There's no scientific explanation," he finally announced. "The story that such men come from the North Pole is as good as any."

"North Pole," repeated Ivan. "That's me. That will be my new name."

The group, however, insisted that he get another name instead of Ivan, and the name John was unanimously agreed on. A wag suggested that inasmuch as John Barrymore was the most distinguished film bearer of that name, his permission be first secured. Mr. Barrymore was called and he graciously consented, and Ivan Kovacevic became John Northpole. And John Northpole he is.

By

RALPH PARKER

Little Shirley Temple
says, "Hello! I hope
you like me!" She's
new, sweet, unspoiled,
and a real actress.



Otto Dyon

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S GALLERY of STARS

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1934

19

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER



Manoff

In the Civil War days, boys wore uniforms and girls wore ruffles. Gary Cooper and Marion Davies are gallant in their love, in "Operator 13," the story of spies and treachery behind the lines in the '60's. Those were the times when ladies swooned gracefully if a dashing gentleman said, "Cusses, Ma'am!" But now if you'll glance over to the right—please—



Eugene Robert Richee

You'll see here an ultra-modern boy and girl who have said farewell to the past and farewell to crinolines. Don't they look like brothers? The big fellow is Bing Crosby and the li'l fellow is Miriam Hopkins, in tweeds, and with her hair cut, for "She Loves Me Not." Just think what her grandma would have said if she'd seen Miriam togged out like this.



John Boles

Possessor of one of the finest singing voices in all Hollywood, John Boles seems destined to appear more often in dramatic parts. You will see him next as the husband in an unhappy marriage in RKO's "The Life of Virgie Winters." Ann Harding plays the title role.

Poor Ann will never have a happy screen marriage in her life, apparently.



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DECEMBER

NORMA SHEARER may give you the biggest surprise of her career in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." As Elizabeth Barrett, the invalid poetess, the part made famous on the stage by Katharine Cornell, Norma will test her dramatic talents to the full. And opposite her, in the romantic role of Robert Browning, will be Fredric March.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

They curled Bob Young's hair when he played the dashing cavalryman in "The House of Rothschild," but all he has to do is to wet it and slick it down to be the clean-cut boy we all know. He celebrates his first wedding anniversary soon. And M-G-M is celebrating the day he signed his name on the dotted line, because Bob, besides being handsome, has a future.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Mae Clarke's career is as changeable as her interesting face. The producers did not know what to do with her for a time, but continued good work in both comedy and serious roles is helping her to forge ahead.



John Miehle

Clarence Sinclair Bull

This peppy young redhead, Ginger Rogers, has been building quite a reputation as a picture "stealer" these last few months. And she goes merrily along, dancing and singing her way to ever-increasing popularity.

Here's a gentleman who needs no introduction. They said Clark was a flash in the pan, that his popularity would never last. Clark thought so himself. Well—fate had it otherwise. He is turning in one excellent performance after another. You saw him in "Men in White" and "Manhattan Melodrama." You'll see him next with Joan Crawford in "Sacred and Profane Love."



Wide World

Home, Jean smiles at the sea.

With Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer at the Geraghty wedding, where news of her separation from Hal Rosson first was made public.

The authentic story



You will want to read

this unusual story of the

gorgeous and glamor-

ous platinum blond star

as told by her to

Elinor Packer

TODAY I am facing another complete change in my life.

Only a few months ago I thought that, at last, I had found peace and contentment. I was, perhaps, too happy. It seemed to me that I had everything which any girl could want. A husband whom I loved deeply and sincerely and who was that rarest of all people, a friend. My family. My work. A few close friends. And my new home, which I had planned for so long a time.

It was probably too perfect. No human being can have everything which he desires in this world. For a short time I did. And I am grateful for that.

No one can understand with what regret and heart-breaking disappointment I separated from Hal.

When Hal Rosson and I were married, I thought that I had found the sympathetic understanding, the peace and security which I wanted more than anything else



In serious mood, Jean reveals a totally different personality; thoughtful and grave.

of my life.
Jean Harlow

in the world. We had known each other for so long a time, first as studio acquaintances, then as away-from-business friends. Hal had stood staunchly beside me through my sorrow and tragedy. We had worked together in the studio where he had photographed all my pictures. We had played together, golfing, dining, dancing, going to theaters. I believed that I had found the perfect companionship of which every girl dreams.

Please understand, Hal did not fail me. I like him, respect him and admire him as much today as I did on that morning in Yuma, Arizona, when we were married. It is hard to explain. All I can say is that our marriage

Right, top of page: With Ben Lyon. Her first success in "Hell's Angels." Center: With Clark Gable in "Red Dust," and at right, with Lee Tracy in "The Blonde Bombshell."



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simply did not work out as we had hoped and expected.

Nothing would have made me happier than a happy marriage. Work and careers are wonderful. They can fill a large part of a woman's life. But they can't fill it entirely. Every normal woman, no matter how vigorously she may deny it, needs the security and peace of marriage to complete the fullness of her life.

In deciding upon a separation and divorce, I feel that we are doing the wisest thing for Hal's future happiness, as well as for mine. We agreed that it was better to end our marriage now than to wait until it was too late, until it might be impossible to salvage our friendship from the wreckage.

There will, no doubt, be unkind gossip. I expect that. Rumors and innuendoes spread like forest fires in and about Hollywood. The day after Hal and I separated, several newspapers printed the story that I was interested in another man, a man whom I had met only once or twice at large parties. I don't know where the story started. It doesn't matter. All I could do, when I was asked about it, was to deny it with as much dignity as possible.

Such stories and gossip are so ridiculous. When I first worked in motion pictures and read or heard unkind, unfair stories about myself, I was heartsick and worried. Now I realize that it is only a part of the price which Hollywood people have to pay.

I am not asking for sympathy. Heaven forbid that. If there is one person in this world for whom I have no respect, it is the man or woman who whines about his troubles and his unhappiness. Hal and I made a mistake. We are ready to suffer the consequences.

I am sorry that the news of our separation became

known when it did, on the day when I served as matron of honor at the wedding of one of my closest friends, Carmelita Geraghty. Hal and I had planned to say nothing about it for a few days. But Hal was seen at the club to which he had moved. The rumor spread that we were separated. Newspaper reporters telephoned both of us. We talked it over and decided that the sensible course of action was to admit it.

At the present moment I have no definite plans for the future. I can't even think about the future. Naturally, I am confused and uncertain. When I finish the picture upon which I am now working, "One Hundred Per Cent Pure," I shall probably go away somewhere to secure a quiet divorce. Then, if I have time before my next picture, Mother and I may go to Honolulu for a short time.

After that, I hope that the studio keeps me busy. I want to work and work hard. That is the one cure for heartache, work which interests and absorbs you. If you are busy, you don't have so much time to think about your own troubles and unhappiness.

SOMETIMES, when I look back at the years which have passed, I wonder how so much could have happened to me in such a comparatively short time. Some girls seem destined to move serenely and happily from the day of their birth to old age. But my life has been made up of constantly changing pictures, some happy and others tragically unhappy, with scarcely breathing space between.

In a way I am glad that this has been my destiny. I don't claim to have a definite philosophy or creed of living or anything like that, (*Please turn to page 76*)

Hal Rosson, Jean, her mother and step-father, Mr. and Mrs. Marino Bello, as they appeared shortly after Jean's runaway marriage to Rosson.

Wide World





SEPTEMBER

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DECEMBER

KAREN MORLEY'S suave society roles won her high acclaim in the past, but she can act with equal ease in a real down-to-nature part. You will see her next in "Our Daily Bread," a saga of the farming country. Tom Keene, late of the Westerns, plays his first feature picture role as the romantic lover. Tom has longed to be a leading man for years.

FILMS ACROSS



Wide World

Madeleine Carroll, the Ann Harding of England, goes home —with Leslie Howard to see her off at the train.



(Above) It was in England that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., made "Catherine the Great" with Elizabeth Bergner. Will he stay there? Will she stay here?

(Right) Hollywood's 1934 baby stars "prettying themselves up." They include: Hazel Hayes, Jacqueline Wells, Ann Hovey, Judith Arlen, Dorothy Drake, Betty Bryson, Helen Cohan, Katharine Williams, Lucille Lund, GiGi Parrish, Jean Gale, Lu Ann Meredith, Jean Carmen.



I'm all for our Transatlantic stars, says Elsie. Opposition is stimulating and, personally, I expect to see a great exchange of artists, writers and directors in the next few years

JOHN BULL is wearing his top hat at a more rakish angle these days. Uncle Sam definitely doffed his lid with the advent of England's film masterpiece "The Private Life of Henry VIII." Perhaps he only took his hat off to scratch his head and ponder. How come! A real box office smash made by the British? Then along came "Catherine the Great." Now the question is not how many payments on the debt will England make this year. It's how many films like those two can we expect. It having been so thoroughly understood that J. Bull would just amble along making a few mediocre pictures which our exhibitors wouldn't even book, the royal riots, Henry and Catherine, came as a stimulating surprise, and just when stimulation was needed.

America has had the talking picture world on a string and the string tied around so many fingers that no other country has been able to loosen the knots which have held their own markets. An occasional picture from Germany like "Maedchen in Uniform" reminds us that before talking pictures we used to look for German pictures. We didn't have to listen to them.

An exquisite contribution from France like Rene Clare's "Roofs of Paris" draws crowds to some small arty theater and reminds several executives in Hollywood that they want to "get that fellow Rene Clare to come over," but otherwise France might as well be making hooked rugs as far as the average American picture fan is concerned.

Russia slips in with some frighteningly realistic drama now and then, but we still don't quite agree that actions speak louder than words. At least, we can understand what the Big Bad Wolf says, in fact

THE SEA BY ELSIE JANIS

he has been a house guest with most of us lately, so the Russian Bear is out of luck in the first run theaters.

American pictures flood the screens of every corner of the globe. The only rivals who have a chance even to loiter on America's corner of the picture market are our English cousins. Until lately they did loiter to such an extent that, when a splendid British film called "Rome Express" choo-chooed into American approval last year, most people thought it must be Italian, not only because of its title but on account of the speed, direction, acting and photography which we have been led not to expect from England.

J. Bull is a slow starter. He is inclined to say, "If those chaps can do it, we jolly well ought to be able to in time," instead of "It's a cinch! If those mugs can do it, we can do it better." Now, after years of welcoming American songs, American bands, American styles, American cars, American stars, American improvements and American complaints about the weather over there, England decides to get into the picture game seriously.

THE only way to get into any sort of profitable game is with money, and so we read that twenty million dollars will be spent this year by England to "sit in." No more watching the play. They are anteing up. If "Henry VIII" and "Catherine the Great" might be called "openers," it will be interesting to see what else they are holding. Personally I wish them beginners' luck.

There was such a fuss made when the Fairbankses Senior and Junior went over there to play golf and make a few pictures that I, for one, wanted to hire a hall and remind the critics that for the last six years we have been grabbing every screen possibility from England. A potential star no sooner appears in London than one of our scouts is on the job. The player hardly has time to read his or her press notices before an offer of three or four times the salary they are receiving is forthcoming from Hollywood. It seems only fair that we should lend them a Fairbanks or so, especially if they are going to send them back to our screens accompanied by such delectable ladies as Elizabeth Bergner.

I don't doubt that the (Please turn to page 86)

(Below) Some of the English baby stars: Diana Cotton, Peggy Simpson, Grethe Hanson, Wendy Barrie, Jane Cornell, Joyce Kirby and Gwyneth Lloyd.



Wide World

(Above) Charles Laughton returns to Hollywood with his striking wife, Elsa Lanchester who appeared with him in Henry VIII.



(Right) Charles in "Henry VIII" the picture which started the recent trend toward costume films.

(Below) Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Alexander Korda, director. They are making a picture in France for American release.





Concluding the life story of the
astonishing Lady of Glamour

The Real MAE WEST

By AILEEN ST. JOHN BRENON

POPULAR as Mae West has always been with men—both on and off the stage—Miss West's audiences, strange as it may seem, have been composed for a large part of staid, kindly, middle-aged ladies. You know the sort—solid, shrewd homebodies who have devoted their lives to making their menfolks comfortable throughout the years, humoring their foibles and idiosyncracies, closing their eyes to their faults and shortcomings. These wise ladies, who have more worldly wisdom in their little fingers than their restrained exteriors admit, thoroughly appreciate and enjoy the jokes and sallies of *la West*, at the expense of the *genus homo*.

Mae West explains that the reason people enjoy her rowdy fun is that she makes sex something to laugh about and enjoy, not to cry or wail about, whereas your lachrymose heroine suffers at the expense of, rather than outwits her man.

Women, Mae West believes, have all situations well in hand. She believes with Thackeray that any woman can have any man she wants, provided she hasn't a squint in her eye; but Miss West puts it in her own language, vintage 1934:

"Any woman, no matter how dumb she is, can outsmart any man no matter how brilliant he thinks he is. It's been her job for years. Woman has had to fight her battle throughout the ages with only one weapon—her intuition—and it's become so sharp no man worthy of the name is proof against it.

"This is the greatest age for women. They no longer have to sit primly on a straight-backed chair with hands folded, waiting for some guy to come and make a pass at them.

"She's got her own money, her time's her own, and she goes out and grabs a man for herself—not any man, but the one she wants. If she doesn't like him when she gets him, all she has to do is to go out and take another pick."

Miss West herself prefers ugly men. "The ugly ones," she says, "and the guys with busted noses and cauliflower ears and scrambled pans, especially, you know what I mean—guys with faces not handsome, but strong, like Louis Wolheim. Other women aren't so apt to cast sheep's eyes at them."

In the costume she wears in her latest Paramount picture, "It Ain't No Sin."

With all the slings and arrows she has hurled at convention, Mae West has her own integrities. For example, despite her free (Please turn to page 89)

GOOD OR BAD INFLUENCE?



Grandma, Mom, Pop, the Kids—Letters by the hundreds poured in to attack or defend Mae's influence! It seems everybody in the country has his own idea about her. Here are the two prize winners, chosen from hundreds. Do you agree?



"BAD INFLUENCE" The letter chosen as best

Mae West is decidedly a bad influence in the movies! Not on the box-office. Not on the older people who attend shows. But on the children of adolescent age who comprise a huge part of movie audiences everywhere. We older ones laugh at her innuendoes, applaud her honesty and come away having thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, where the younger ones take up her attitudes, remarks, and rowdy philosophy as being the nth degree of sexy smartness (which possibly they are, but that fact makes them no more desirable for adoption by fourteen-year-olds!)

They are unable to enjoy her shows and leave them - the effects reach over into their personal lives, coloring their thoughts and perhaps their actions too decidedly.

Mae West is lauded for her unconventionality, and while we take her pictures with a wink, knowing them for what they are - good entertainment for adults - I think our younger people are prone to take them literally.

MRS. D. WHEATLEY, JR., COMMERCE, TEXAS.

Mae balances public opinion neatly in her two hands.

"GOOD INFLUENCE" The letter chosen as best

Mae West has enriched the screen in many ways. Like an invigorating tonic, she has given a worried world a hearty, rollicking laugh at a time when they needed it most. Not even the most sour-faced, hardened cynic can resist Mae West's clever mannerisms and spontaneous wit and nothing is better for the soul and body than a good, side-splitting, roaring laugh with all the works.

In spite of her vulgar characterizations, she is a good influence because her brazen portrayals hold a revealing mirror up to the young, showing them better than a thousand lectures, how common it looks to be cheap and vulgar.

If Mae West had done nothing else with her buxom, feminine curves, but made scrawny women conscious of their emaciated, unhealthy figures, and put the brakes on this dangerous, dieting craze, she has rendered a great and timely service to the screen and public in general.

And so I say, more power to Mae West. She is an asset to the screen; a gallant pioneer who has blazed a golden trail to exhilarating and unfailing entertainment, which, after all is what the public wants and pays for.

REBA LONDON, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

Lively letters condemning Mae's influence

Mrs. Joe Miller, Charlotte, N. C.—Children and youth by nature are imitators. Every girl from six to sixteen in my staid Southern village struts a Mae West swag-ger.

Mrs. Mabel Hewes, Biloxi, Miss.—Someone has written that if a writer, by his writings, cannot make the world one whit better by doing so, he had better lay down his pen. So it is with an actor or actress.

F. J. Bendik, New York City—I consider the salacious Mae West motion pictures the most demoralizing influence of the present day.

Phylis Adato, New Brunswick, N. J.—Mae West could only keep repeating her vulgar roles, which soon enough will disgust (Please turn to page 90)

These people have nothing but praise to offer

Mrs. T. E. Carpenter, Jr., Durham, N. C.—If she chooses to commercialize this "certain something" she has, why shouldn't she? Others do!

Mrs. Mary Alice Lallande, Hollywood, Cal.—Born in the early Seventies, I do not recall ever hearing the word "sex" mentioned in conversation. But Time Marches On! Decades progress, grandmothers too.

Jane E. Burtis, Globe, Ariz.—After all the namby-pamby stars who have been dished out, the last few years, she comes as invigorating as a salty sea breeze.

Mrs. R. Skulnick, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Through her hips and curves she has delivered a burning message to the feminine world. It is, in short, "Stay Feminine—First and Always!" (Please turn to page 91)



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Marlene Dietrich . . . "she is sophisticated fantasy."



Miriam Hopkins . . . "a beautiful blond orchid."

My Screen Sweethearts

... AND WHY

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES, who styles himself The Roving Romeo of the Films, describes the romantic yearnings that assail him when he visits the movie theaters



Benjamin De Casseres, distinguished reviewer and film critic.

I AM the Roving Romeo of the films, and this is the story of my screen Juliets.

I have a somewhat far-and-wide reputation as an Intellectual. But hath not an Intellectual an It-receiver?

Hath not an Intellectual blood, bone and marrow?

If alluring eyes from the screen neck him will he not silently cry out with glee?

Hath not an Intellectual senses, affections, passions?

Just as sure as it's the Skirt that makes the world go 'round!

Yes, I confess. Now, it can be told. I give up, my Juliets, Isoldes, Dianas, Thais and Venuses of the Screen. It is you I pursue from neighborhood playhouse to neighborhood playhouse, from the Battery to the Bronx, from First Avenue to Fort George.

As a critic, I make believe I am interested in pictures. Well, so I am. I like pictures in which I can see and hear Adolph Menjou, Roland Young, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Robinson, Wallace Beery and James Cagney. But I take them on only casually, when they happen to be around.

But to see one of my screen sweethearts and make love to her mentally from my seat in the darkened auditorium I have been known suddenly to hop a Lexington Avenue car at Twenty-third Street and go up to Fifty-ninth, peering out of the windows for a name on a poster of one for whom I had conceived a sudden yen.

I have trekked it in surface cars all they way up Third Avenue from Cooper Union to the Harlem River when I get a breathless desire to see one of my sweethearts.

The romantic yearning may descend on me anywhere at any time—while I am munching buttercakes in a restaurant, while I am looking at a Rodin statue in the Metropolitan Museum, while I am walking

through Central Park looking at the gazelles and polar bears, while I am sitting cozily in my pajamas at home reading old man Ibsen, while I am standing at



Minnie Mouse, whom De Casseres calls "The Sweetheart of the World."



Janet Gaynor "makes me ten years old again."



Greta Garbo "has the mystery of carnivals."



Claudette Colbert "is lure—promise."



Marie Dressler "sets me all a-bubble."

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a bar sipping the beer that is legal. Bang! I'm hit! It's the real love-stuff. Millions of men are thus, no doubt, in the toils of these lovely creatures of the screen. But none of them will confess. They pretend they are "sophisticated" and otherwise than sexily interested in the picture. All of which is bull-la-la, or, as they say in the Spanish, bull-la-lo! Now I shall reveal to an expectant world in quite a shameless, and, in fact, a grand cock-a-doodle-doo manner, the names of my screen sweethearts and why I am in love with them as a poet, as an Intellectual and just as a plain It-chaser.

MARLENE DIETRICH. In the harem of my head, Frau Dietrich is the Queen of my screen sweethearts. She creates in me both a cerebral and a vascular delight. She pulls both at my brain and at my emotional nature.

Dietrich is Sophisticated Fantasy. She has the mystery of the "Mona Lisa," the incomprehensible smile, the same reposeful, mysterious hands whose fingers have grown tired reaching out for impossible lovers in impossible worlds.

She has the forehead of a Minerva chiseled by a Rodin, and her eyes mirror the pursuit of a million lost lovers. She is as tired as the world and as somnolently beautiful as the ethereally evil dreams of an Edgar Allan Poe.

Her voice is tired, reticent, serpentine. It is the voice of an always dying soul which expresses the desire for just one more throw of the dice in the Kingdom of Eros.

Her every movement fascinates me, appeals to all that is perverse and coldly beautiful in my being.

She is the Edelweiss of the screen, a Mont Blanc that no man has climbed, the Last Woman who is through with all lovers.

Marlene Dietrich is my intellectual-artistic sweetheart.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT. Here is the It that teases—teases superlatively. She is Lure, Promise, Midnight, Moons, Roses.

I always take her by the hand and run away with her to warm, summery climes. For her face is Summer, late June in all its voluptuous fullness.

The Mediterranean is in this woman—masks and carnivals and tragic jealousies. She is heavy with the earth, and her eyes are mirrors misted with the sighs of many secret lovers hidden in their sixty-five cent seats.

Her face is mobile, plastic. There is always a storm of passion brewing there. I always wait with bated breath to see her let loose, to become a Beautiful Fury.

She rouses what is sentimental, foolish, tender in me. She could make a vast fool of me if she wished. And any man who does not desire to be made a fool of by a beautiful woman is a fluke as a man.

I dream back to my early youth and Claudette Colbert is the girl that caused me to float in an "ether of sighs," as Poe says of one of his sweethearts.

JANET GAYNOR. Janet awakens the father-love in me. She is innocence. She is a bath for the eyes, for the brain, and for the heart.

(Please turn to page 68)

RALPH BELLAMY'S SECRET DAUGHTER



Schaefer

Somewhere in the United States a little blond girl writes letters to her daddy—but she doesn't know that the letters are delivered to Ralph Bellamy famous Hollywood screen star

WHEN Ralph Bellamy reluctantly consented to reveal the story of his youthful first marriage, and of the child who does not know he is her father to NEW MOVIE, he said:

"This is the first time I have ever told this story . . . and it will be the last!"

"I had hoped never to tell this story of my daughter in print because I wanted to protect her privacy and keep her uninfluenced by the Hollywood angle.

"But lately I have suspected I can no longer keep the story. Everything in the past of a Hollywood actor is eventually brought to light, and I do not want it to break either upon the public, or upon the blond head of my little girl, as sensationalism.

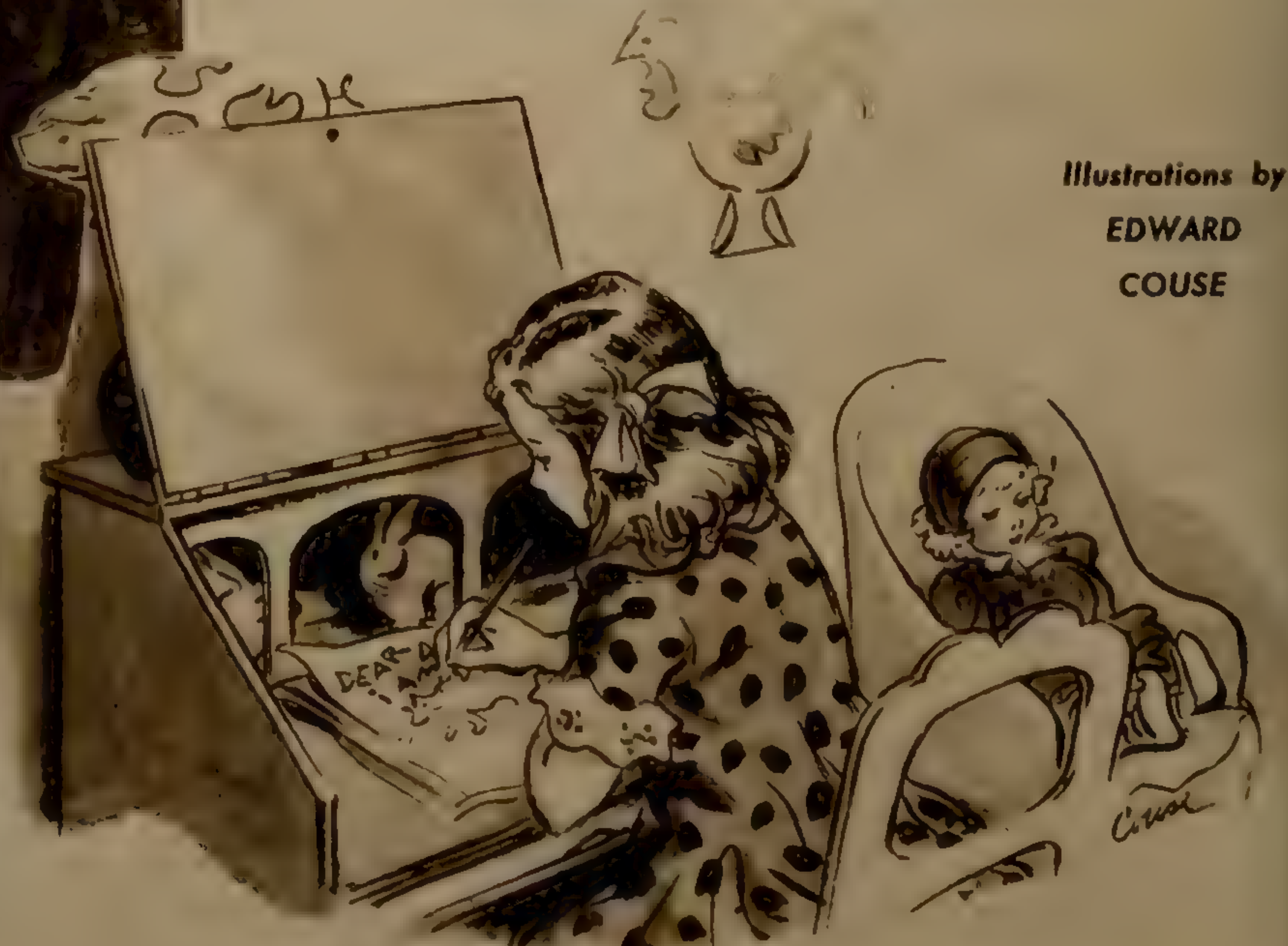
"For this reason alone I am telling the story frankly *this one time*, without revealing the name of either my former wife, or child. And then I hope it will be allowed to slip back into a closed chapter of my private life unmolested by publicity and conjecture. Because that is where it belongs . . . a purely personal thing between my little girl and me."

And now we offer it to you . . . an amazing true-life-Daddy-Long-Legs story . . . come out of Hollywood!

SOMEWHERE in a large city in the United States a little five-year-old girl writes letters to Ralph Bellamy every week. In that same city, and probably in the same block, older girls are writing Ralph Bellamy, too, asking for autographed pictures to add to their collection of famous movie stars. Only this child does not know her letters are going to Ralph Bellamy, actor. Her mother always addresses the envelope and as far as the child is concerned they are merely painstakingly printed messages to "Dear Daddy."

They are funny little letters, almost Daddy-Long-Legs letters, for the little blond girl has never seen her father. She has been told he is "away," but not so far that she cannot write him on her own (Please turn to page 64)

By DOROTHY MANNERS



Illustrations by
EDWARD
COUSE

NEW MOVIE'S Hollywood Fashions

Clarence Sinclair Bull



Costumes from I. Magnin & Co., throughout California

For summer sports, Madge Evans, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer featured player, wears a white matelasse frock trimmed with Chinese red and chalk white clips and buckle, which add a smart and striking style note.

The beautiful and talented Madge Evans wears to excellent advantage a charming frock of navy blue and white printed organza, trimmed with a blue ciré belt and bow. The rhinestone and sapphire buttons add a gay touch to an otherwise simple dress.

Red, yellow, black and white are combined in the short, plaid blister silk sports coat worn by Madge Evans, over a matelasse sports frock. The criss-cross belt is of particular style interest.



This white silk lace dinner gown, worn by Fay Wray, Columbia star, is made in princess style with neither belt nor seam at the waistline. The neckline, which is square and fairly high at the front, sweeps off to a low V at the back. Miss Wray wears satin pumps to match the green satin slip under the gown, and a real gardenia at the left side of her smooth, dark hair.

In the photograph above you see Fay Wray in a dark crepe dress chosen for spectator sports wear. The spaghetti fringe collar is something to talk about.

When Fay Wray plays tennis with her husband, John Monk Saunders, she wears a smart two-piece suit of navy blue and white polka dotted cotton, white tennis shoes, wool socks and a blue hair ribbon.

• FAY WRAY'S

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1934



Starched mousseline de soie and hand-made Irish crochet are cleverly combined in this evening gown designed by Dot Gregson of Los Angeles for Fay Wray, Columbia star. Notice the fishtail train that starts at the waistline and the slashed effect of the underskirt at the right side. To match the Irish lace on the bodice Miss Wray wears white Irish crochet gloves.

NEW CLOTHES

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1934



Here is the new black and white dinner gown, made for beautiful Fay Wray, by Dot Gregson of Los Angeles. Noteworthy features of this dress, which is made of stiffened black chiffon dotted with white velvet, are the square cut decollete and the short puffed sleeves attached only at the shoulder line. To make the costume complete Miss Wray wears black satin pumps and a large hat of black horse-hair, tilted up at the left side, and gloves made of white-dotted black chiffon to match the dress. The square neckline which is so becoming to Miss Wray is predicted as one of the new style notes for Autumn.

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THE PEOPLE'S
ACADEMY

Selects GOLD



Fredric March wins acclaim for the best performance of the entire year.



And Katharine Hepburn takes honors among the actresses. Three guesses what picture won it for her?

Motion Picture achievements of 1933, as chosen by The People's Academy, composed of theatergoers of the nation, are recognized in this presentation of awards to performers and producers.

RESPONDING to the invitation of the People's Academy of Motion Pictures, sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE, readers from all parts of the country have joined in naming, from the theater-goers' viewpoint, the twelve outstanding achievements for the year 1933.

The many nominations, which have been months in the making, have been carefully tabulated and are announced on this page. Gold medals will be awarded, by this magazine, to the winners in each classification, in recognition of excellence.

The letters upon which these awards are based reflect the opinion of men, women and children who comprise the daily parades to the box-offices of theaters across and up and down the nation. They reveal a cross-section of mass reaction to film entertainment which makes their *(Please turn to page 92)*

New letters from New Movie's readers containing crisp comment on current films will be found on Page 54 of this issue.



"Forty-second Street" wins first place among the musicals.



The mad Marxes walk away with top honors for the comedies.



And "Only Yesterday" is the best romance.

MEDAL WINNERS



The climax scene of "Dinner at Eight,"—best all-around picture of the year!



Frank Capra, who did "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," wins well deserved laurels for his able direction.

Below: William Powell's "The Kennel Murder Case," tops the mysteries by a thrilling margin.



Above: You all knew this one would take the grand prize for short subjects—the famed "Three Little Pigs."



Below: And "Little Women" takes TWO prizes, one as the best human interest film, one as the year's best story.



GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1. Best All-Around Feature... *Dinner at Eight*, M-G-M
2. Best Performance (Actress)... Katharine Hepburn
3. Best Performance (Actor)... Fredric March
4. Best Musical... *Forty-second Street*, Warners'
5. Best Human-Interest Film... *Little Women*, RKO
6. Best Mystery... *The Kennel Murder Case*, Warners'
7. Best Romance... *Only Yesterday*, Universal
8. Best Comedy... *Duck Soup*, Paramount
9. Best Short Film... *The Three Little Pigs*
10. Best News Reels (all year)... Paramount
11. Best Direction... Frank Capra
12. Best Story... *Little Women*, RKO

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WALLACE BEERY: A new photograph of the finest character actor in all Hollywood. Fresh from his tremendous success in "Viva Villa," Wally goes into the role of Long John Silver, one-legged sea ruffian in "Treasure Island," the Robert Louis Stevenson classic which M-G-M is screening. Jackie Cooper takes the part of Jim Hawkins in this popular adventure story.

Strictly Modern

Soft-voiced, shy, quiet, Evelyn Venable typifies the new screen generation

EVELYN VENABLE was born in the wrong generation! Fifty years from now there will be regiments of young girls like her, but today she is a phenomenon. A very beautiful and talented phenomenon, to be sure.

At nineteen this girl has accomplishments to her credit that would look roseate on the scroll of a woman three times her age.

Just a few of her laurels include a scholarship to Vassar; a close acquaintance with all the works of Shakespeare at the age of eleven; columns of plaudits in the Cincinnati papers for her rendition of Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet" at the age of fourteen; leading lady in Walter Hampden's Shakespearean company at the age of sixteen.

During the gruelling first weeks of her initial Hollywood picture, "Cradle Song," she spent the long hot summer nights working with her father, Professor Emerson Venable, on a Shakespearean text book. Her name follows her father's on the volume now in use in the classrooms of many universities.

Somewhere in her crowded young life, Evelyn found time to develop a social grace and a poised charm that is startling in one of her years. Even two years on the stage are not sufficient to give her that priceless quality of unobtrusive self-assurance.

Somewhere Evelyn learned that no situation, person or set of circumstances can defeat her.

At sixteen it did not disturb her to leave a sheltered home for an unknown future among theatrical people in New York, without the comforting nearness of her parents. Lonely she was, but not afraid.

At nineteen she has arranged for herself a pleasant life in Hollywood, and although she is separated from her father nine months of the year, has made up her mind to be happy. She has also made up her mind to save money and within five years start her own Shakespearean company.

When I first met Evelyn I was prepared to dislike her. I had heard that she was a superb scholar, (*Please turn to page 85*)

By JULIE LANG



Eugene Robert Richee

(Above): Evelyn in her costume for "Death Takes a Holiday," and a close-up of her—sweet nineteen and perfectly poised. She HAS been kissed, but "never willingly," she says. (Right): Kent Taylor kissed her in "Cradle Song."



HOLLYWOOD GIVE and TAKE

The Boulevardier, New Movie's gallant war correspondent, flashes latest news of Cupid's victories and defeats straight from the western front

By HERB HOWE



"Big Chief Big-Ears" wants to be an Indian, but Mrs. Gable says, "No!"

SPRINGTIME IN HOLLYWOOD: Everyone busily divorcing. Just the usual spring housecleaning, husbands being changed with the drapes and homes freshened up generally. As an index of business conditions the marital turnover in Hollywood is as encouraging as carloadings in the auto industry. More husbands have been turned in this Spring than during all four years of the depression.

Seems the first step of a star in staging a come-back is to divorce papa. It's about the only way, short of shooting, that a lady can get banner lines since the press has become space-stingy.

Our little Mary unseated big Sister Aimee from her front page perch. And did it single-handed. Doug wouldn't cooperate emotionally as Dave Hutton did. Response to Mary came close to "She Done Him Wrong" in some box-offices. Mary may yet grab back the title of America's Sweetheart from Mae West.

FOLLOWING Mary's trial on a come-back tour, Gloria Swanson swiftly uncoupled Mike Farmer. There seems to be a resentful feeling among females that Gloria has had her share of marital changes. After my salute to her last month I had to lam for the hideout. Local ladies were

The Tarzan Family, Mr. and Mrs., are spending quiet, cosy evenings at home.

ganging on her, claiming she has put the evil eye on the Herbert Marshall household. My goodness, in Hollywood's rugged days husband-snatching was just good-natured give-and-take. Now matrons are talking of organizing vigilantes. Some want a code of fair competition that would prohibit a lady from becoming engaged to another lady's husband until after divorce papers had been filed. Of course there are still rugged individualists who view this as unwarranted meddling with private enterprise.

I THOUGHT Gloria might be following my altruistic suggestion. Noting the spirit of brotherly love existing among her ex-husbands—all for one and one for all—I felt Gloria could do a lot toward promoting world peace by marrying every man into the fraternity. I'm sure men would welcome the Utopia. Gloria paints a picture of peaceful old age surrounded by her former husbands, all friends, laughing and joking of old times. By then there ought to be enough to make quite a showing in the Hollywood Bowl. I certainly would like to pledge Gloria's fraternity. She marries a swell crowd.

A NOTHER of the Boulevardier's dream girls, Jean Harlow, is likewise converting husband into friend. Jean doesn't seem quite clear about grounds for complaint. Maybe just spring restiveness, though since hearing about Jean's house with everything white including rugs I've had an uncomfortable feeling for husband. (Go right back and scrape your feet again.)

AND my favorite beauty of all time, Corinne Griffith, packed her Walter flying off to Mexico to get her a divorce. Walter got back with it amid orchids in time for dinner. I'm glad to hear that Corinne and





If you were organizing a picture company for your own amusement which players would you contract? Subject to change any second, here's my choice, says Herb.

Illustrated by D. B. Holcomb

Walter have never seemed happier going places together. The years have been kind to Corinne. She was acclaimed the most beautiful girl in the world at the height of her movie career and is still quite as ravishing as ever. Is it any wonder that Walter returned with tokens of esteem for her?

THE Tarzans, Johnnie and Lupee, are liable to be the last exhibit of model matrimony in Hollywood. The cannonading is terrifying at times but when reporters ring the bell to ask if there will be a divorce Lupe emerges disheveled to shout that there will be no divorce in her household—not if she has to kill heem. *Bang, Bang!* A widow perhaps but never a divorcee!

A BACHELOR'S club composed of Randy Scott, Jack Oakie, Lyle Talbot, Phil Reed, Phil Regan, Donald Woods and Franchot Tone has been organized by Dick Powell, long divorced. In Hollywood a bachelor is a man who has been married only once. Baby LeRoy won't be eligible probably for several years to say nothing of Jackie Cooper, and by that time the Hollywood Bachelor's Club will probably be out of existence!

SIGHT for a Sultan: Louis B. Mayer entertained the Sultan of Johore at a studio luncheon. Banked amid M-G-M houris, the Sultan yet had an unappeased expression in a roving eye. Mr. Mayer solicitously asked if there was anything more he would like to see. The Sultan nodded. "Mae West," he said. "Of all the insultin' sultans!" screamed the little ladies, above the boom of "Aye tank Aye go hum."

Mae seems to be every sultan's idea of a harem.

SINCE the appearance in NEW MOVIE of Jimmy Wong Howe, the celestial cinematographer, there have been queries as to whether all the Howes are Chinese. No—soree—not that clever.

"Well, boys," said a passé old star as he lilted out of the publicity office. "I'm going to the mountains where you can't annoy me . . . going to be the hermit, you know."

"He's already a hermit," muttered a p. a. to 40,000 exhibitors."

IF you were organizing a picture company for your own amusement which players would you contract? Here's my list (subject to change any second).

Stars: Wally Beery, Jean Harlow, Paul Muni, Mae West, James Cagney, (Please turn to page 91)

Hollywood Goes A-PARTYING

GRACE KINGSLEY, New Movie's society reporter takes you with her to the Harold Lloyd Greenwich Village party, Anita Page's tea, and other movie-town social events

SO many costume parties in the movie colony are given without rhyme or reason. Mrs. Movie City, who has never been in Hawaii, nevertheless feels a Hawaiian party coming on, and gives one, with everybody cavorting in grass skirts, while the Hawaiian orchestra grins derisively at the synthetic hulas. Or somebody gives a Gay Nineties party without in the least knowing what they did in the Gay Nineties, or in fact whether the Nineties were so very gay after all.

But Harold Lloyd's Greenwich Village party had a real *raison d'être*. Harold, you see, is quite an artist.

Nevertheless, Harold himself is much too modest to have arranged such a party, since he will tell you with a blush that he really hasn't much talent. It was his wife who fixed everything up, and surprised Harold. And the Lloyd estate is such a big one that it would be possible to arrange several affairs of this kind for the same evening without the persons to be surprised finding it out.

The Greenwich Village party was given down at the swimming pool, in the logia.

Harold exhibited his talents by making sketches of everybody, including Colleen Moore, who looked very fetching as Boy Blue, with all the guests complimenting him on the portrait.

"Well, look what a subject I had!" Harold parried gallantly.

After supper everybody drew sketches of everybody else, and as nobody except Harold was particularly good at it, some of the results were very funny.

In particular Charlie Farrell's face was red when

they laughed at his sketch of his wife, Virginia, since Charlie wore an artist's costume.

Theodore Von Eltz, who came dressed as a tailor's dummy, stayed in character all evening, shaking hands stiffly but never smiling, when anybody spoke to him. He won first prize.

Of all things to wear over one's heart—a hairpin! Of course hairpins are scarce now-a-days, but that doesn't account for the one which "Cotton" Warburton, of the all-American, is carrying.

But when you find out to whom it last belonged, maybe you'll see the light. Myrna Loy, no less.

In a friendly scuffle at the University of Southern California, where Cotton is quarterback, the hairpin dropped out of his pocket. As he picked it up he mentioned casually that Myrna Loy had given it to him.

(Right) Leila Hyams and Carmelita Geraghty at Carmelita's charming wedding.



(Below) Find Betty Furness, John Darrow, Anita Louise and Tom Brown at Betty's gay party for Mary Jane Moore.



(Below) Dolores Del Rio and Norma Shearer, stunningly gowned, chat with Ernst Lubitsch at the Wilson-Geraghty wedding reception.



(Above) June Clyde and Wallace Ford attend Anita Page's "Four O'Clock Tea" at the Ambassador Hotel.



(Left) Costume parties bring out a variety of costumes. The girl apache is Esther Ralston.

The current weekly carried a quizzical story on Cotton's crush, and the athlete didn't bother to deny it, but only blushed.

But the sad truth is that Warburton merely picked the hairpin up from a set where Miss Loy was working. Or rather a script girl picked it up and handed it to Warburton, who happened to be the nearest person. And that's the real tale of the hairpin, let the chips fall where they may.

Ted Healy told this one on a fellow actor. He says that the actor, who has a liveried chauffeur, approached him, Healy, and asked to borrow two dollars.

"I don't want it so much for myself," said the actor, "but my chauffeur hasn't eaten for two days!"

LYLE TALBOT has been to see "The Drunkard," which has been running nearly a year, four times lately, taking a different girl every time. Last time it was Millie Seward.

Lyle is furious at the way the chatter writers write about his friendship with women.

"I went with Patricia Ellis to the Cocoanut Grove to judge a dancing contest one night, we both having been asked to do it," said Lyle, "and then, waiting for the photographers, we danced a bit. Some of the papers had us engaged next day."

Richard Cromwell and Mary Carlisle are going about to parties together. What has become of the Cromwell-Katherine DeMille set-up? Katherine's pictures are, all (Please turn to page 105)

(Below) More people dress up. Harold Lloyd, Una Merkel, Mrs. Lloyd and Ronald Burla, Una's husband.

Photos by Wide World



FIRST NIGHTS ON

UNSTARRED EXCELLENCE

(Citation of Unfeared Players Who This Month Gave Outstanding Performances)

LOUIS CALHERN, for his villainous noble in "The Affairs of Cellini."

ALAN MOWBRAY, for his fed-up eloper in "Where Sinners Meet."

ONSLOW STEVENS, for his Prince Michael in "I'll Tell the World."

RUBY, for her perfect performance as a bear in "We're Not Dressing."

GENEVIEVE TOBIN, for her nitwit woman in "Success at Any Price."

ETIENNE GIRARDOT, for his little maniac in "Twentieth Century."

ANNE REVERE, for her abused relative in "Double Door."

SARAH PADDEN, for her Portuguese mother in "He Was Her Man."

ZELDA SEARS, for her hard-boiled landlady in "Sadie McKee."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, for her gifted child in "Stand Up and Cheer."

NAT PENDLETON, for his fat-headed gunman in "Manhattan Melodrama."

MAYBE there's nothing the matter with the movies and the trouble is all with me. This is a diagnosis already announced by a number of indignant readers.

And yet, with a last ditch of obstinacy, I don't concede that it's entirely my wrongheadedness which makes current releases seem so dismal an assemblage, with three excellent films balanced by five times that number, ranging from just pretty good to simply terrible.

The worst thing about pictures is their dishonesty. I do not mean the bare-faced plagiarism, but I mean the scripts that apparently are written by mental unfortunates wearing boxing gloves and the subsequent films that are directed by men who should gag over the job of thrusting fine actors into such phony nonsense.

I don't see how William Powell, Myrna Loy and Clark Gable, intelligent artists, can keep their faces straight in a film so untrue to human conduct as "Manhattan Melodrama." I'm at a loss to understand how such arch idiocy as "Sadie McKee" could have been created for Joan Crawford, Gene Raymond and Franchot Tone or why Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor should be forced into anything so marshmallow as "Change of Heart" or Irene Dunne should be afflicted with "Sting-aree."

Before this bewildered reviewer is led gently away to what his more charitable friends will call "a rest



Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford and Edward Arnold in the cafe scene in "Sadie McKee." Arnold gave one of the best performances of his career as the tipsy Brennan.



Colleen Moore and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in the RKO picture, "Success at Any Price." This is Doug's finest portrayal to date.



Imagine Bing crooning love songs in your ears. That's the role Carole Lombard has in this Paramount production, "We're Not Dressing."



Fredric March as the amorous goldsmith Cellini and Constance Bennett as the erotic Duchess of Florence in Twentieth Century's "The Affairs of Cellini." Mr. Van de Water rates this as the best picture of the month.

BROADWAY WITH THE NEW PICTURES

John Barrymore as Jaffe, wizard of the Broadway stage, and Carole Lombard as the great star-to-be, Lily Garland, in one of the funniest sequences from Columbia's production, "Twentieth Century."



By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

FILM RATINGS

(AAA, This Month's Best; AA, Outstanding; A, Good; B, Fair; C, Poor)

AAA <i>The Affairs of Cellini</i>	B <i>Stand Up and Cheer</i>	C <i>Sadie McKee</i>
AA <i>20th Century</i>	<i>I'll Tell the World</i>	<i>Stingaree</i>
<i>He Was Her Man</i>	<i>Wharf Angel</i>	<i>The Witching Hour</i>
A <i>Where Sinners Meet</i>	<i>Manhattan Melo-</i>	<i>Beggars in Ermine</i>
<i>We're Not Dressing</i>	<i>drama</i>	<i>Unknown Blonde</i>
<i>Success At Any Price</i>	<i>Thirty-Day Princess</i>	
<i>Double Door</i>	<i>She Made Her Bed</i>	
	<i>Change of Heart</i>	

EARLIER BUT WORTH WHILE: Viva Villa, Tarzan and His Mate, Men in White, Twenty Million Sweethearts, The Constant Nymph, The House of Rothschild, The Show Off, It Happened One Night, The Cat and the Fiddle, This Side of Heaven, Catherine the Great, Hi, Nellie!, Counsellor at Law, Dancing Lady, His Double Life.



Robert McWade, Cary Grant, Sylvia Sidney and Ray Walker in a scene from Paramount's "Thirty-Day Princess."



Gloria Stuart and Lee Tracy take a tumble in the bicycle sequence of the Universal production, "I'll Tell the World."

cure," I should like to see one month of photo-plays as good as the people who appear in them.

And they can be. Look at "The Affairs of Cellini," a brilliant achievement of this month, and "20th Century" and "He Was Her Man," also excellent in story and direction, as well as acting.

And speaking of brilliance, let me direct your attention to a young woman who makes her debut in a semi-misfortune called "Stand Up and Cheer." She has poise and charm and beauty. She can sing, too, with surprising accuracy. Her name is Shirley Temple and press agents say she is only four years old, which makes her probably, as ordinary mortals gauge time, about six. If you forget her name, I have a feeling that you'll hear it again.

What motion pictures need is similar prodigies among directors and script writers and if you think the old crab is just having a tantrum, take a look at the record appended below:

The Affairs of Cellini—AAA

Directed by Gregory La Cava

Released by United Artists

EVEN if Sixteenth Century Italy means little in your life you'll find this photo-play has both pull and punch. It might have been just another costume drama but it happens to be crammed with such allurements as murder, torture, treachery, swashbuckling fights and enough illicit love to fill a couple of tabloids.

These matters are handled by a more than competent cast in which Constance Bennett and Fredric March are listed as the stars, with Fay Wray and Frank Morgan as their first assistants. They and a director who is sensitive to all the glow and savagery of a brilliant era have (Please turn to page 98)



Menace? George Raft's face shows suffering as well.

(Right) With Jean Acker, once the wife of his good friend, Rudolph Valentino.



George once earned a living dancing the "Texas Tommy." Here he is pictured with Sally Rand, the fan dancer, in a scene from the picture, "Bolero."

GEORGE RAFT TALKS

And here you have the answers
to the questions all Hollywood
wanted to ask

By NAN CAMPBELL

WHEN George Raft was questioned by reporters concerning reports that as soon as the Chicago beauty, Mrs. Virginia Peine Lehmann, got her divorce she would become his bride he said, "She's a lovely girl, but the rumors are ridiculous. I have a wife."

And that was the first time that he had actually admitted the existence of the girl he married ten years ago. It is true that a few people knew that he was married but Raft, himself, had not revealed the fact. His admission at last cleared up a lot of questions about which Hollywood had been worrying. It explained why, when he and Marjorie King were seen dining and dancing in the smart Hollywood restaurants, Marjorie ducked at the approach of news photographers. It explained why—although George seemed to like the ladies and the ladies all liked George—there had been no engagement announcements. But it still left unanswered questions.

Why had he kept (*Please turn to page 66*)

There She Goes with a NEEDLE

GRACIE ALLEN,
popular Paramount star, tries
her hand at making an apron

By
**FRANCES
COWLES**

The worst thing about sewing, according to Gracie Allen, is stopping to thread the needle. So she decided to use a thread two yards long.



WHAT the world needs, according to Gracie Allen of Paramount Pictures, is a needle that doesn't have to be threaded, and when you think of all the things that people have invented it seems funny that no one has ever done anything bright about needles. As it is, after you've spent a lot of time figuring out what kind of stitches you ought to take and where you ought to take them and you're all set to spend a quiet afternoon making something, why then the first thing you know the thread in your needle gets so short that you can't take any more stitches and you have to drop your things and start all over again. Gracie hit on the bright idea of starting off with a thread two yards long and all went well while she posed for the cameraman, but after that the thread tangled and broke and Gracie decided she had done enough sewing for one day.

Well, even if Gracie didn't make the apron all herself, she took some of the stitches and was perfectly delighted to have someone else take the rest.

The interesting thing about this dainty little apron is that it didn't cost thirty cents. It is one of a wide variety of attractive little home-made accessories of one sort or another that can, each one, be made for less than three dimes.

It is really amazing to see what a number of charming things can be made from well chosen but inexpensive materials and it's wise to devote some of your vacation leisure to making a number of these attractive gadgets to use later for birthday gifts or card party prizes.

Please turn to page 84 for directions
for making attractive gifts.



Here's Gracie Allen wearing her new apron and showing the world that she knows all about housework.



Bert Longworth

(Above): A good director, two good actors, and three good guys. Mervyn LeRoy, Jimmy, and Allen Jenkins in their own special, private chain-gang on the lot.

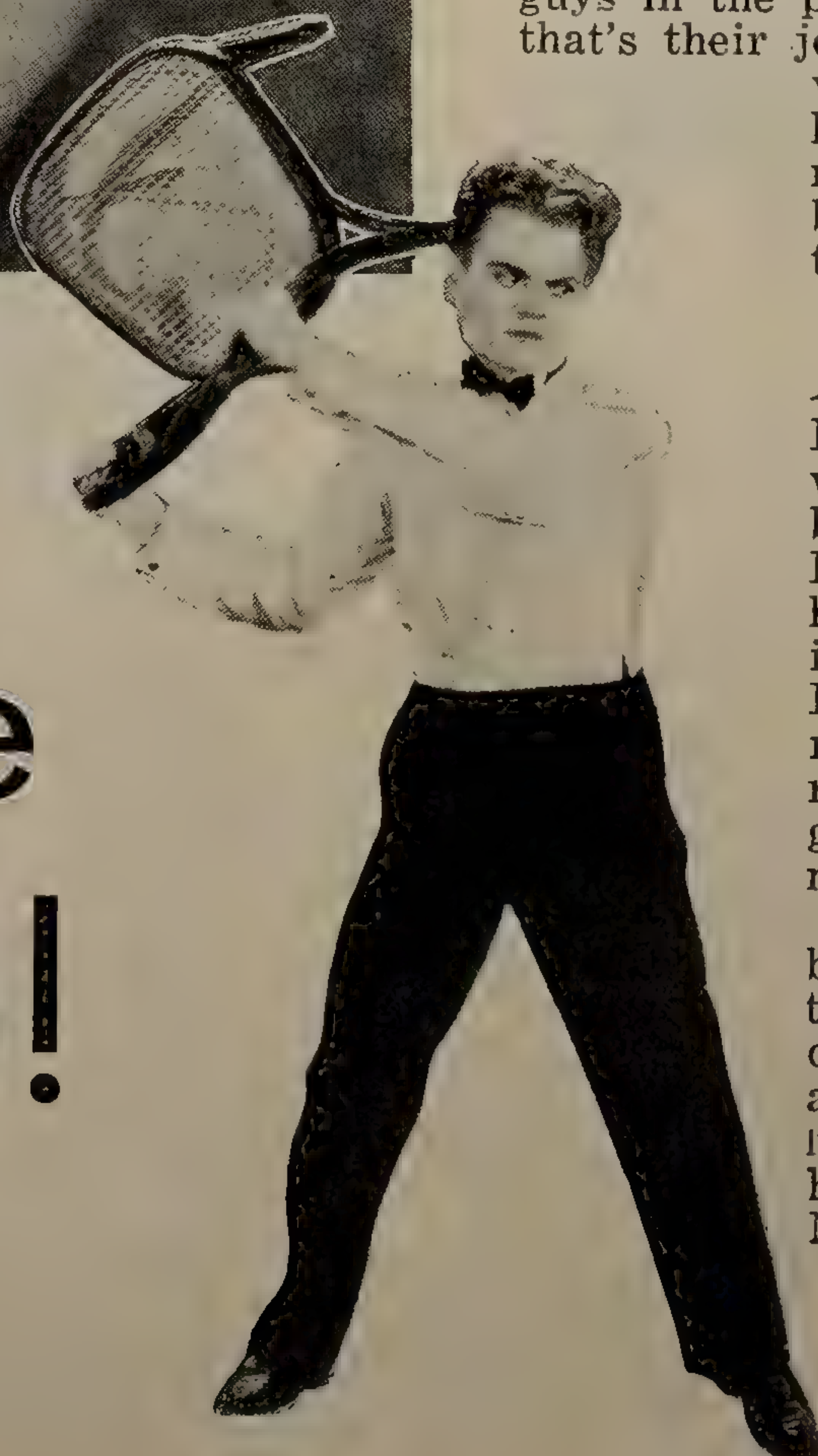


(Above): Jimmy with his proudest possession. (Look just under his nose.)

(Right): in "Blonde Crazy" he was fighting, as usual.

No More FIGHTS!

By
PAULINE ROBBINS



**Here Jim tells you why he fights
—and the one and only thing he
fights for**

JIMMY CAGNEY arrived recently in New York surrounded by as much mystery as a Boris Karloff movie.

Nobody would even have known he was in town had he not appeared one evening at the prizefights and been called to the microphone to say a few words. The New York office of his studio was amazed that he had come to town and not notified them and immediately the word went 'round, "Cagney is fighting with First National again. Is there no handling that lad?"

By a circuitous and intricate method too long to tell here, I discovered Jimmy at an expensive but fairly obscure hotel, registered under the name of Mr. Vernon. And I must admit that I felt rather foolish when I asked for him under that name. Once I got to him I knew he would talk frankly to me. Jimmy has always been a swell gent, so I asked him immediately, "What's all this I hear about you fighting with the company?"

"Listen," said Jimmy, "I'd like to know where that rumor started. Listen. See if you can get my point of view. I'm on my lay-off—those twelve weeks a year when the company doesn't pay me. Now I wanted to come to New York purely on a vacation—to see some shows, hear some music, look at a few art galleries. The studio isn't paying me—so can you figure out any reason why they have any claim on my time?"

"I know perfectly well what would happen if I got in touch with my New York office. They'd take over my time completely—I'd be having a dozen interviews a day, and I'd be rushed from the top of the Empire State Building to the lowest point in the subway tunnel having my picture taken. They're swell guys in the publicity department and I know that's their job—but what sort of a vacation would that be for me? I don't like all this mystery. It makes me feel like Garbo or somebody—but what else can I do if I want to have a little fun for myself?"

AND that's how the rumor of more trouble for Cagney and First National started. And it will probably be several months before Jimmy can live it down. Because everybody in the world has gotten the idea that Jimmy is hard to handle—the Peck's Bad Boy of Hollywood—the red-haired rebel of the sound stages. It really isn't that he's such a tough guy—it's just that he has gotten more publicity, that's all.

Before the two prolonged rows began, Jack Warner himself said that he wouldn't know Jimmy was on the lot—he was so quiet and agreeable. Then Jimmy thought he deserved more money and said he had been promised it—First National disagreed and the fight was on, with Jimmy getting all the "hard guy" publicity.

He rather lived up to his role, (Please turn to page 75)

MUSIC IN THE MOVIES

WITH Fall on its way—and we hope it'll get cooler—the Hollywood studios are cutting down on musicals, but a good one soon to be released is "She Loves Me Not" with Bing Crosby and Miriam Hopkins. "Dames" with Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell is another that will please you. Until you see these the list below of current recordings ought to keep you full of rhythm for the time being.

"THE Grasshopper and the Ants" from Walt Disney's Silly Symphony of the same name is about the most pleasing bit of recorded nonsense since the Big Bad Wolf. Although this may not equal the phenomenal popularity of the latter song, it is every bit as good, and the record made by Raymond Paige and his orchestra is excellent. Paige is the boy who does all of the musical work for Disney, and is responsible in no small way for the popularity of Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphonies. The vocals are sung by the original voices used in the flicker. You'll get a good laugh out of this one.

The other side is from another Silly Symphony and this time it's the "Wise Little Hen." It is right on a par with the preceding tune, as is recorded by the same artists. You can't go wrong on this, and the kids will eat it up. (This is a Victor record.)

"I'LL STRING ALONG WITH YOU" from the film, "Twenty Million Sweethearts" is a smooth bit of work, put out by that old smoothie, Ted Fiorito and his orchestra. Fiorito has a very distinctive style, and it is well applied in the recording. You'll hear Muzzy Marcellino doing the vocal work.

"Fair and Warmer" from the same picture is on the other side, and is also played by Ted Fiorito and his orchestra. I don't care much for the tune, but the vocal work is done by Dick Powell, and that's something. Or is it? (This is a Brunswick record.)

FROM the film "Murder at the Vanities" we get "Cocktails for Two" played by Duke Ellington and his orchestra. The Duke very seldom turns to this type of work, but when he does, you can rest assured the results are pleasing. This is an excellent tune, and the Duke uses admirable restraint, with just enough push to put things over in great shape. No vocal.

"Live and Love Tonight" is on the other side and is also from "Murder at the Vanities" another good example of what the Duke can do with a smooth selection. (This is a Victor record.)

The talkies continue to bring many of our best tunes. This month's collection runs all the way from sweet to hot

By
JOHN EDGAR WEIR



"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR" from Bing Crosby's picture, "We're Not Dressing" is played by Richard Himber and his orchestra. If you saw the picture, you will remember the tune, and will surely enjoy this record. Himber seems to have a very versatile group of musicians, and his arrangements are far from tedious. Joey Nash does the singing in great style.

"May I?" is the tune on the other side, and is another tune from the same picture. Richard Himber does the recording, and Joey Nash the vocal work. Very good. (This is a Bluebird record.)

PAUL WHITEMAN presents Ramona and the Park Avenue Boys, in the tune "Broadway's Gone Hill Billy" from the film, "Stand Up and Cheer." I find that the recordings featuring these artists are very good as a rule and this one is no exception. Ramona is swell and the Park Avenue Boys give her great instrumental backing, without having to resort to the heavy effects so dear to the heart of Mr. Whiteman. In other words, everything is very informal and everyone has a great time.

"We're Out of the Red" is on the reverse side and is from the same picture. We have the same artists in this one, and they are keeping up the good work. (This is a Victor record.)

"GOODNIGHT, LOVELY LITTLE LADY" from the film "We're Not Dressing" is played by Hal Kemp and his orchestra. Kemp has an excellent band, and although I think his style gets monotonous after a time, this record has enough variations to keep it from lagging. The vocal work is done by Bob Allen.

"She Reminds Me of You" is on the other side and this is from the same picture. I think Kemp overdoes it this time. (This is a Brunswick record.)

BIGGEST HITS

"THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANTS," played by Raymond Paige and his orchestra. (Victor)

"I'LL STRING ALONG WITH YOU," played by Ted Fiorito and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

"COCKTAILS FOR TWO," played by Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Victor)

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR," played by Richard Himber and his orchestra. (Bluebird)

Music? Samoan Maidens Dance, even the Island dances, in RKO's "Down to Their Last Yacht."

YOU TELL US

This section is the People's Academy, where the best friends and severest critics of the stars tell us this and that about players and films

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Overworked?

I'M simply bored. What's the meaning of this? Since "Little Women," in which Jean Parker made a great debut I've seen her continually. Of course she's a great little star; give her a chance in leading parts as often as you wish, but for goodness' sake don't have her in every picture with a small part.

"Whirlpool," "Three on a Honeymoon," "You Can't Buy Everything," and "Lazy River," Isn't that once too often? I hope Evelyn Venable, Pat Paterson and Mary Carlisle won't start off with so many.

Eleanor H. Kubiak,
4025 E. 144th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Jean seems to thrive on work, doesn't she? She's being starred soon by M-G-M.

A Dell Fan Speaks

I WAS very fortunate in catching the preview of "Little Miss Marker" with that marvelous "find"—Dorothy Dell. Those who liked her in her first picture "Wharf Angel" will adore her in this more up-to-date setting. Although she has been compared to Mae West, I think she is more like Joan Crawford, and will climb to the very top of the cinematic ladder very soon.

Tiny Shirley Temple as the adorable little "Marky" proved herself a swell little actress, but, in my opinion, Miss Dell just wrapped the picture up and strolled off with it tucked under one arm.

Hannah Shepard,
840 N. LaJolla Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Miss Dell is turning out to be quite an old picture-wrapper-upper, in fact.

Rave & Rave

I'M aggravated at those fans who continually rave and rave over Hepburn, Dietrich, Crawford and Harlow, when there are so many good troupers, consistent and

dependable, holding their own without the support of "press-agent-pillars."

There's—

Edna May Oliver—If she were my aunt, I'd love her to death!

Guy Kibbee—The best "all-around" character actor on the screen!

John Halliday—Always the "perfect gentleman!"

Helen Twelvetrees—Angelic, wholesome, talented.

Barbara Stanwyck—Genuine, a gallant trouper of troupers, and a "regular fellow!"

Mrs. Edward Franzeen,
Rural Route, No. 2, Ursa, Ill.

It isn't all press-agentry, it's glamour, Mrs. Franzeen. Some just have it.

Dick Scores Again

I AS a humble movie fan, desire to pay tribute to one of the finest and most ambitious young men I know of—Dick Powell. He has done some really excellent

Madge Evans. "There is no actress more charming, more convincing, more modest."



Above, right: "I hope Pat Paterson won't start off with so many." A friend of Pat's fears that too many pictures cut down a player's popularity and appeal. Jean Parker is appearing in far too many films, too.

"Tom Brown has greater ability than most of the older stars," an ardent fan swears. "There is scarcely an actor on the screen who can put over an emotional scene so effectively." High praise, Tom!

work in all the pictures in which I have seen him.

He is one person who has made fame but is still the same smiling boy who used to be M. C. at the Stanley Theater in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. And all his Pittsburgh fans will agree with me and help to give Dick a big hand in all his work.

He was wonderful in the "Wonder Bar." You just can't help but like it.

Margaret Prentice,
Box 258, Twin Branch, W. Va.

And his performance in "Twenty Million Sweethearts" surpasses anything he's ever done!

Flowers to Madge

I SHOULD like to say a few words in praise of a very lovely lady—namely Madge Evans. I believe that Miss Evans should be properly classed with the best players of today. There is no actress more charming, more convincing, and more modest than Miss Evans. She is more than sweetly charming—she is a rare combination of youth and talent, and one of the really sincere artists of the screen. Even when a picture is not so good she always strives to do her best. This can't be said of every player. Not once

ON PAGES 92 and 93
you will find the winners of the People's
Academy Gold Medal Awards, for the twelve
outstanding cinema achievements.



Above: Dorothy Dell. "I think she is more like Joan Crawford, and will climb to the very top of the cinematic ladder."

Left: Edna May Oliver. "If she were my Aunt I'd love her to death." And what a trouper she is, too, ever dependable.

Far left: "The same smiling boy who used to be M. C. at the Stanley Theater in Pittsburgh," is what they call Dick Powell.



since she has been on the screen has she disappointed fans with an indifferent performance.

Let us hope that 1934 will be a banner year for a lovely actress and one of the screen's real beauties.

Connie M. Joffe,
3636 E. 144 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Let's hope 1934 and every year!

Youth vs. Age

IN recent months it seems that most of the critics are taking for granted the fine work of the screen's outstanding juvenile, Tom Brown. In my opinion, this

boy has far more innate acting ability than most of the older stars. He has proved his versatility in a long line of widely different roles, and his forthcoming performance in "The Witching Hour" will undoubtedly bear watching. There is scarcely an actor on the screen who can put over an emotional scene as effectively as young Mr. Brown, and his comedy is equally brilliant.

Emily Richards,
4598 Glen Albyn Drive, Los Angeles, Cal.

Tom Brown promises a fine future. The road is a long one, you know.

(Please turn to page 101)

(Below) Cary Grant, as the beauty doctor, talks to the scheming Genevieve Tobin, while a jealous lover, Edward Everett Horton, looks on. It's from Paramount's "Kiss and Make Up."



A tender scene from "The Life of Virgie Winters," which stars Ann Harding and John Boles. (Right.)

WHAT TO EXPECT

BARBARA BARRY, New Movie's studio reporter, gives you the latest news about the pictures now in preparation and the stars who appear in them

HAROLD LLOYD has returned to the fold after an absence that was much too long, and, from what we've seen of his newest vehicle, the combination of the one and only Lloyd and a swell story should be greeted with shouts and cheers from the gallery.

It's Clarence Buddington Kelland's tale of the shy and studious son of an American missionary in China, who returns to the United States for the purpose of acquiring a wife to assist him in carrying on Papa's religious orders:

Innocent as a three-day-old baby, Harold becomes entangled in a comical intrigue.

THE CAT'S-PAW • Harold Lloyd Company

A bunch of smart political pirates wrap him up in red tape and see to it that he's elected mayor of a town that they

are trying to run.

Poor Harold, all unsuspecting, handles the nasty baddies as his father taught him to handle obstreperous Chinese, and the ensuing action is some fun!

Una Merkel and Grace Bradley put up a royal struggle for our hero's shy affections, with Una winning, hands down.

Sam Taylor directs, and . . . aren't you glad Harold's back?

THE GREAT FLIRTATION

•
Paramount

written this three-cornered romance of stage love.

In the picture Adolphe Menjou, a great matinee idol of Budapest, loves Elissa Landi, Hungarian actress, who, although plenty capable, has not reached the pinnacle of Fame occupied by the man who loves her.

Menjou begs her to marry him, and she does so upon his promise to take her to America, where she meets and falls in love with David Manners, her leading man.

Always the actor, Menjou steps dramatically out of the picture, hiring himself, with his faithful valet, to South Dakota (of all places!), where they do some plain and fancy starving.



Here they are as you will see them—Chester Morris and Mae Clarke in a dramatic scene from the Universal production, "Let's Talk It Over."



In the foreground, Tammany Young, Judith Allen and W. C. Fields in Fields' own story of the gay nineties, "The Old-Fashioned Way."



In his last picture before an extended vacation, Richard Dix plays the title role in RKO's "Family Man." The girl is Dorothy Wilson.



Jimmy Cagney and Frank McHugh as the "not so busy" gun polishers in the Warners' "Here Comes the Navy."

(Left) Jack Holt, little Cora Sue Collins and Dorothy Burgess in Columbia's "Black Moon," an exposé of voodooism.

in the NEW FILMS

Elissa becomes a famous actress, and one day David discovers Menjou and valet hungrily watching her performance from the cheapest seat in the house, and drags him back stage. Elissa pretends to love him still.

But Adolphe makes a final curtain speech, saying she has always been a bad actress, and again walks out of her life and back to the good old South . . . South Dakota!

Rumor has it that this is a true story, but Gregory says: "Not at all!" and, with director Ralph Murphy backing him up . . . well, we're inclined to believe the gentleman.

A SMALL-TOWN milliner, Ann Harding, falls in love with John Boles, lawyer and brilliant politician, who is engaged to Helen Vinson.

John is all for breaking the engagement, until Helen convinces him that Ann has married someone else.

THE LIFE OF VIRGIE WINTERS

•
RKO

the question. So, when Ann's child is born, John adopts it.

The years roll along, giving John a chance to become famous and attractively gray at the temples, and Ann's fortunes fail.

After Ann's baby grows up to be Betty Furness and happily married, John decides to divorce the missus and make an honest woman of his long-time sweetheart.

But, rather than give him up, Helen shoots him and allows Ann (who ought to be used to it now) to take the blame for his untimely demise.

There is a death-bed confession, and a more or less satisfactory

By the time he discovers the truth, it is "too late," divorce being out of

ending to the Louis Bromfield tale of tragedy, but . . . even with Alfred Santell directing the tear-jerking, we think we'll drop in on the Marx brothers . . . run-proof mascara being what it is.

HOUSEWIFE

•
Warners'

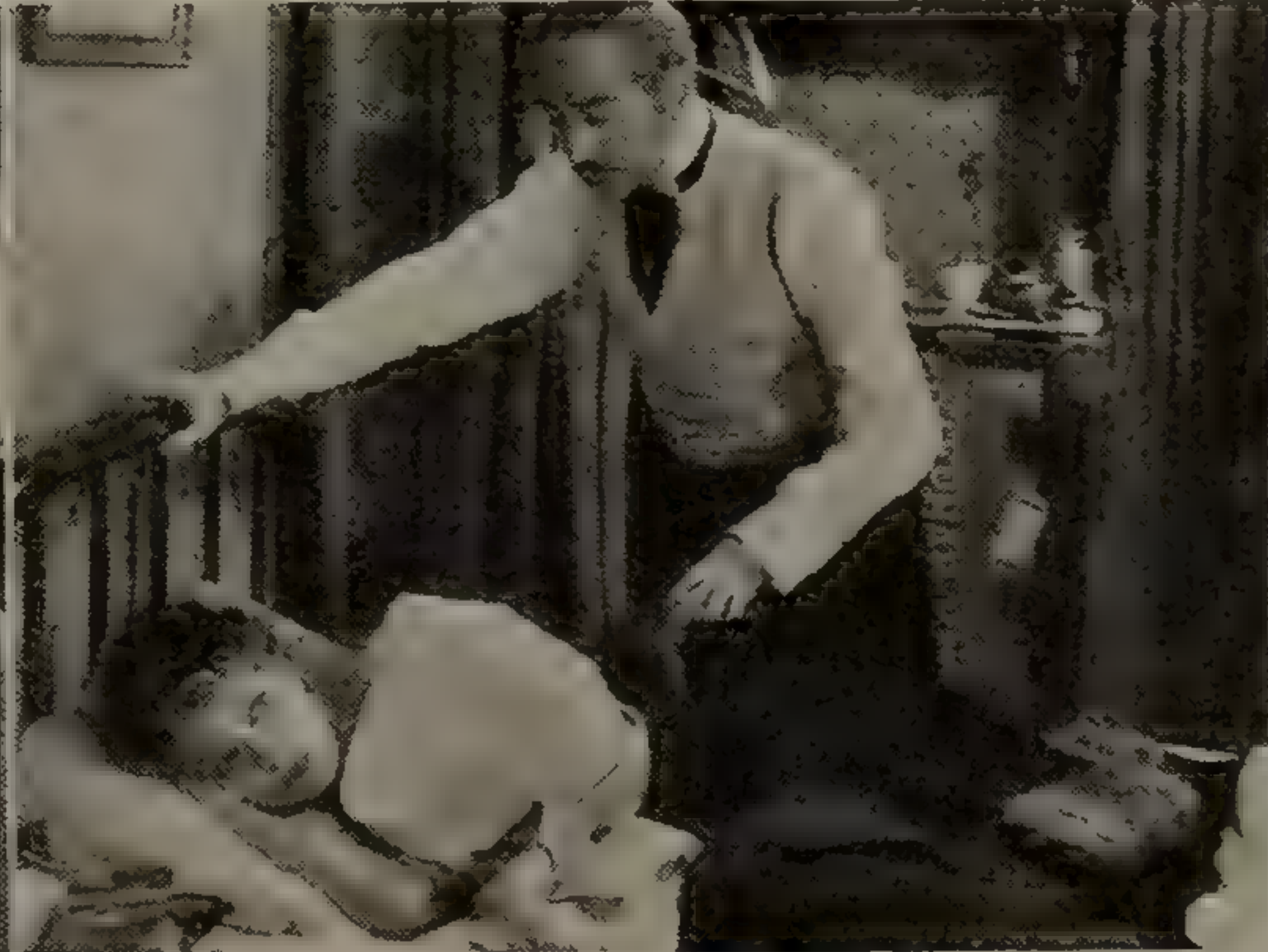
tale, by Lord and Hayward, is no exception.

This time, Bette Davis, George Brent and Ann Dvorak play puss-in-the-corner, with Ann married to George, and Bette as the interfering third person.

Bette has been in love with George ever since he made touchdowns and kicked goals in high school. The fact that he's a husband and father doesn't put any wrinkles in her conscience, and, after (*Please turn to page 81*)



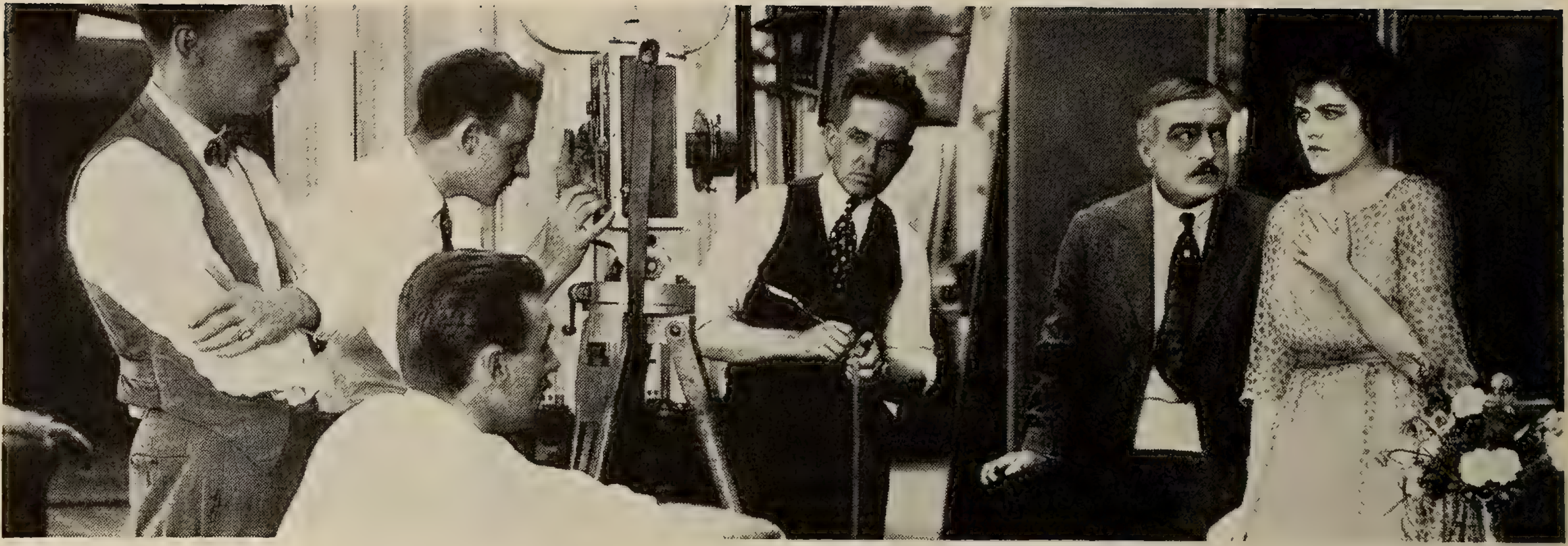
Lionel Barrymore and Jean Harlow in "One Hundred Per Cent Pure," Jean's newest starring vehicle for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.



Adolphe Menjou and Elissa Landi play the leading roles in "The Great Flirtation," an original story written by Gregory Ratoff.



Doris Kenyon, Robert Young and Walter Connolly in a tense scene from the Columbia production, "Whom the Gods Destroy."



The old days. Elaine Hammerstein and a now forgotten villain emote for the camera.

Pioneering in the Movies

**Down the movie cycle from the days
of "chasers" to silent feature pictures
and the modern "talkies"**

By **GEORGE GERRY**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Jack Cohn started as an IMP laboratory boy at \$7 a week in 1909. He then went into production and editorial work, helping to bring the lowly movie from the "chaser" stage (it was shown in vaudeville theaters to "chase out" the audience at the close) to the point where legitimate actors and stage directors were engaged, and authors paid in real money for their stories—provided the length didn't exceed one reel. Now go on with the story:*

QUICK to adapt the ideas he considered good, Jack Cohn watched with interest the work of a new director employed by one of the old line companies. This director, a young man named D. W. Griffith, conceived the idea of bringing the artists on the screen into more intimate contact with the audience and so created the first close-up. The majority of the old line producers laughed at the thought of showing players without legs and feet. Cohn quickly adopted the Griffith technic, and found his chief, Carl Laemmle, in complete approval of this break with precedent. Incidentally, it wasn't very long before every director in the business not only imitated the Griffith picture technic, but went so far as to slavishly ape his every personal mannerism. Mr. Cohn relates that when Griffith, who had a heavy head of hair, decided to have this crop shaved close, forty-eight hours later found practically every director in (Please turn to page 102)



(First row, left to right): Isabel Rae, Jack Pickford, Lottie Pickford. (Second row, left to right): Thomas Ince, Owen Moore, Mary Pickford, King Baggott, Joe Smiley. (Third row, left to right): William Shay, Mrs. David Miles, Joe MacDonald, Hayward Mack, Mrs. Joe MacDonald, John Harvey. (Fourth row, left to right): George Loane Tucker, David Miles, Mrs. Pickford, Robert Daley, Tony Gaudio.

(Below) New Movie's own Elsie Janis with Owen Moore, (Mary Pickford's first husband) in "Betty in Search of a Thrill," a big romantic hit of 1914. Exactly twenty years ago!

Jack Fuld collection



SURPRISING COLORS HIDDEN IN HUMAN SKIN PRODUCE

Remarkable Change in Powder Shades



OPTICAL MACHINE FINDS

Bright Blue IN BLONDE SKIN

Grass Green IN BRUNETTE

NEW SHADES GIVE "LIFE" TO ALL SKINS...

(from left) Mrs. William T. Wetmore uses Brunette. Miss Charlotte Young and Mrs. Hal Fitzhugh Lee use Pond's Rose Cream.

DO YOU KNOW that there is now a face powder that actually contains the hidden colors in human skin?

A delicate machine has made this possible!

A machine that discovered bright blue in blonde skin... vivid green in brunette. Hidden shades that give transparency to blonde skin... creamy charm to brunette.

Pond's tested over two hundred girls' skins with this scientific machine. Dazzling complexions to wan, dull skins... we tested every one.

New shades freshen skin

From all of this study we evolved the six perfect powder shades that will enhance—enliven—any coloring.

NATURAL...perfect for very fair blondes.

Brightens the face... ROSE CREAM is for most blondes and for fair-skinned brunettes. Adds fresh luminous quality to the skin.

LIGHT CREAM for ivory-skinned blondes and brunettes. Adds a velvety radiance to skin... BRUNETTE (Rachel) for brunette and "creamy" skins. Gives them life!

ROSE BRUNETTE, a warmer shade... gives sparkle to sallow skins and tones down ruddiness... DARK BRUNETTE is for brunettes of pronounced coloring. And for sun-tanned skins.

And Pond's—in these heavenly new shades—spreads with such marvelous smoothness that you *stay* powdered all day long. The perfume is very French—very expensive! Yet Pond's is amazingly reasonably priced. A glass jar for only



Made of the finest ingredients
ONLY 55¢

10¢

55¢ contains as much as many \$1.00 boxes. The extra-big jar is \$1.10. Five-and-tens and Variety Stores carry 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.

★ Send 5¢ for Two Special Boxes of Pond's Face Powder and an extra sample... three different Light or three different Dark Shades, with directions for choosing *your* shade.

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. H, 92 Hudson St., New York
I enclose 5¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for Two Special Boxes of Pond's new Face Powder and an extra sample—three different shades in all.

I prefer 3 different *Light* Shades ☐
I prefer 3 different *Dark* Shades ☐

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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NATURAL



ROSE CREAM



LIGHT CREAM



BRUNETTE



ROSE BRUNETTE



DARK BRUNETTE

SEPTEMBER

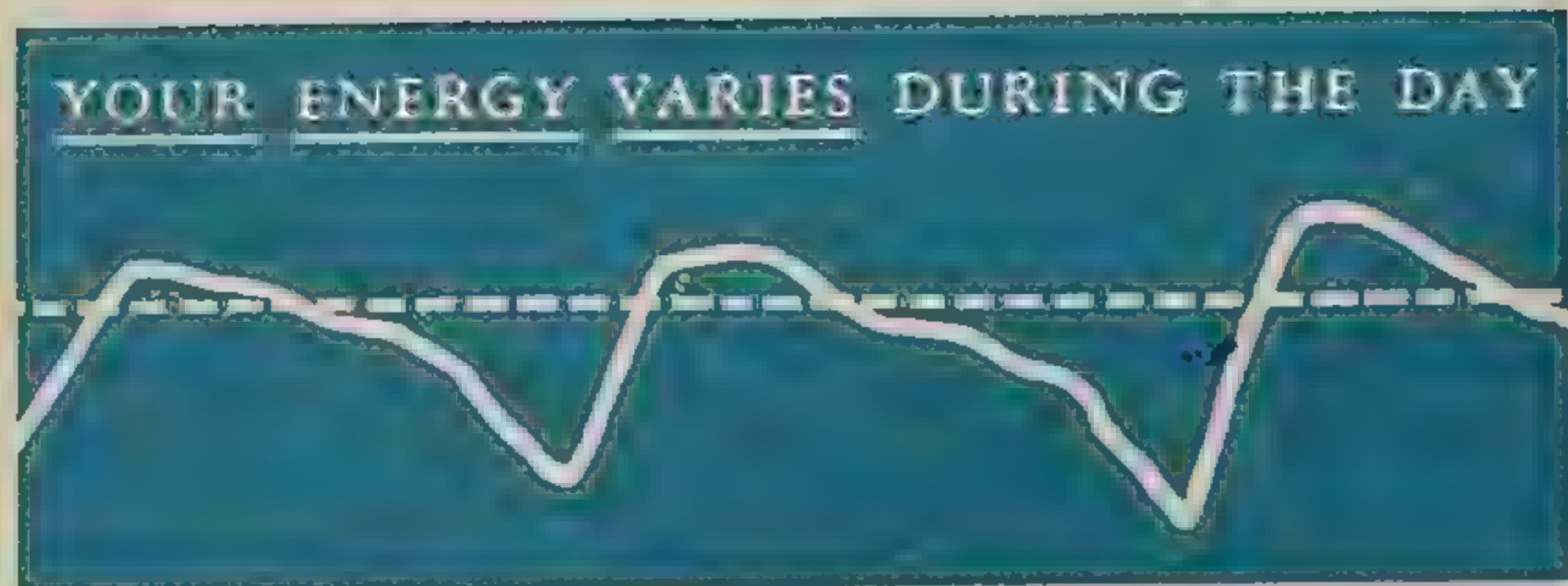
OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

A FACT!

SCIENCE ADVANCES NEW DATA THAT MAY COMPLETELY
CHANGE YOUR IDEAS OF CIGARETTES!



Experience of Camel Smokers Confirmed

Here's a basic discovery that throws new light on our past knowledge about cigarettes. It embodies an "energizing effect"...a quick restoration of the flow of natural body energy...a delightful relief from fatigue and irritability. You do "get a lift with a Camel," and it is a pleasure that you can repeat as often as you like.

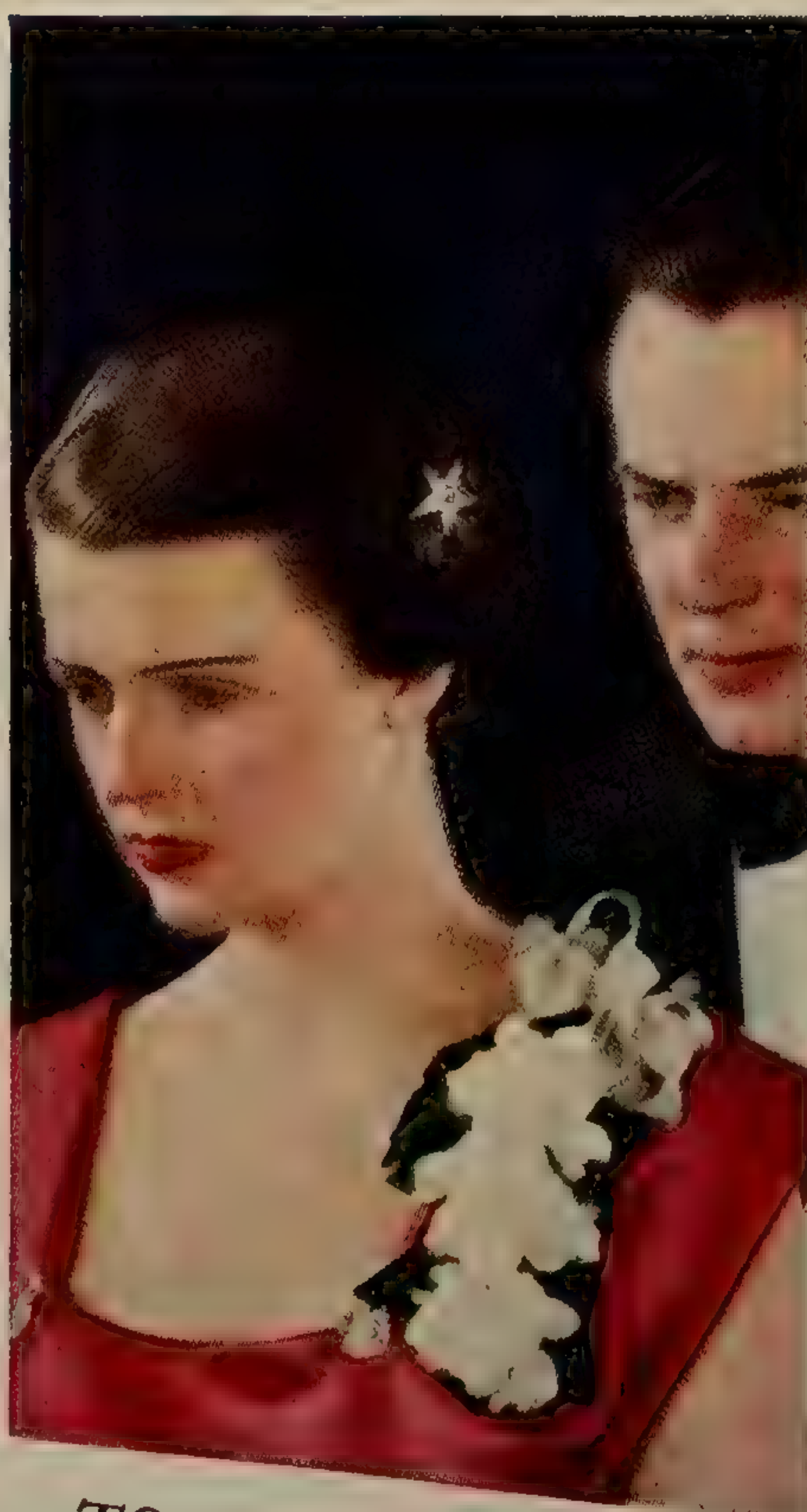
CAMELS can
literally relieve fatigue
and irritability

Are you irritable...cross and fussy when tired? Then light a Camel. As you enjoy its cool, rich flavor, you will quickly feel your flow of natural energy being restored. That "done-in" feeling drops away. Your pep and cheerfulness come flooding back.

EFFECT IS NATURAL

The effect is produced by Camels in a wholly natural and utterly delightful way. So, whenever you feel run-down, tired and irritable, just light a Camel.

You can smoke just as many of these delightful Camels as you want. You can increase your flow of energy over and over again. And you need *never* worry about your nerves. For remember: *Camel's costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves.*



TOO TIRED FOR FUN...and then she smoked a Camel!

**CAMEL'S
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
NEVER GET ON
YOUR NERVES!**



Camels are
made from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS — Turkish
and Domestic — than
any other popular
brand.

KNOW THIS FEELING? The feeling of being too "all in" to respond to the gaiety of the crowd? That's one of the many times to light a Camel and enjoy its rich flavor while your flow of healthful energy is restored. You will *like* Camels—a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

ROBERT DONAT TYPIFIES THE LATEST FASHION IN MOVIE HEROES

The Return of the MATINEE IDOL

By HARRY N. BLAIR

HAIL the return of the matinee idol! The good old days when maids and matrons sighed over the romantic spell created by such screen figures as Rudolph Valentino, William Farnum and a more youthful Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., are once more upon us.

Handsome young actors, who wear costumes with the proper zest and flair, who can with grace make a courtly bow, or kiss the hand of my lady fair before dashing off to match points with a rival cavalier, are once more riding their snow-white chargers to the acclaim of the multitude.

Such a figure is the brown-haired, six-foot young Englishman, Robert Donat, who demonstrated his swash-buckling and romantic appeal as Thomas Culpeper, lover of Kathryn Howard, in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." So great an impression did young Mr. Donat (pronounced dough-nat) make that he was brought to Hollywood for one of the greatest roles ever given to any newcomer. This much-sought-after part, the title role in "The Count of Monte Cristo" is of the type which can lift an actor to the heights in one breath-taking sweep.

Ten years ago, John Gilbert was struggling along in indifferent roles as a leading man for Fox Films. Discouraged at his failure to get anywhere, he was almost on the point of quitting. Then came the chance to play "Monte Cristo" and overnight, he became a star! It was the turning point in a career which later made him the most popular male attraction in pictures.

More than likely, Robert Donat will also find himself propelled into stardom. Only a few months ago the chance of a career in American films seemed as remote as Mars. Then, like a message from that planet, came a cable summoning him to Hollywood.

Comfortably seated in his hotel suite, just after his arrival, he related the circumstances in a deep, vibrant voice, as he gazed out of the window at the New York which had so bewildered him with its vastness. He was glad that his suite was on the seventh floor and no higher. He likes looking at tall buildings but not living in them. The English do not build high but their foundations are solid. As solid as the wealth of acting experience which fortifies the career of England's latest gift to America.

"I'm thrilled about it, of course," he said, in reply to my question. "Although I can't honestly say that it has been a life-long dream of mine to play 'Monte Cristo.' After all, it's a part which is considered next in importance to 'Hamlet' and 'Romeo' and it (*Please turn to page 71*)



Facing the battery of cameras and reporters was Robert Donat's first experience when entering America. He will face more in Hollywood.

On the strength of his excellent performance as Thomas Culpeper in the British production, "The Private Life of Henry VIII," Robert Donat was selected to play the title role in United Artists' forthcoming picture, "The Count of Monte Cristo." He is six feet tall, with brown hair and eyes.

A New Theory of Beauty

FROM GLORIA SWANSON

Unseen forces in the space about us may contain our greatest source of charm and beauty

By ANN BOYD

BEAUTY comes from within.

That is what, up to date, most of the really beautiful screen and stage stars had told us when we summoned up courage to ask them point blank how come they are so beautiful. It is an innate endowment, they say, something that lies deep within, something that will shine through your eyes, make your skin clear and velvety and your hair soft and brilliant if you only give it a chance. We had heard that not-so-helpful theory so often that it was a real event when the glamorously beautiful Gloria Swanson, appearing in M-G-M's version of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks," told us that in her opinion beauty comes from without. It is a conviction with her—something she honestly believes without knowing at first how to explain it.

"Everyone knows that our bodies are supplied with what they need from outside elements—the food we eat, the water we drink, and the air we breathe. But we know that we need many things besides food and drink, and that there are many other forces in the space about us besides oxygen—forces that have always existed but that scientists are only beginning to understand. It is from these outside sources that we can obtain fresh strength and beauty and inspiration."

And that is why, in Miss Swanson's opinion, massage of the right sort can be one of the most helpful of all beauty treatments and why she herself makes use of massage to offset the devastating effects of fatigue, anxiety, overwork, winter's cold or summer's heat.

Naturally Miss Swanson approves of any cosmetics that will really contribute to a woman's good looks, but in her opinion those are most valuable that break nervous tension and produce real relaxation. To some women facial massage may prove most beneficial; to others, like herself, scalp massage especially about the temples. Regular and careful brushing of the hair may also serve the purpose. Facial creams and lotions of various sorts, oils for the scalp and other cosmetics not only help directly because of their cleansing, healing properties but because they contribute to this desirable sense of relaxation that favors our receptiveness to beautifying forces from without.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

The photograph above shows Gloria Swanson as she is today, more beautiful than ever, with a new depth and charm of expression.

At right you have another recent view of Gloria's lovely face, registering a fleeting expression of tense anxiety.



Your Dentist's Detective

"It's a good thing we made these X-ray pictures. Here's a small hidden cavity which I could not discover without my X-ray detective."



POSTPONING a visit to your dentist is not postponing trouble. It is bringing it closer. Time and money will be saved by a visit to your dentist every six months. It is impossible to have good health if the teeth, gums and soft tissues of your mouth are not kept in good condition.

If your dentist advises X-ray pictures of your teeth, take his advice. With the X-ray to inform him, he knows the condition of the deeper structures, the roots and the tooth sockets. In many cases early cavities can be found only by X-rays. If you have pyorrhea he may discover it at a stage in which it can be successfully treated.

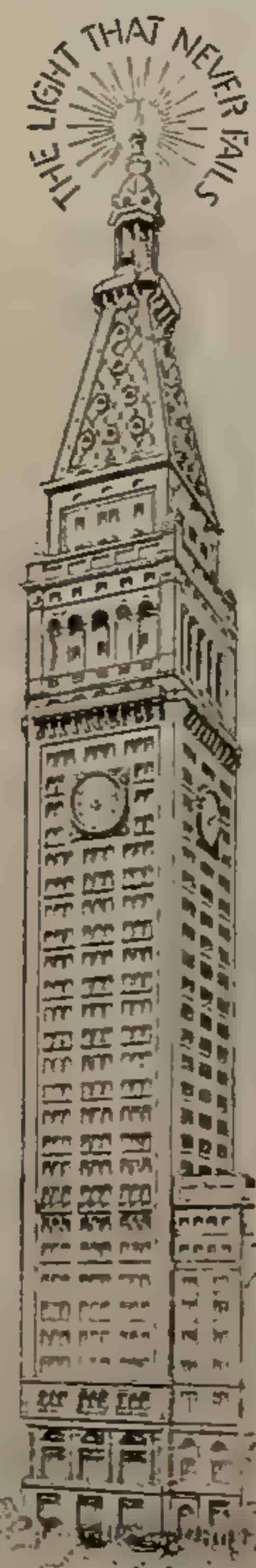
Because an aching tooth demands prompt attention it is usually far less dangerous to health than the undiscovered trouble-maker. A tooth may seem to be sound and healthy and yet hidden trouble may be brewing. Infection may exist at the root of a guilty tooth long before it is suspected that anything is wrong. Meanwhile, the surround-

ing bony structure is being broken down and destroyed, while infection may be absorbed into the system through the blood stream. Such infection may damage the heart and other vital organs, may cause eye, ear, sinus, nerve, joint or digestive trouble.

When a firmly rooted tooth is to be extracted an X-ray picture may be needed to assist the dentist. Sometimes the roots are hooked or teeth may have failed to come through the gums. In such cases damage to the jaw-bone may result from a "blind" extraction.

If you have sound teeth and gums, then a correct diet, including some hard and "crunchy" food, will help to keep them healthy. Teeth, living parts of the body, are built by food. They need the minerals contained in eggs, milk, vegetables, fruits and cereals.

Send for the Metropolitan's free booklet, "Good Teeth." Address Booklet Dept. 834-B.

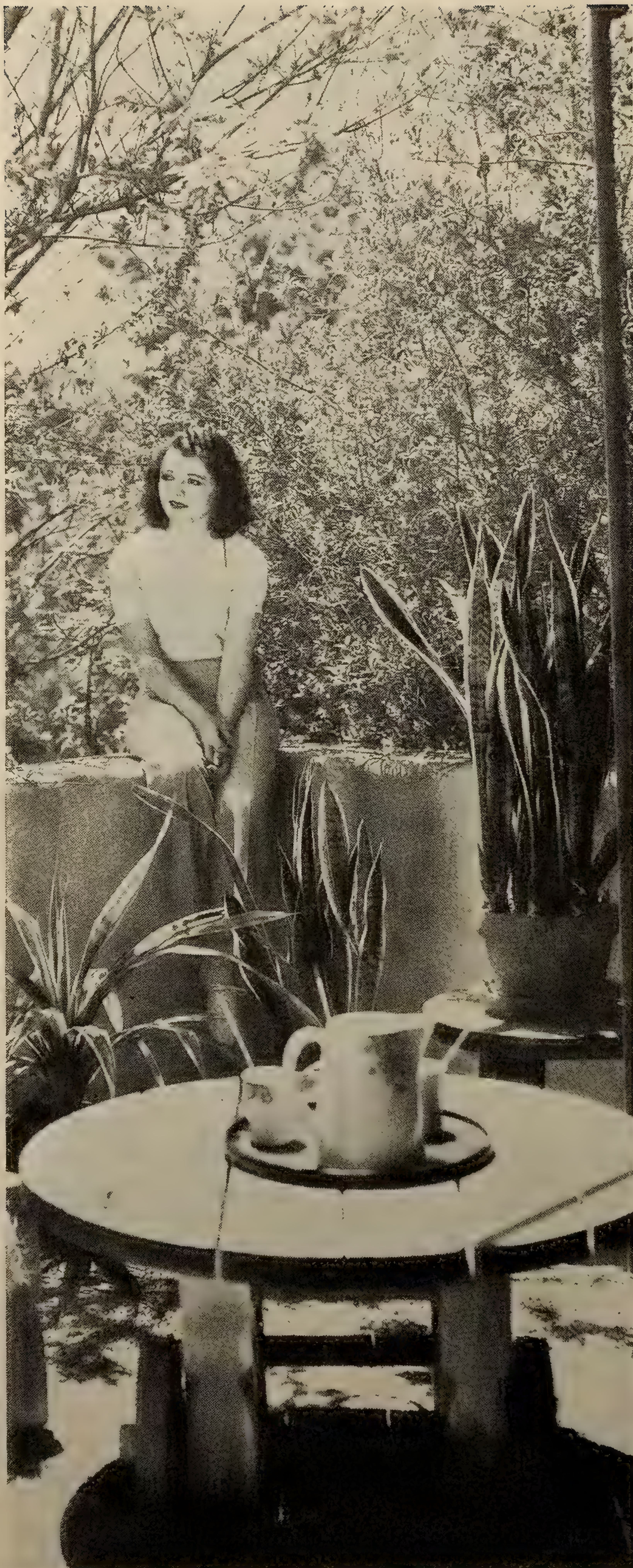


METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1934 M. L. I. CO.



Here is Janet Gaynor, charming Fox Film star, who will next be seen in "Servants' Entrance," sitting under the trees in the corner of her garden where on warm summer days she and a friend or two sit down to a simple salad luncheon.

For information concerning this month's food circulars please turn to page 72

That Hollywood Flavor in SALADS

Janet Gaynor chooses a vegetable combination—Warner Baxter goes for pickled peaches and cheese

By NANCY JAMES

EXTRA! Extra! Here's the latest salad news from Hollywood!

Ralph Bellamy, sitting by himself in a booth at Sardi's, munching happily away at corn on the cob and a verdant salad made of endive, romaine, tomato and grated carrot. And Ann Sothorn giving sound advice about the superiority of uncooked salads. "After a hard day's work," she says, "food doesn't always tempt me. But hungry or not a colorful green salad invariably gives me an appetite for the rest of the meal." That's why Ann, and a lot of other people in Hollywood, take their salad as a first course, instead of wedged in between the main course of the meal and dessert. The greener the salad the better Ann likes it. Give her lettuce, romaine, endive, watercress and dandelion greens if you want to make her happy.

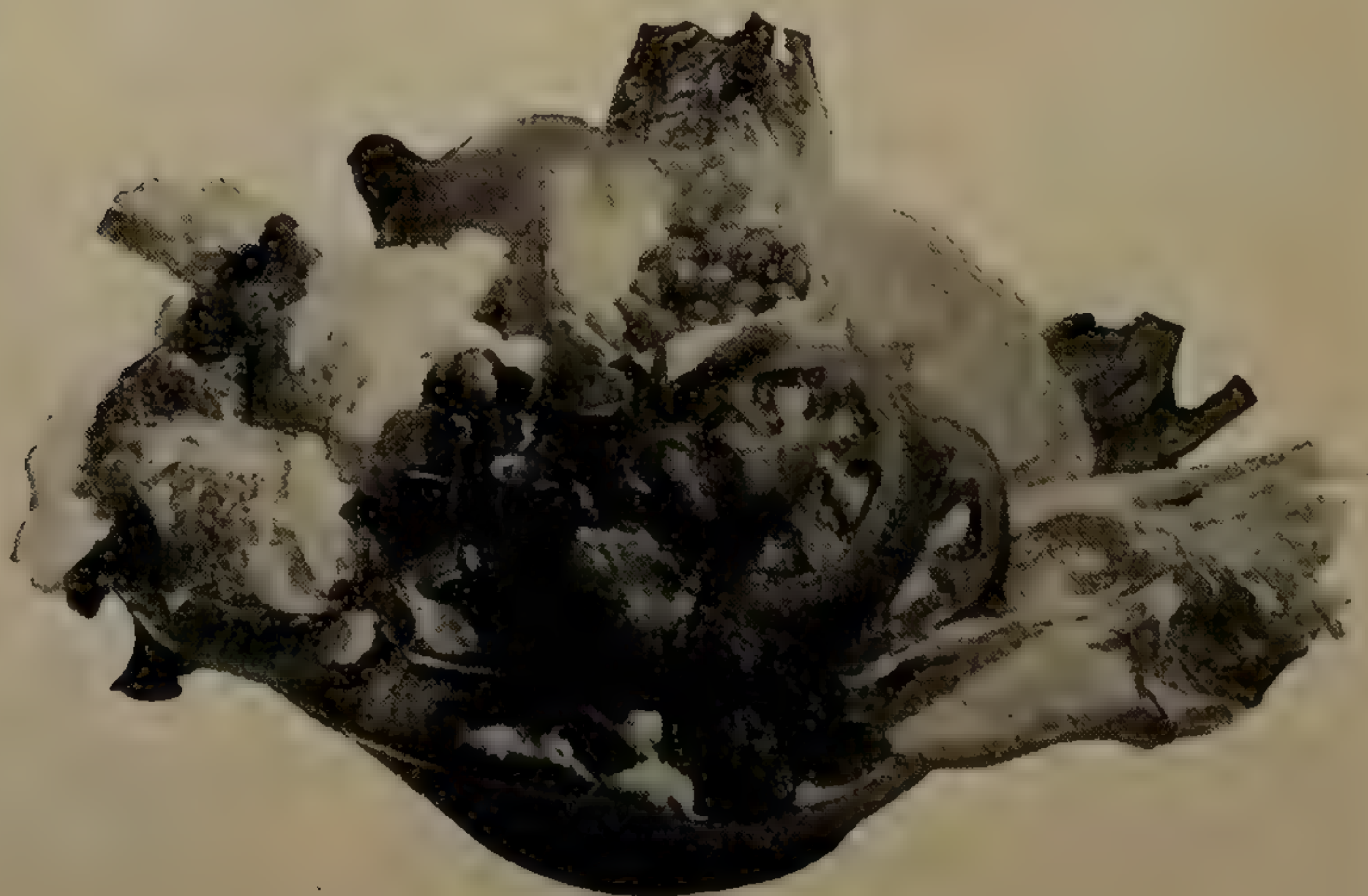
Janet Gaynor is another salad enthusiast and on a warm summer's day there is nothing she likes better than to sit down with a friend or two in a secluded nook of her garden and enjoy a carefully made salad. Well-chilled cooked vegetables hobnob with raw vegetables in her favorite combination salad. You will find raw tomatoes, and radishes side by side with cold cooked broccoli, cauliflower, beets, carrots and peas.

Here's the recipe for another of Janet Gaynor's favorite salads. For six portions allow 6 slices of canned pineapple, 6 thick slices of orange, 1 pint strawberries and enough lettuce hearts to make six good size nests. Arrange 1 slice of pineapple on each nest, then 1 slice of orange, and top with strawberries. Serve with any desired dressing.

Warner Baxter's recipes for tasty foods have given him quite a reputation as a connoisseur. His favorite salad is truly fit for a king. Here it is:

(Continued on page 72)

The secret of success in Janet Gaynor's favorite combination salad is in having well chilled vegetables neatly arranged in separate groups.





Dr. Latzel is Physician-in-Chief of Internal Clinic, in Vienna's largest free hospital; author of "Symptoms of Gastric Cancer."

"All three of his ailments disappeared... *quickly*"

says DR. ROBERT LATZEL, clinic head in Vienna's largest free hospital

Read Dr. Latzel's complete explanation of this case . . . it may be similar in many ways to yours!

"MR. H. B.," Dr. Latzel reports, "was a civil engineer. He had become chronically tired out, with boils, a very poor appetite and the usual distressing stomach symptoms.

"His abdomen was flabby, large. Intestines were weak, clogged. He was nearly always constipated.

"I put him on a Yeast diet—asked him to report back in a week. By that time, one of his boils was gone, another had

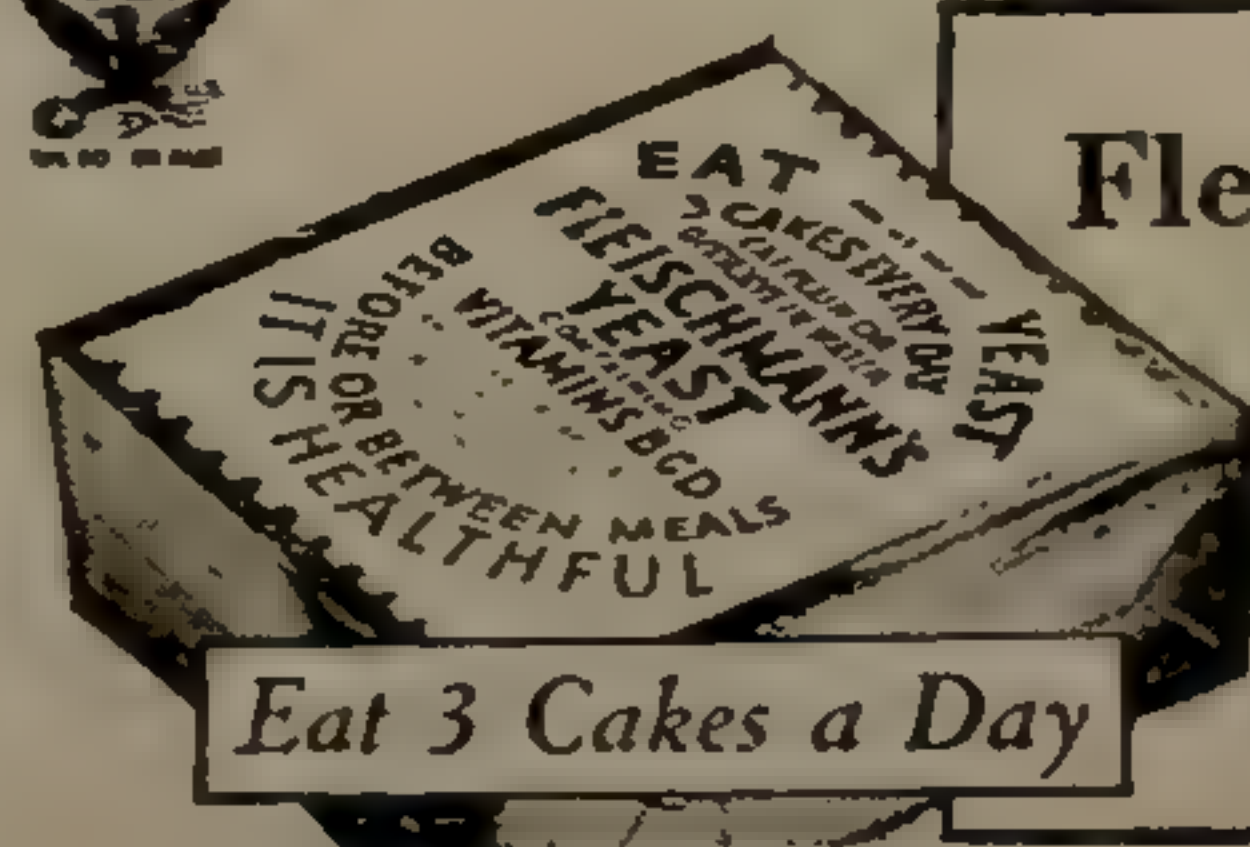
started to dry up. In 3 weeks, his skin was entirely clear, he had good color, healthy appetite. Constipation stopped. He showed every sign of improved energy.

"Run-down health, poor complexion, indigestion, heartburn, and other troubles usually come from poisons carried through the blood from the intestines," states Dr. Latzel. "Yeast softens the clogging waste in the body so you can clear it out . . . regularly."

Why not go to your grocer, or a

restaurant or soda fountain and get some Fleischmann's Yeast right now . . . then eat 3 cakes every day, following the directions on the label? Each cake is rich in vitamins B, D and G that every one of us needs.

Start to eat Fleischmann's Yeast *today!* And keep it up for 30 days at least! See what it's like to feel *real well!*



Fleischmann's Yeast Does 3 Things for You—It (1) stimulates your stomach juices (2) strengthens the muscles of your stomach and intestines (3) softens waste so it passes easily from the body.

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SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

So Easy...

to get good snapshots now
with JIFFY KODAK
and VERICHROME FILM



THERE'S a new way to take snapshots—an easier way. With a Jiffy Kodak . . . the smart folding camera that's so simple to use.

At the touch of a button the Jiffy leaps out—ready for action. A click of the shutter and you've made a picture.

Smartly designed in metal and enamels—as trim as a lady's compact. The Jiffy comes in two sizes . . . for 2½ x 4¼ inch pictures, \$9 . . . for 2¼ x 3¼ inch pictures, \$8. *If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.*



YOU'LL get better pictures with Verichrome Film. In the glaring sun or the porch's shade—this film gets the picture. The cheaper the camera . . . the slower the lens—the more the need for Verichrome. Load your camera with Verichrome for better pictures. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

Ralph Bellamy's Secret Daughter

(Continued from page 38)

stationery and draw pictures of her dog and cat and the doll she got for Christmas, and of how much better she likes the even bigger doll he sent her on her birthday.

This Far-Away Father sends letters to her, too, and sometimes he encloses pictures of himself. Just kodak pictures, informal things snapped after a game of tennis, or on his own front porch with his dog . . . pictures that are nothing like the world sees of him with the lovely stars of Hollywood . . . but merely those carelessly posed "snaps" of a tall, blond man who seems to be smiling right at her.

It is the same smile that has earned him featured roles opposite such famous stars as Katharine Hepburn and Irene Dunne. It is the same smile that has inspired thousands of women to write him "mash" love notes. It is the same ingratiating grin that has led many critics to single him out as a leading cinematic bet for male stardom in 1934. But in one thing the little girl is right. That particular smile in those kodak pictures that seems to be looking right at her . . . is for her alone! Once he asked her in one of his letters if she ever went to moving picture shows.

The answer came in crooked scrawl: *I go to movies to see Mickey Mouse. I like him best. But we always go home before the long picture.*

Right now, perhaps, the little girl is too young to know just why they always go home before the long picture.

The blond man who sat across from me in an office in Hollywood knew why.

He said: "She is too young to see the average problem picture that comes out of Hollywood, and then there is always the chance, now that she is growing older, that she might recognize that man in the 'long picture' as the one she knows as 'Daddy' from the kodak snaps.

"Of course, eventually, she will know who I am and what my work is. There is no reason why she should not. But right now, when she has reached kindergarten age, with school coming up in the next year or so, her mother and I have agreed her life would be happier if it were not complicated by Hollywood at this particular stage. It isn't that her knowledge would make so much difference, it is the reaction upon other older children. There would be too many questions she couldn't answer.

"As soon as it can possibly be arranged, I want her to come to Hollywood to visit me. The knowledge of my profession and even the knowledge of her parents' separation and divorce will then come to her gradually."

IT is impossible to convey the reluctance with which Ralph Bellamy speaks of his daughter. Off screen he is naturally reserved, fitting easily into that category of gentlemen which includes Fredric March, Chester Morris and several others. Several times in the past reporters have tried to pry from him the details of his first marriage. He has never denied the fact. He merely admitted that he has been married twice and then asked the reporter to forget it. . . .

"It seems that almost everyone in

Hollywood has been connected with divorce stories in some way," he said slowly. "I had hoped I might dodge it.

"We met when we were both playing in stock. She was nineteen . . . the ingenue in the company. I was twenty-two. Our season had been particularly successful. We were constantly together at the theater and soon the love scenes we played behind the footlights became very real to us. We fell head over heels, unreasonably in love. We didn't stop to consider that our tastes were not the same . . . that we seldom liked the same things or the same people. We knew only that blinding attraction of youth to youth. On the eve of an event that had been heralded in all the newspapers as my 500th consecutive performance, we eloped."

FOR a little while they were happy. Then many things began to take their toll of that marriage. With the waning of the honeymoon their divergent tastes became more and more apparent.

"I received an offer to come to Broadway for a show," explained Ralph, "and as soon as I was able I sent for my wife. But even the birth of our daughter could not erase our knowledge that our marriage was a failure. For the baby's sake we tried to make the best of it for another year . . . and then without any hard feelings on either side, we separated.

"Not long after I came to Hollywood our divorce became final. Some time later I married the girl who is my present wife and to say we have been exceptionally happy is to put it mildly.

"Of course, my wife knows about my daughter, and she is looking forward as eagerly as I am to the time when the little girl will visit us.

"You know," he said with that engaging honesty that is part of his make-up, "I find myself thinking of her more and more frequently. She has become such a real person to me through her funny little letters. I find myself wondering what she will be when she grows up.


"But whatever it happens to be, I have established a trust fund that will insure her education and a certain amount of money to take care of her the rest of her life. I want to insure her living comfort, her education, enough money for her to travel and perhaps study abroad, when she is old enough to take advantage of it.

"More than anything else, I want to be a friend to her always. I want to be so close to her that even miles cannot separate us. I want to earn her confidence so she will share her problems with me as they come up.

"The other day I received a new photograph of her. No new movie contract ever gave me the thrill I got from that picture. Call it parent, or even downright male pride, if you want to, but that little kid of mine looks like me with her blond hair and blue eyes!"

I said: "Would you object a great deal if she wanted to be an actress, a movie actress, when she grows up?"

"Would I object?" He laughed. "I should say not! I'd be flattered! . . ."



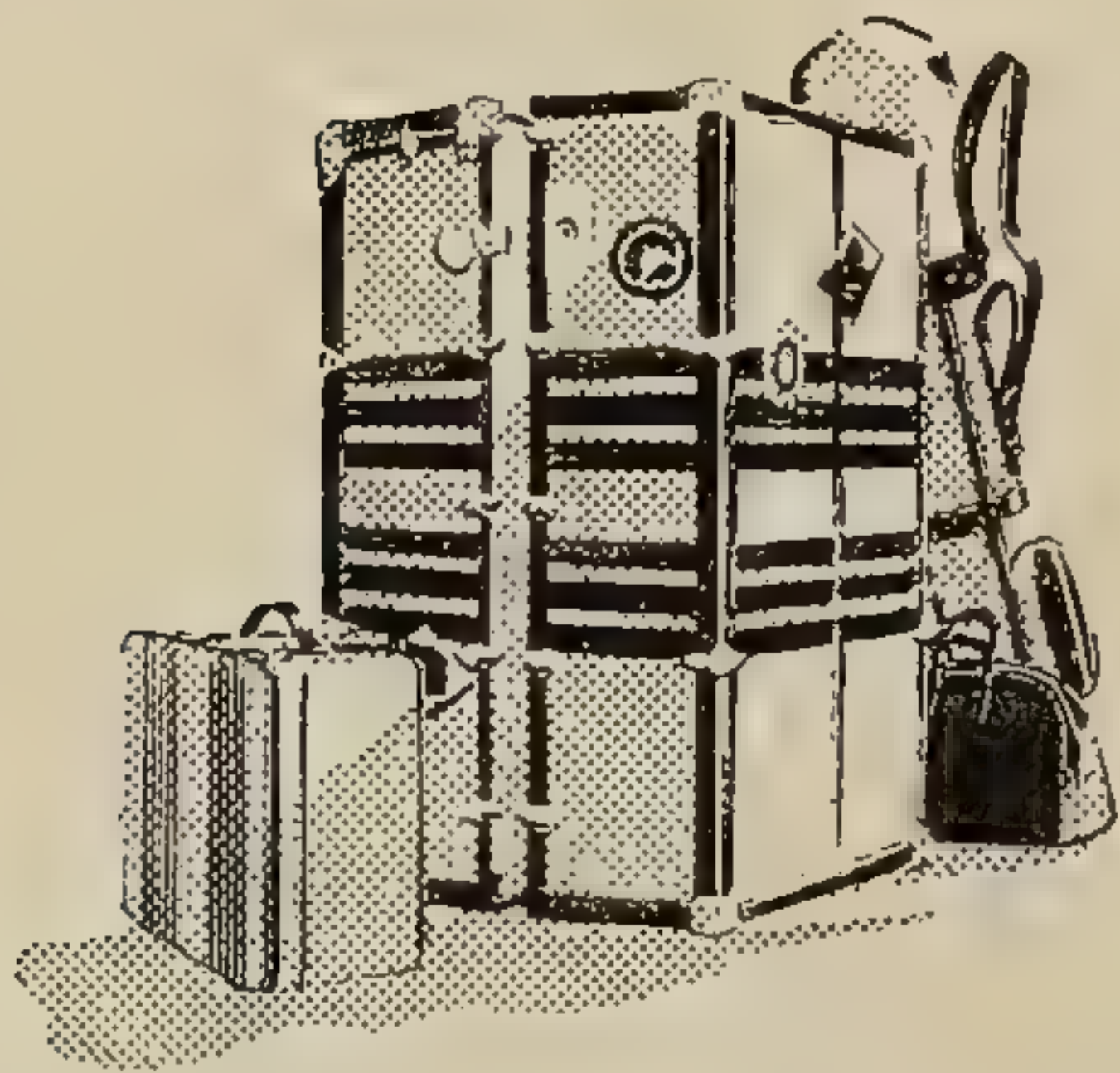
"Try and
get this
snapshot
back"

He'll carry it and look at it and show it until it's worn dog-eared—this square of paper. Because it's a snapshot of *the* girl. Her smile. Her sweetness. Put down on paper, by some magic, so he can carry it around with him, and feel always that she's near. Now pictures like this are easier to make than ever. *Kodak Verichrome Film* extends snapshot possibilities amazingly. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

The pictures you will want TOMORROW . . . you must take TODAY

VACATIONISTS!

**Don't forget to pack
in the most important
thing of all!**



THE vacation rush is on! Packing left for the last minute! When you check up, be sure that you've taken along one of the most important things of all—a good supply of Ex-Lax!

A change of cooking, different water, staying up late nights—all these things are apt to throw you off-schedule.

And when you're off-schedule—even temporarily—you can't get the full fun out of your vacation. So if you're looking forward to happy vacation days—take this extra precaution: Take along a liberal supply of Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, works over-night without over-action. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't form a habit. You don't have to take Ex-Lax every day of your vacation, like some laxatives. And Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family.

At all drug stores, 10c and 25c.



George Raft Talks

(Continued from page 50)

marriage a secret all these years? If they were separated—as they seemed to be—why didn't they get a divorce? Was keeping this mysterious wife George's way of side-stepping matrimony with girls who would have welcomed the chance of becoming George's bride.

But at last these questions are answered. At long last George has talked for NEW MOVIE readers.

WE married when we were both quite young," he said. "At the time she wanted it kept a secret. I didn't. I was proud to be married to such a swell girl. I had a job, but I wasn't making much money. I couldn't buy her grand clothes and take her to grand places. I thought she wanted those things—and I wanted to give them to her. But I couldn't.

"She didn't like the business I was in and wanted me to get out of it, but there was nothing I could do besides what I knew. And—well, we had been married just a year when we decided to separate. I don't know all of the trouble now.

"Well, we didn't get a divorce when we first separated. We're not even legally separated, but when I signed my contract at Paramount the first thing they asked me was, 'Are you married?'

"I told them sure I was, but that I was separated. They asked me if there was a chance of our going back together again and I told them absolutely not, so they said, 'Okay, then; we just won't mention it.'

"At that time whatever the studio decided was great with me. I had nearly starved before I got that job. There were times in California when I didn't have enough to eat—but I was too proud to tell anybody or to borrow money, so I went right on starving until I got a job.

"The studio wasn't paying me much money at first, which was right because it was up to me to make good. A couple of people knew about my marriage and begged me to talk about it—but I wouldn't.

"Then Virginia Peine Lehman went back to Chicago to get a divorce and it happened that we were on the same train together and I had taken her out a few times in California—so you know how those reporters are—they asked me point blank if she and I weren't going to get married. There was nothing to do then but admit I was already married—was there?"

I admitted that there wasn't. "But why?" I asked, "now that it has all been admitted, don't you get a divorce?"

"I'm going to talk to my wife about that," he said. "I spoke to her on the telephone as soon as I got to New York. We're neither of us getting any younger. It seems a shame that she has to be tied to me when she might want to marry somebody else."

And that brings up the question, which I asked: "But don't you want to get married, yourself?"

"Listen," George said earnestly, his face full of concentration and sincerity, "I wouldn't take a chance on marriage.

"Let me tell you why. I'd like people to know. I'd like others to see my

position in that special matter.

"Right now I'm on top of the world. They tell me my new picture is going over great at the box office. Well, that's fine. But how long will it last? How long can I stick at the top? All you have to do is to look around you and see guys who were once big shots in pictures who haven't a dime today. Maybe I'm good for five years more—maybe three, maybe two. I might flop after my next picture.

"For myself I don't care. As long as I have my health and two arms and two legs and two eyes I'll get by. I haven't any pride about what I do. I'd just as soon shovel snow for a living—and let anybody say, 'Why, there's George Raft, shoveling snow.' That wouldn't worry me. But suppose I was married. Suppose I married one of the girls I know now. I'm making some money now. I could buy her swell clothes and a good car and give her a nice house to live in. But what would happen if I couldn't keep it up?

"Look at Mrs. Virginia Peine Lehman. Look what she's used to—jewels and clothes and cars. Do you think I'd ask a girl like that to stick to me if I didn't have a dime? You bet I wouldn't.

"As for me—I've known poverty and I'm not afraid of it. One person can always get along. When I was in California—starving almost—the person I loved better than anything in the world next to my mother—that was my father—died. I managed to get together \$180. I could have gone home on that but I figured, 'What would be the use of all of us starving? My mother can use that hundred and eighty better than having me come home.' So I didn't get to see my father before he was buried. I've never gotten over that.

"Now it would have been different if you married before you made a lot of money and went through all those things together.

"I know I'm not a great actor. I try to be natural and sincere on the screen and I think about my part so hard that lots of times I don't speak to people I pass on the lot because I've got my mind on my work and don't see them. So, if I'm anything on the screen I'm a personality. The personalities are the ones who don't last forever. The great actors go on and on. So I've got to think about the future."

AND there you have, from George's own lips, the answer to all the questions that Hollywood has wanted answered. The mystery is cleared up.

Raft is an "on the level guy"—to use his own expression to describe a friend of his. I believe that he would always do what he considered fair. And you mustn't blame him for worrying too much. You need only look in his face to know that there is a man—still young—who has been through enough poverty and suffering to suffice as penance for a lifetime of even contemplated mis-deeds. With success coming to him, as it did, so rapidly, so unexpectedly, you must not wonder that he doubts its reality.

Unless some girl is able to convince George that she would stick by him no matter what happened, I'm afraid he is going to continue on—just as he is—for a long, long time!



Tintex

• **KEEPS YOUR
SUMMER APPAREL
ALLURING!**

Use TINTEX for

*Underthings • Negligees
Dresses • Sweaters • Scarfs
Stockings • Slips • Men's Shirts
Blouses • Children's Clothes*

*Curtains • Bed Spreads
Drapes • Luncheon Sets
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*On sale at drug stores and
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• **GAY NEW COLOR FOR FADED APPAREL** •

ADMIRING eyes follow the smartly dressed woman. During the romantic summer days your apparel must be bright . . . fresh . . . gay in color. And that's why you need Tintex . . . to restore faded colors—or give new colors—to everything you wear. It's so easy, so quick. You simply "tint as you rinse"!

Millions of smart women depend on Tintex to keep apparel color-fresh . . . home-decorations bright, too. They find it such an economy . . . for Tintex costs only a few cents and saves dollars.

Try Tintex today. See its perfect results—results that only professional work can equal. There are 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose!

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

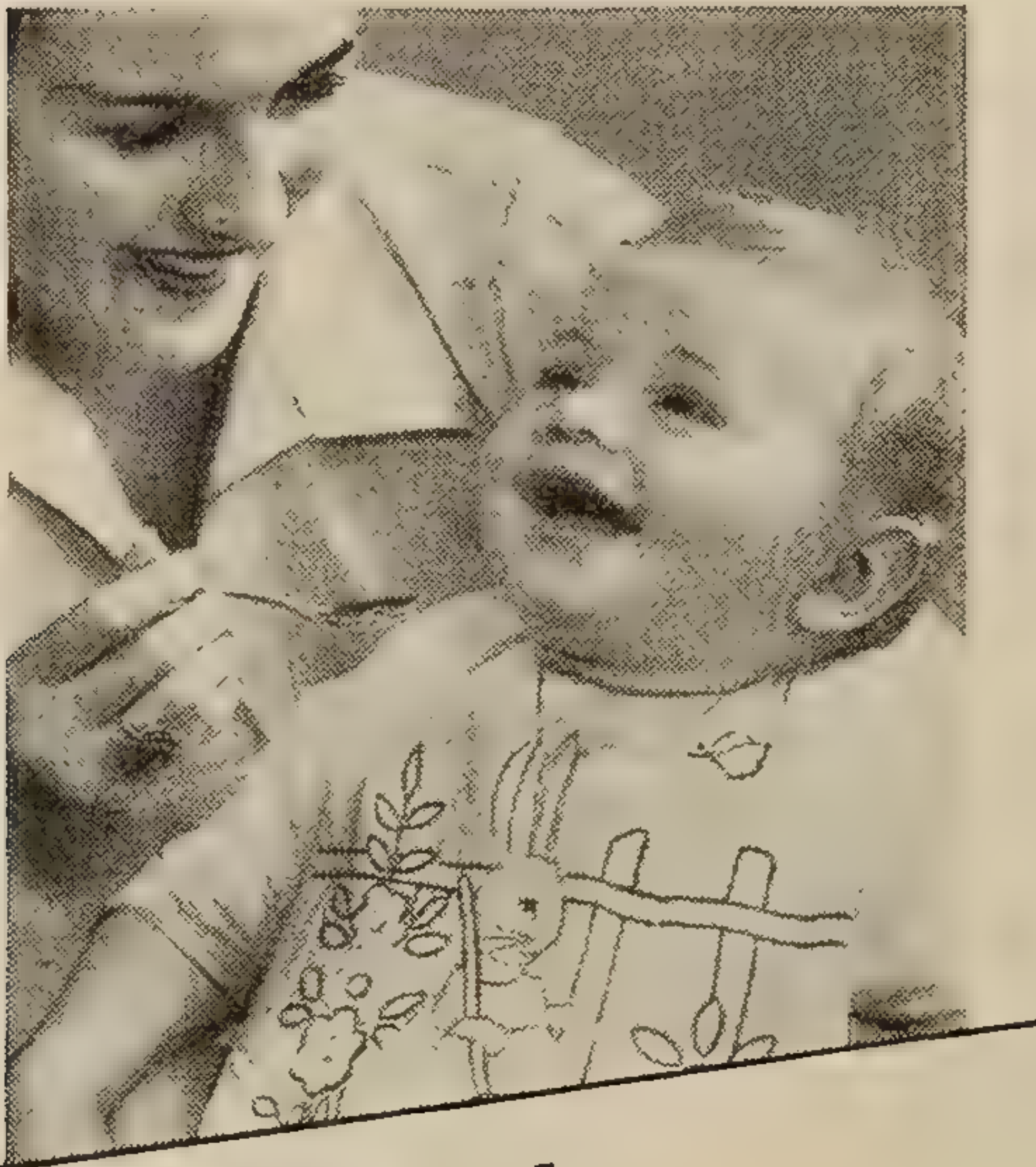


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CLAPP'S!

● Mothers say it seems like magic—the way babies who refuse home-cooked vegetables change their minds when they're given Clapp's! But the reason is simple: *Babies like the taste of Clapp's.* Clapp's Baby Foods are always silky-smooth, unvarying in "feel" and flavor. And always rich in vitamins and mineral salts. They're cooked in air-tight, glass-lined kettles to preserve these vital elements.

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● Ask your doctor which of these fifteen Clapp's Foods your baby should have now: Baby Soup Strained, Baby Soup Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Tomatoes, Asparagus, Spinach, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans, Apricots, Prunes, Apple Sauce, Beef Broth, and Wheatheart Cereal.



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Dept. 74, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me your free book, "Before Your Baby Goes on Vegetables."

Name.....

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City.....State.....

My Screen Sweethearts

(Continued from page 35)

I always see her in a fairy garden of children. I see her in Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird."

She is my sweetheart that never grew up. She is Pathos and Baby-Memory. She is Woman before the Fall—if she is a woman and not some gnome, some elf, some strayling born of the moon and sea-shimmer.

Her tiny features were sculpt by some Rodin of the fabled Lilliputians. They pluck at my heartstrings like far-away music from a harp.

Janet Gaynor makes me ten years old again. She is my Mimsi in the Dream Garden of "Peter Ibbetson."

ELISSA LANDI. She inspires in me grave and serious thoughts. She evokes the mature lover. No lallygagging thoughts here. She is the sort of woman one wants to marry.

She is the kind of woman that one pursues to Europe. The kind of woman for whom one throws up a twenty-thousand a year job merely to touch her hand in Biskra, that gorgeous city hidden in the Sahara.

She is the kind of sweetheart to whom I can read Swinburne and Shelley in a chalet on Lake Como.

She is the kind of woman with whom to discuss the music of "Tristan and Isolde" in Bayreuth.

She is so beautifully serious, so beautifully melancholy, so beautifully aloof that from my sixty-five-cent seat she drifts away before me into infinite distances, and I pursue, keeping my infinite distance also.

Her name is the most musical and aristocratic of any on the screen.

Elissa glides over my tongue like some rare and immaterial wine and enters into my ear like the frou-frou of silken dresses in some stately minuet of the eighteenth century.

Among my screen sweethearts Elissa Landi is Antigone.

MARIE DRESSLER. My laughing, romping, crying, singing, high-jinks sweetheart.

She sets me all a-bubble. She lifts and carries. I'm a boy again with her. And she can play on the heartstrings, too, splicing Laughter and Tears.

I am no longer Romeo or Tristan with Marie Dressler. I am Tyl Eulenspiegel, the little Dutch country-boy, of a thousand and one tricks and fantasies.

I never make love to Marie Dressler from my sixty-five-cent seat. I chuckle with her over great seidels of beer in Munich.

Marie Dressler is the Emotional Play-Girl of the screen. Prosit, Marie!

MIRIAM HOPKINS. A beautiful blond orchid. Wherever Miriam Hopkins is showing, there will I be found.

Her beauty is wild, unconventional, audacious. When I retreat in front of her I am advancing toward her. When I advance toward her I am really retreating.

But she is good for the Sons of Men to look upon, for she always seems to have just strolled out of the Garden of Eden.

But between Miriam Hopkins and myself there stands Saint Michael with his sword.

GRETA GARBO. I became enamored of the hidden and recondite Greta in "Grand Hotel." Before that she left me cold, and if she sometimes intoxicated me it was with the bloodless stream that runs through the veins of the gods and which is called ichor. If she warmed me, it was the warmth of a snow-pack.

But like a javelin she sent me a chunk of the eternal. It came right out of the screen in "The Grand Hotel." I rose to her tears and gayety—but felt that this strange woman was no man's sweetheart. She is Balzac's Seraphita.

Greta Garbo has the beauty of masks, the mystery of carnivals, the splendor of Greenland nights.

I follow her from my sixty-five-cent seat as one follows the movements of a beautiful leopardess or a ghost that may become movingly human at any moment.

Greta Garbo and I have much to say to each other, but it is not for the public ear. The subject is metaphysics, Seraphita and Spengler's "Decline of the West."

GENEVIEVE TOBIN. She is my Ritz-complex sweetheart. When she comes on the screen I am transported to the Kingdom of Fine Linen and Deep Purple. I walk on carpets that softly enmesh my feet up to the ankles. I surround myself with the most expensive head-waiters. And I enter the banquet-room of the Billion-Rich and Ultra-Refined with Genevieve on my arm while the nightingales and bul-buls throble in my ear.

When she treads with that exquisitely lilting and aristocratic tread of hers, the polished floor of the picture that encloses her adorable form, all the other persons on the screen melt away, and my eyes follow her as the eyes of the lark rise to the piercing and fulgurant dawn.

What Praxiteles chiseled those exquisite features? What Celestial Potter molded that chin? What Swan-God curved that neck? From what Asiatic dawn was there plucked by what serene Ariel that smile?—a smile that wilts me, that caresses me, that inundates me in my sixty-five-cent seat with the ecstasy of music welling from a hidden star?

Genevieve Tobin is my sweetheart of drowsy dreams in magic mansions at Narragansett Pier.

MINNIE MOUSE. Dear, sweet, hugable little Minnie Mouse!—sweetheart of the world, really.

Minnie Mouse, you will some day grow up into a big girl, a beautiful girl, like Nancy Carroll, Sylvia Sidney, Una Merkel, Anna May Wong and Helen Chandler, some of my other screen sweethearts.

And then, Minnie, we'll marry off Mickey (after you've divorced him) to—well, why name her? She's not a sweetheart of mine, anyhow.

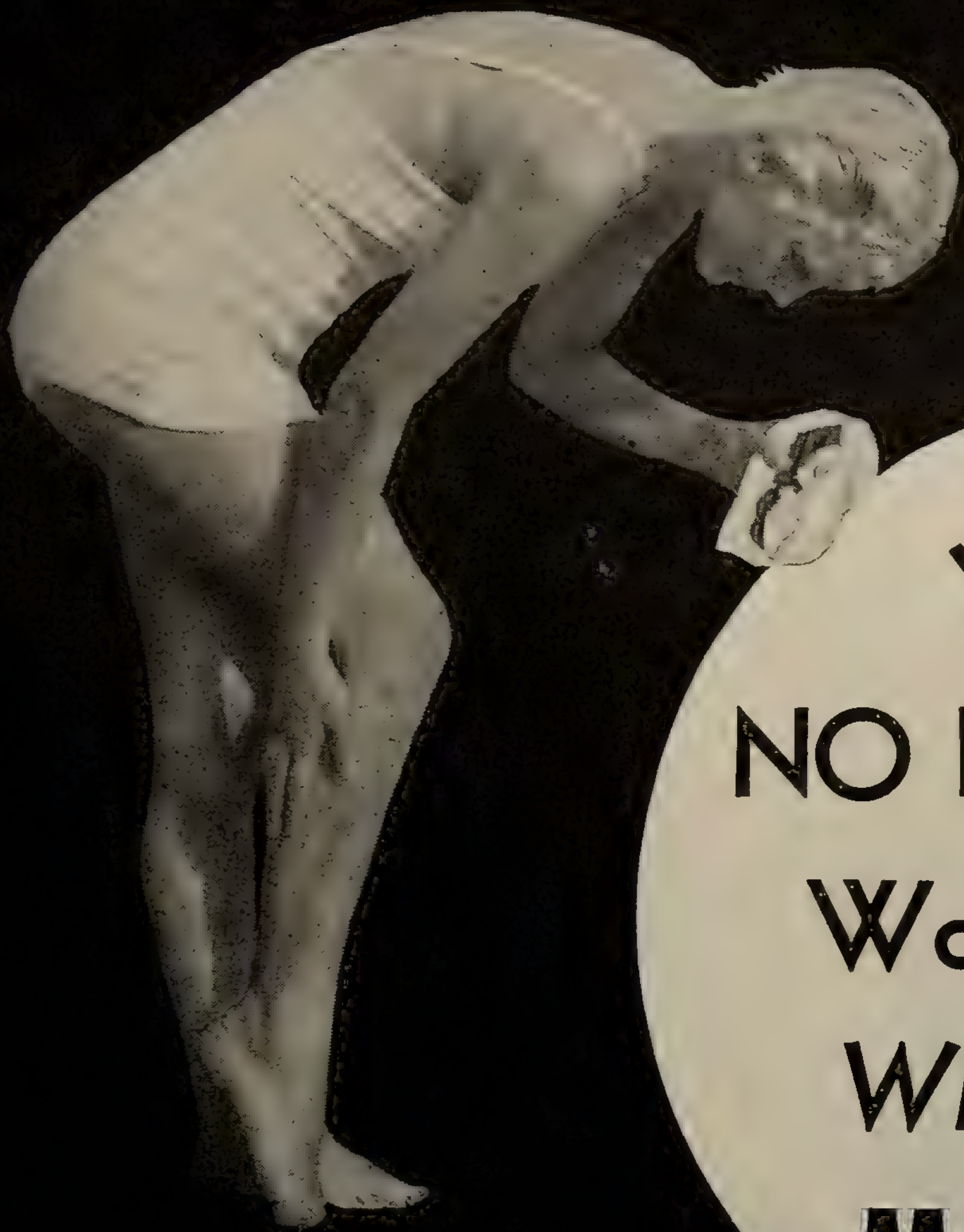
After I had finished this confession to the wide, wide world I read it to my wife.

She gasped, looked at me severely, and said:

"Hereafter your amusements will be strictly limited to listening to the radio and attending the flea-circus on Forty-second street."

You're Sure Arm and Leg Hair Won't Show!

and



You Have
NO RE-GROWTH
Worries at All
When You Use
MARCHAND'S

MAKE EXCESS HAIR INVISIBLE—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash—that's the way to make limbs attractive—yet avoid bristly re-growth and skin troubles.

Remember this. Hair growth on limbs is natural. To shave it off or rub it off or to try to affect the hair roots, goes against nature. And nature hits back by making hair grow back thicker and blacker.

So don't touch the hair, advise Marchand's hair experts—take the blackness out of it. **MAKE IT INVISIBLE.** One or two treatments with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it so light and unnoticeable, no one sees it.

Arms and legs look dainty and attractive. Then you can wear all the short-sleeved frocks and sheer stockings you want. No worries about re-growths or skin irritations. Easy to do at home—quick and inexpensive.

Bathers must pay particular attention to excess hair—because it looks so much blacker, uglier when you come out of the water. Get a bottle of Marchand's today!

Blondes Use Marchand's To Keep Hair Beautifully Golden

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of subtle lights and glints to the dullest hair. Keeps blonde hair from darkening.

Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical—be sure to get genuine.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Ask Your Druggist Or Get By Mail—Use Coupon Below

**MARCHAND'S HAIR EXPERTS DEVELOP MARVELOUS NEW
CASTLE SHAMPOO—FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR**

Now—a shampoo that brings out the hidden, innate beauty of the hair—natural, rich color—soft, silken texture—free of soap film because it rinses completely. Does not change color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo or write us.

C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N.Y.C.
45c enclosed (send coins or stamps.) Please
send me a regular bottle of Marchand's
Golden Hair Wash. TM834.

Name.....

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SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

"Let me tell you a Quick Meal Secret"

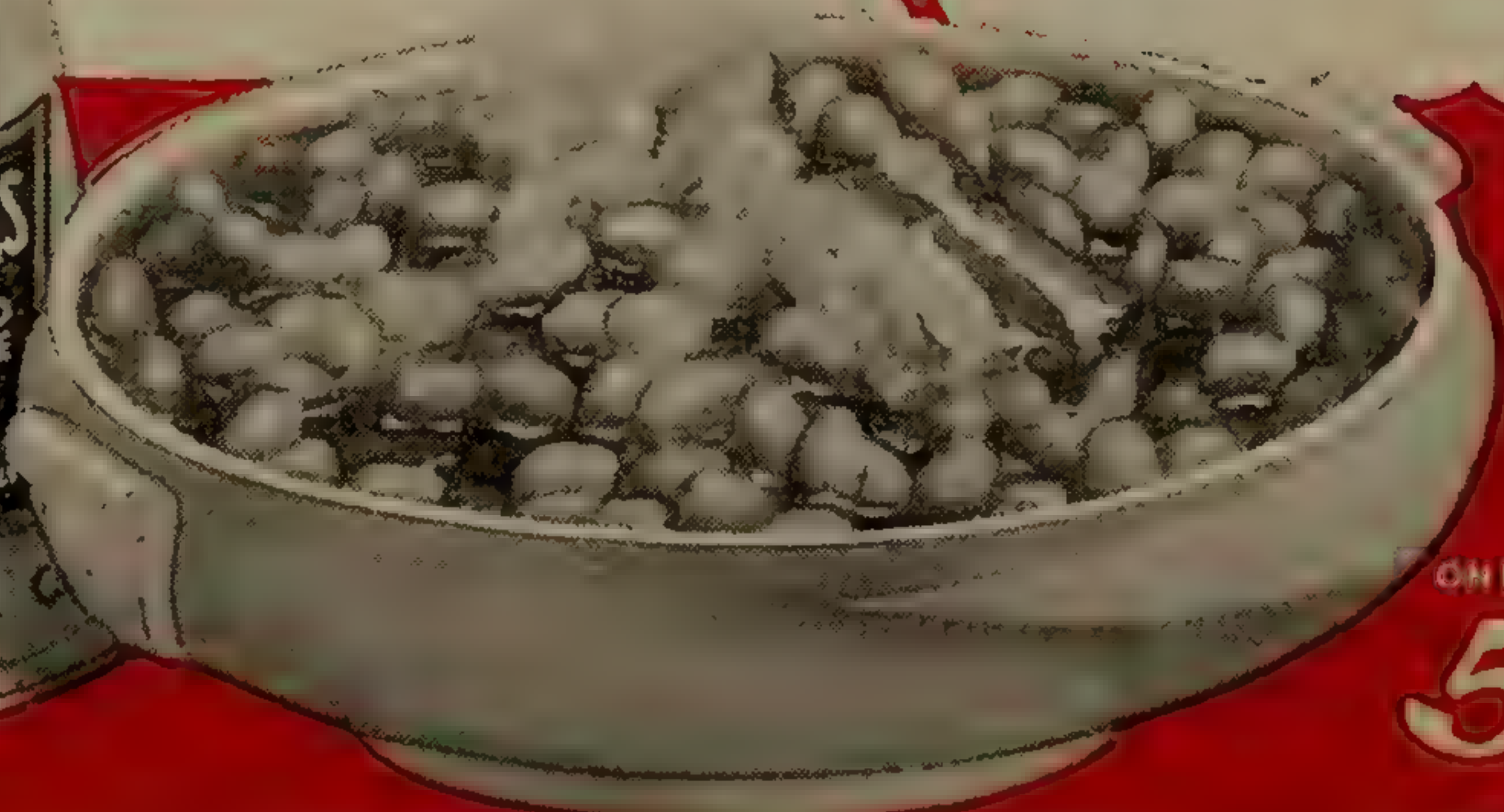


CALL on that grand old favorite, Heinz Oven-Baked Beans, when you want a quick, satisfying meal for hot summer days. Heinz chefs, *not you*, spend long hours in model kitchens baking these beans to melting tenderness, then blending them with rich, savory sauces to bring out exceptional flavor. All ready to heat and serve, they make a delectable main dish, or may be combined with meats, vegetables and salads for appealing plate dinners and cold supper snacks. Heinz Oven-Baked Beans are prepared in four different styles to give variety to your menu. Try them tonight.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A. TORONTO, CANADA
LONDON, ENGLAND



Heinz OVEN-BAKED Beans



ONE OF THE
57

Junior Hollywood Gossip

(Continued from page 8)

seems swell, really, to see these former starlets come back and prove that they were not just momentary fads—but truly actors and actresses, with a talent that carries on through the years. Mitzi has been in New York doing radio and stage work. She's quite grown up now—with high heels, rouge—an' everything. RKO plans to feature her in their next William Seiter production.

Arthur Lake and Jackie Coogan are also back again. Jackie expects to finish his series of two-reel "shorts" for an independent producer, while Arthur is spending much of his time with Betty Furness.

SPEAKING of Betty Furness, you know several years ago, when Betty attended Miss Bennett's school at Millbrook, New Jersey, she and her room-mate, Mary Jane Moore, vowed that when either was married she would invite the other to act as maid of honor. No—Betty's not getting married—but a week or so ago, when she learned that the script of her new RKO picture called for her to say the sacred vows to Frank Albertson, Betty immediately wired Mary Jane at New York, reminding her of their pledge. Miss Moore hurried to Hollywood to carry out the promise in the screen wedding, and now she likes pictures so well she may decide to stay a while and become a star.

Phillip Reid, young Warner Brothers player, was much—a—taken—aback—the other day, when his chauffeur approached and said:

"Mr. Reid—I guess I'm goin' to have to quit drivin' for you. Ya see, I just won that \$5,000 damage suit, so I'm goin' to kinda take it easy for a while."

Phil was more amused, for a moment, than surprised:

"That's pretty fine, Lawrence," he said. "You don't happen to need a chauffeur, do you? Maybe Warner Brothers would loan me out."

BILL HENRY has signed a contract with M-G-M, and has just finished his first role—a fairly important one in "Thin Man." Bill was under Fox contract for six months, where he was known as William Lawrence. . . . Speaking of Fox, Rochelle Hudson thinks it would be "a swell idea" if the Fox Company would build elevated trains from one end of their spacious lot to the other. "It's so darn big here," says Rochelle, "and, besides, I love elevated trains." . . . Bill Stanton, New York prep school boy, arrived in Hollywood with his mother, Fay Pulsifer, who is here to write for pictures, and Bill wants a screen career. . . . James Ellison has been signed by M-G-M. . . . Hal Brazeal, another likely juvenile, is showing his talents in a play at the local Hollytown theater, which is owned, operated and directed capably by Mrs. Lela Rogers, mother of the famed Ginger Rogers. . . . Patricia Ellis, Tom Brown and Billy Janney, sitting next to me, are trying to repeat rapidly, those tongue-twisting phrases:

"A box of biscuits,"
"A box of mixed biscuits," and
"A biscuit mixer."

The Return of the Matinee Idol

(Continued from page 59)

seems a rare stroke of good fortune to make my American debut in such a role."

On a nearby table rested a volume of the Dumas masterpiece which showed evidence of much handling. Donat settled himself and stretched out his long straight legs.

"I was on vacation in a little country place, 300 miles from London when I was handed a telegram reading, simply: 'New York wants you.' Well, I was very tired. I had just arrived after playing seven months straight in 'The Sleeping Clergyman,' a London stage production which I had accepted when no other good film role appeared after 'Henry VIII.' So I wired back, asking if the matter couldn't wait until I returned. Immediately came a second wire reading: 'United Artists have great part for you in Hollywood production.' I then decided it was time for me to get busy. When I returned to London and found that it was for 'Monte Cristo' and that I would have Rowland Lee, for whom I had worked in 'Henry,' as director, I would have taken the next boat."

As a matter of fact, that is almost what he did. It was a late afternoon when the boat docked in New York.

His first night was spent seeing Helen Hayes in the stage production, "Mary of Scotland."

Early the next morning he visited his mother and father and an older brother, who have lived in a small Connecticut town for the past ten years.

Frequently an actor who can affect doublet and hose with perfect grace seems ill-fitted to modern garb, yet Donat wore his perfectly tailored suit with all the nonchalance which has come to be associated with the typical English gentleman.

Despite his British speech and manner, he is a mixture of Italian, French, German, Polish and then English, in the order named. Originally the family was called Donatello in Italy. Later his forbears moved into France and settled for several centuries in a town called St. Donat. We next hear of them in Germany where, through distinction, the name became von Dona. It was from here that Robert's grandfather fled with his young bride, following a duel fought for her love.

To Poland sped the couple where the young actor's father was born. Reaching manhood, the latter went to Manchester, England, where he became engaged in the shipping business. He also fell in love with and married a pretty English girl. To them, on March 18, 1905, was born the son whom they christened Robert. This background of romance and color may help explain his affinity for classic roles.

Young Robert showed an inclination toward the stage from childhood by giving recitations at church functions and other local activities. Meeting a seasoned actor named James Bernard, the two often appeared together while the older man coached him in the fine arts of his chosen profession.

Following various stock engagements including one in Liverpool where he played opposite a young actress named Diana Wynyard who was likewise oblivious to the fame which was later

(Please turn to page 72)

"Thanks...and here's a tip on flavor"

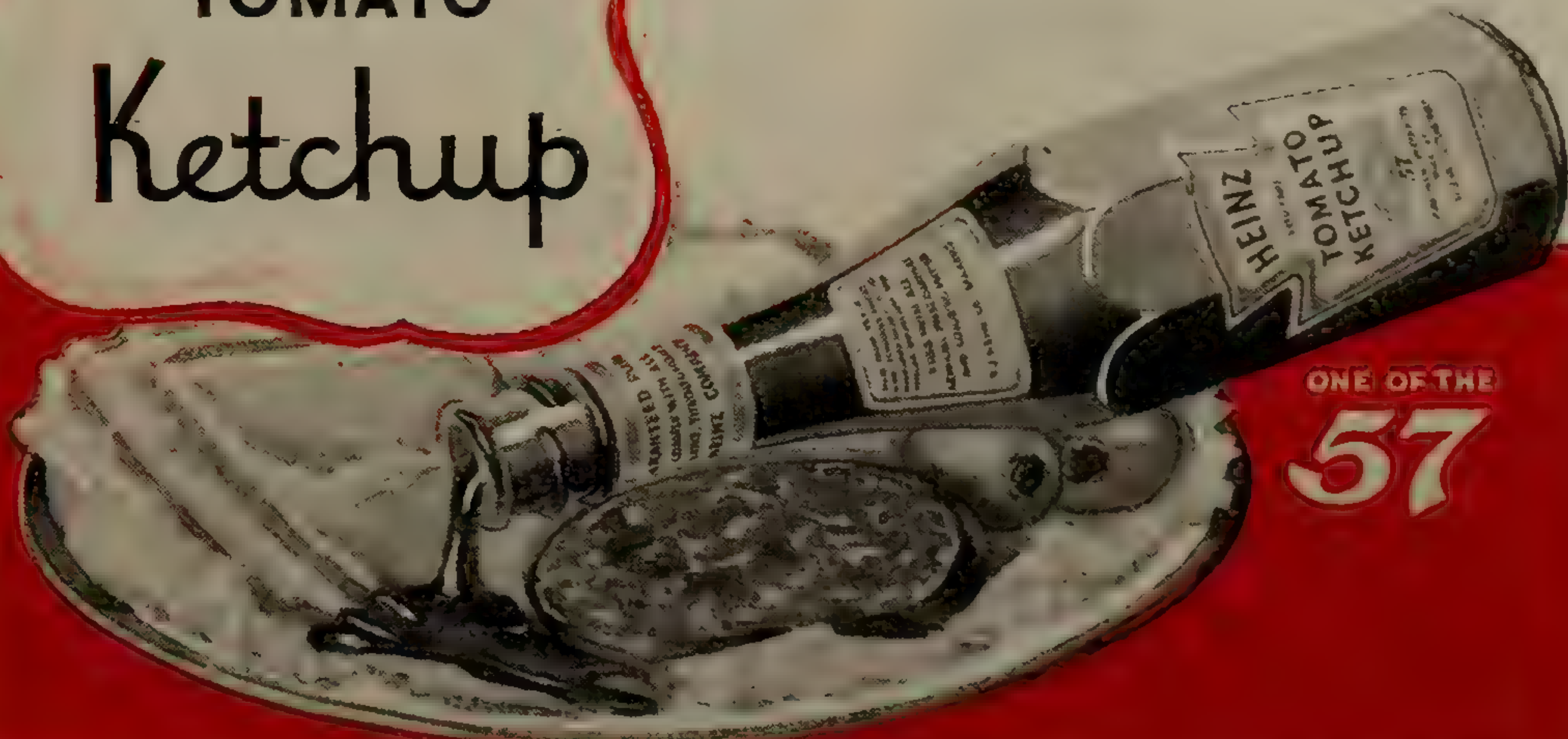


"FLAVOR makes the meal go"—especially when cold cuts are the order of the day. Along with those tempting slices of cold meats and cheese, serve a big red bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup and watch the men-folk smile. Heinz Ketchup is the *simmered-down* essence of red-ripe tomatoes carefully cultivated from Heinz-grown seed. Slow cooking evaporates excess moisture. Pure granulated sugar, finest vinegar and rare spices are added. Then the ketchup is sealed *hot* to retain that delicious "fresh from the field" flavor. Serve this delicious condiment tonight and win masculine acclaim.



H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A. • TORONTO, CANADA
LONDON, ENGLAND

Heinz
TOMATO
Ketchup



ONE OF THE
57

SEPTEMBER

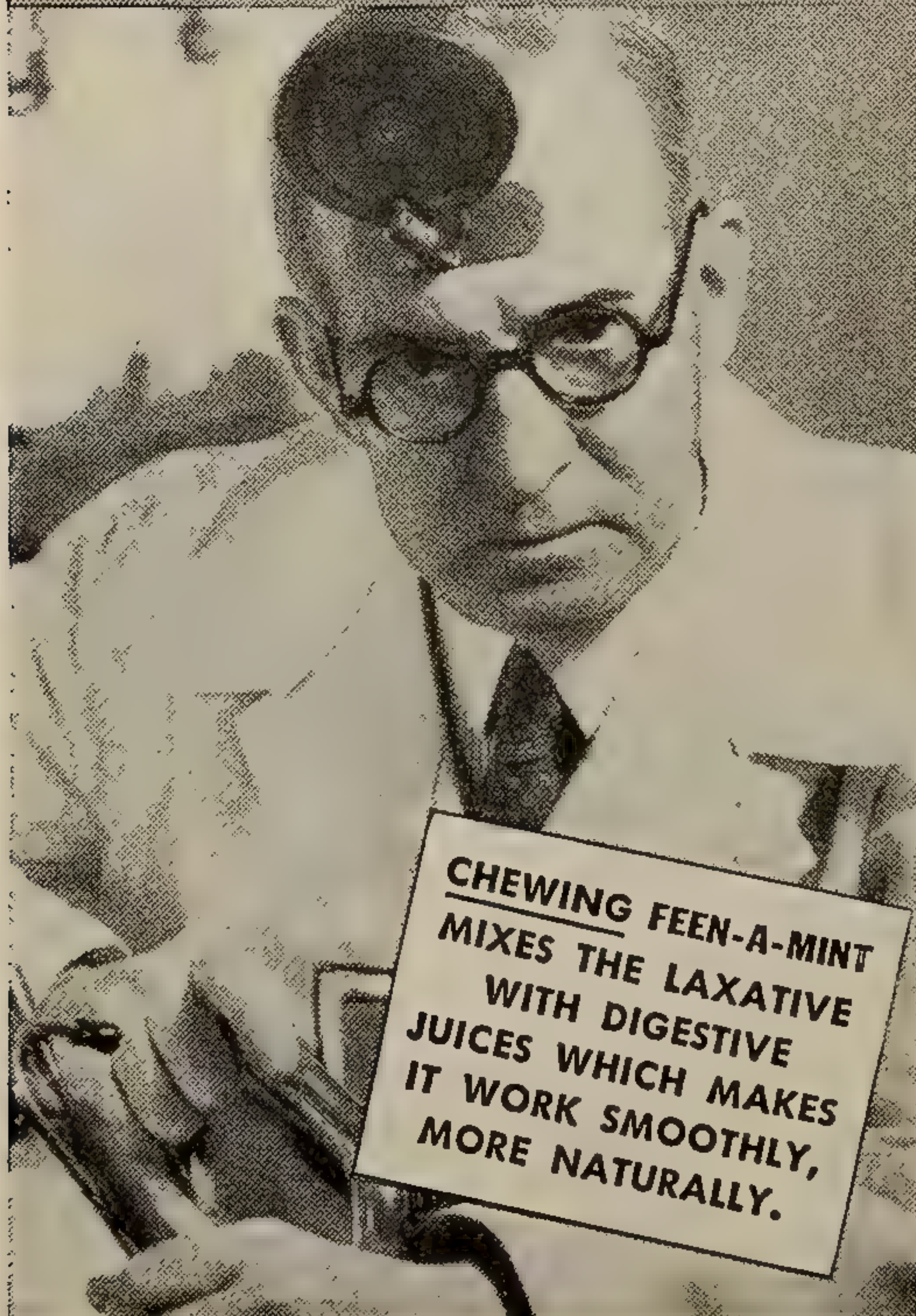
OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

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**CHEW
YOUR
LAXATIVE**

CONSTIPATION
SUFFERERS FIND
CHEWING GUM IS THE IDEAL
FORM FOR A LAXATIVE—
CLINICAL TESTS SHOW



**CHEWING FEEN-A-MINT
MIXES THE LAXATIVE
WITH DIGESTIVE
JUICES WHICH MAKES
IT WORK SMOOTHLY,
MORE NATURALLY.**

The chewing-gum laxative has distinct advantages; it is delicious in flavor, easy to take and, *because you chew it*, the laxative mixes with the gastric juices and works more thoroughly.

Because FEEN-A-MINT has this natural action it does a thorough job without griping or nausea. That is why more than 15 million people have chosen FEEN-A-MINT as their laxative.

You, *too*, will find FEEN-A-MINT palatable, thoroughly enjoyable—and you can be sure that it is non-habit-forming.

If you are one of the millions of constipation sufferers take the doctor's advice, chew FEEN-A-MINT.

IT'S FEEN-A-MINT
FOR ME...I LIKE THE
TASTE AND THE
CHEWING CERTAINLY
MAKES THE LAXATIVE
WORK MORE
THOROUGHLY.



Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

The Return of the Matinee Idol

(Continued from page 71)

to overtake her. By slow degrees, he finally reached the goal of all English actors—London's West End. This led to picture engagements, four in number, the most important of which was his role in "Henry VIII."

In the Fall Robert Donat must return to England to complete his stage contract before resuming his American screen career.

Meanwhile, armed with letters to Clive Brook and Ronald Colman, he

has become a popular member of the ever-increasing English set now a permanent part of the Hollywood social swirl. True to tradition, he spends his leisure moments in riding, fencing and walking. A modern D'Artagnan, breathing the very spirit of romance into a workaday world, he typifies the latest fashion in movie heroes. When he comes galloping across the screen straight into your heart, don't say that we didn't warn you!

Hollywood Salads

(Continued from page 62)

- 6 spiced or pickled peaches
- 2 rolls neufchatel cheese
- Chopped walnut meats

Remove stones from peaches and fill each half with a ball of cheese, moistened with cream. Garnish with nut meats and any desired dressing.

"Pat" Paterson, Fox's newest bride, tried the following salad on her brand new husband:

- 1 can shrimp
- French dressing
- 1 small bottle stuffed olives
- 12 tiny sweet pickles
- 2 tablespoons pickled white pearl onions
- 6 green peppers
- Lettuce
- Mayonnaise
- Whipped cream

Drain the shrimp and rinse with cold water. Break in good-sized pieces and dress with French dressing. Chill for two hours, add olives and sweet pickles, sliced, and the onions. Hollow out the green peppers to form cups, and stuff with this mixture. Serve, garnished with lettuce and mayonnaise, diluted with a little whipped, or sour, cream.

Rosemary Ames submits this one:

- 4 cups lemon jelly
- 8 slices canned pineapple
- 4 red apples
- 3 bananas

Prepare lemon jelly and set in pan of cracked ice. While it is cooling dice the pineapple, apples and bananas. Combine and arrange in a ring mold, or individual molds. When the lemon jelly begins to thicken, pour it over the fruit in the mold. Chill until firm. Serves 15.

In our opinion, salads really are

bigger and better in Hollywood than they are in most parts of the world, and anywhere from Sardi's and the Brown Derby to the little coffee shop where you casually stop to satisfy your midday appetite you will find salads of amazingly generous proportions. In any complete record of the history of American cookery and food, credit would have to be given to California, especially to southern California, for the development of the fruit salad. There's not a fruit that grows in the sunny valleys around Hollywood but is used in dozens of interesting ways to add flavor and food value to the luncheon or dinner salad.

If you like a rather complicated mixed fruit salad try this:

- 2 thoroughly ripe bananas cut in slices

Sections from two large firm oranges and one grapefruit freed from connecting skin

- 6 walnuts, broken into small pieces
- ½ cup crushed pineapple
- 5 fresh ripe figs cut or broken into bits

Mix thoroughly and serve on lettuce with any desired dressing.

Here is another favorite:

- 6 dates or figs, either fresh or dried
- 2 slices canned pineapple
- ½ cup canned or fresh ripe apricots

Sections from 1 orange or two tangerines, freed from connecting skin

- 1 apple, pared and cut into small pieces

Combine the fruit, sprinkle lightly with powdered sugar and the juice of one lemon and serve on crisp lettuce or romaine and serve with any preferred salad dressing.

FAVORITE SALADS

This month's food circulars have been designed to help you plan and serve delicious salads of every description. Here they are:

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Salad greens | 5. Meat salads and egg salads |
| 2. Salad dressings | 6. Cheese and egg salads |
| 3. Simple salads | 7. Fruit salads |
| 4. Fish salads and cheese | 8. Dessert salads |

If you would like copies of these circulars, send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of NEW MOVIE Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Remember they are printed on loose leaves, so that you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder.

No Cinderella Romance in Films

(Continued from page 17)

girl whom he intends one day to cherish as his bride.

Long may he discourse on the impossibility of two careers flourishing companionably under one roof, the beauty of home and hearth and a tender little woman who waits to comfort him if he is sad and the day has been difficult or to laugh with him if he feels gay; he may wax lyrical as he paints a picture of babies, books and a pipe before an open fire; but he doesn't mean a word of it.

The girl he really falls for is the girl who is doing something . . . the thing he is doing; a girl who is going some-place . . . along the same path he is traveling.

He wants a girl autograph seekers instinctively pursue as she leaves the Brown Derby . . . a girl after whom every head turns as she enters a cafe and there is a quick buzz of "There's so-and-so! Isn't she gorgeous to-night!"

And in the morning some columnist will observe that he and so and so are AFLAME with an intimation that one of so-and-so's former admirers still carries the torch PLENTY.

Of course, John Gilbert, formerly one of the biggest stars and still one of the wealthiest men in the movies, who was married to Leatrice Joy at the height of her fame and later to the scintillating Ina Claire, did marry Virginia Briggs of Fargo, North Dakota . . . but not until she had been glorified by Ziegfeld, had posed for famous artists, and had been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and now the two have broken.

And Joel McCrea confided to his public that he would never marry an actress. No, when Joel married it would be a girl happy to stay out of the limelight and just be Mrs. McCrea. And now there is a Mrs. Joel McCrea in the person of charming, ambitious little Frances Dee.

Maybe, Joel did mean what he said at the time and Frances changed his mind, but there were many daughters of Los Angeles' old first families who had gone to school with Joel and would have been quite interested in his plans for the retiring Mrs. McCrea, but long before he met Frances, Joel was not annoying them with telephone calls, and his name was mentioned in connection with Constance and Joan Bennett, Dorothy Mackaill and others.

Richard Dix, never very much a part of Hollywood's social scheme, made the experiment. He married a girl completely out of the profession . . . a girl who clerked in a department store in San Francisco. It came very near to being a Cinderella romance, but it didn't last long. Both admitted that their interests lay too far apart, though they insist that their baby daughter will be the bond for a life-long friendship.

One night at the Little Club one of the young blue-bloods of the town appeared with Peggy Joyce on his arm to the great conternation of a group of formidable dowagers. Whispered consultations were held as to whether or not the young man should be recognized.

(Please turn to page 74)

FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS at 10¢

prove that Loveliness is no longer a matter of Price



Science shows they equal
\$1 to \$3 brands in Quality

America's loveliest women have come to depend on Faoen Beauty Aids. For no smart woman pays \$1 to \$3 for face creams, powder, lipsticks or other cosmetics when for 10¢ she can buy Faoen products—scientifically proven to be of the exact same purity and quality. Read the report of a famous testing laboratory:

"every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3."

Be satisfied with nothing but the best—your loveliness demands the best. You can have it, now, for 10¢ in Faoen Beauty Aids—the very finest science can produce.

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

• CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
• FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

—10¢ each at—
F. W. Woolworth Co Stores

A good habit made Easy



● How perfectly simple to prevent under-arm odor when you use Perstik, the lipstick deodorant. Just lift off the cap, touch the cream stick to the armpits—that's all. Your fingers stay clean because they touch only the lipstick case. You can depend on Perstik to give you unfailing protection against odor for the day—without stopping the natural flow of perspiration. Perstik is recommended by the beauty advisers to over ten million women.

● Perstik does not stain, does not irritate skin or harm fabric. Use it before or after dressing—before or after shaving. Perstik is dainty to use—easy to carry in your purse. And it is endorsed by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Obtainable at all stores from coast to coast.

PERSTIK
469 Fifth Ave., New York City



Perstik
THE ORIGINAL "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT

No Cinderella Romance in Films

(Continued from page 73)

Finally out of deference to his mother they agreed to bestow on him a modicum of discreet little bows. The mother of the young man, learning of the furore her son's appearance with the famous siren created, took to her bed for two days.

Yet Jimmy Dunn, Jack La Rue and particularly Jack Oakie loved parading Peggy from night club to night club. Now no son means more to his mother than does Jack Oakie, yet Jack's mother bore up bravely, though with Jack the affair assumed such serious proportions that he went so far as to deck himself out in conservative evening attire.

Peggy was a grand girl to take out. Everyone stared at her. Of course, every variety of stare was exercised, but people knew she was there, and that is what the young men of Hollywood appreciate.

Now and then a young man of the movies will cross the line for a time to pay his respects to a young lady of the social elite. Buddy Rogers, it was, who in an interview was much impressed by a girl whom he described as "real society."

Dick Powell, Gene Raymond, Phillips Holmes and others of the younger set have made similar excursions only to hurry back to Mary Brian. The movie girls never worry. They have their own particular brand of glamour and it nearly always works.

A girl's family may be in the Blue Book, she may have graduated from Spence and have learned to say "It's been gr-ah-and meeting you," and she may have taken the hurdles in the horse show like a young Diana, but let a platinum blonde, whose latest picture is playing down town that week, with diamond bracelets from wrist to elbow weighing down her arms and blue mascara her eye lashes, drawl a few words about what she said to the director about not feeling her part, and the young lady from Spence all at once seems sort of washed out and ineffectual. It may sound ridiculous, but it's a fact.

Even the Hollywood wives who have gone in for babies and domesticity are different from other wives. For instance, take Jobyna Ralston. When she married Richard Arlen she was a much more important figure in Hollywood than he was. Then there are the Fredric Marches who have gone in for the adoption of babies in a big way.

Any time Florence Eldridge gets tired of just being Mrs. Fredric March she can give a stage performance that keeps Hollywood dazzled for many a day. The camera isn't particularly kind to her, but on the stage she is one of the most fascinating women in Hollywood.

Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn as Frances Howard was one of the sensations of the New York stage not many seasons ago. Mrs. Darryl Zanuck was Virginia Fox, a clever little comedienne, and Mrs. Harold Lloyd was Mildred Davis, the cutest leading lady Harold ever had. Already they were little princesses secure and serene only

waiting to be helped to their thrones by the Prince Charmings they smiled upon.

Here is a typical story of Hollywood to illustrate my point. Not long ago a young man with some stage experience in the east arrived unheralded in Hollywood and placed his career in the hands of one of Hollywood's biggest agents. The agent, with plenty of important players to worry about, wasn't much interested in him.

His secretary, however, not only saw in him great picture possibilities, but on her part it was love at first sight. The boy had little money, few friends, and no car. The secretary had a little car which she placed at his disposal. Riding in buses is bad for the disposition in Hollywood and the studios are so far apart. The secretary was pretty, efficient and popular. She took the boy around; she introduced him to the right people; she gave him valuable advice; and she pestered every director in Hollywood to make a test of him and assured every producer with whom she had as much as a speaking acquaintance that here was the biggest bet in years.

Her persistence in his behalf became a joke, but the girl didn't care. Every night she and the boy were together. For hours she listened as he told of the things he was going to do for her when he got his big break which she assured him was inevitable.

Time proved the secretary was right. The boy received a long term contract at one of the major studios. On the same day they signed a young actress. Publicity pictures were taken of the two . . . and they made a charming pair. The agent's secretary never heard from the boy again except on the most perfunctory matters of business, but he and the young actress are seen together constantly.

The boy isn't a cad. He's a nice boy . . . a little selfish, perhaps, but that's Hollywood. His is the most natural yet unexplicable behavior in the world. He and the young actress will climb together toward glamour, fame and fortune. They may temporarily break each other's hearts some time during their association, but they speak the same language.

The little secretary is far above the average in beauty and intelligence, but she and the boy traveled widely different paths. She is deeply hurt, but not terribly surprised at the outcome of her little romance. She's seen it happen so often, but there's always the time in every phase of life that one expects to be different.

So if you have a boy friend with a perfect profile and a physique like Johnny Weissmuller's, think twice before you promise to wait while he goes to Hollywood in search of fame and fortune. And if you are one to cherish a nebulous dream of being held tight in the arms of your favorite screen hero and of hearing him murmur, "This is the golden moment I've waited for all the years of my life," I'm not one to say, you can't have your moment, but you'll have to work up to it.

No More Fights

(Continued from page 52)

too. That is what Hollywood thought. He had said that he didn't like the complicated social system of the town and would not be dragged into it. What's more, he did keep aloof and assiduously avoided all large dinners, premieres, cocktail parties and teas. This gesture alone was enough to make a rebel out of him, in the eyes of Hollywood. They said he hated pictures. They said he hated Hollywood and everything it stood for. They said...

But since, except for this recent rumor for which there is no foundation, there have been no real rows, it might be fun to see what Jimmy thinks of Hollywood, now that all is peace, love and affection. And it was to discover this that I trailed the poor man, who wanted a vacation in New York, to his luxurious lair.

"I like Hollywood," he told me, "I've always liked it. Yes, honestly, I mean that. Swell climate. Swell people, if you hunt around and pick them out of all the fourflushers and show-offs. I live just the same sort of life in Hollywood that I would in New York. I like the town. What I don't like—at least not for me—is all that social folderol."

"You see, I live by my own rules. I think they're okay for me. Somebody else might have different ideas. That's all right for him. When I first went to Hollywood, a lad who was doing very well in pictures gave me what he thought was good advice. He said: 'You've got to play the social game. You've got to have contacts, mix with the big shots, go to their parties. That's more important than being a good actor—take my tip.'"

"I didn't believe it. I don't play the social game because I haven't any talent for it, in the first place, and secondly I don't like it. So I didn't take the well-meant advice. It wouldn't be right to tell you that lad's name, but it's interesting to see that he had only a couple of years' success in Hollywood and is now completely out of the pictures. I've often wondered where he would be if he had spent less time 'making contacts' and more time learning to act."

"In Hollywood or anywhere else I'm sufficient unto myself. First of all I want to see what this acting business is all about. Maybe, when you see my pictures, it looks to you as if I just walk on. I assure you that I don't. I try to figure out what I'm doing, to study my trade."

"I'm never bored in my spare time. All Winter I've been studying music—piano and music theory. I like it and, then, it may come in handy some day. I've always liked to draw. A few weeks ago I bought a wood-carving outfit. I'm going to see if I can't have some fun with that. There is, honestly, nothing connected with the arts and sciences that doesn't interest me—that I wouldn't like to study and know more about. Isn't that more important than spending your time with a lot of people who don't mean anything to you?"

"You know, when these Hollywood folks tell me it's good business to play the social game—that they really don't like it themselves but think they'll get good jobs if they do, I wonder. I be—
(Please turn to page 76)

OLD AS ANCIENT EGYPT

New as Modern Paris..



Alluring Eye Make-up

SINCE the time of Cleopatra, clever women have known that gracefully formed eyebrows, delicately shaded lids, and the appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes add much to beauty.

Cleopatra, for all her wealth, had only crude materials with which to attempt this effect. How she would have revelled in being able to obtain smooth, harmless, and easy-to-apply preparations like Maybelline eye beauty aids!

To have formed beautiful, expressive eyebrows with the delightful, clean-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil—to have applied the pure, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow for just the right touch of colorful shadow—and, to have had the appear-

ance of long, dark lashes instantly with Maybelline mascara—truly she would have acclaimed these beauty aids fit for a queen!

Nothing from modern Paris can rival Maybelline preparations. Their use by millions of women for over sixteen years commends them to YOU! Then... there is the highly beneficial Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream for preserving soft, silky lashes... and a dainty Maybelline Eyebrow Brush for brushing and massaging the brows and lashes. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes, 10c each at all 10c stores.

MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



Maybelline Eye Shadow

delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet and Green.



The Approved Mascara



Black, Brown, and the New Blue



Maybelline Eyelash Grower

A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.



Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

MAKE MEN WANT YOUR KISSES!



Give your lips alluring natural color... without a trace of paint

AFTER That First Kiss, a man likes you more than ever... unless, of course, your lips are coated with paint. For paint makes him think of *lipstick*, not of lips!

So to keep your lips alluring, use the lipstick which colors lips... *without painting them*. Tangee isn't paint. Instead it contains a color-change principle that makes it intensify your natural color and become a very part of your lips!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. On your lips it changes to the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to your type! Thus, Tangee keeps your lips youthful-looking with natural color. Moreover, its special cream base is soothing to dry, summer lips. Get Tangee today—39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)



UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look... make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Tangee Creme Rouge makes cheeks glow with natural rose color, even in swimming. Waterproof. Greaseless. Can not clog pores. Its vanishing cream base protects skin.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.



World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY TG84
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

No More Fights

(Continued from page 75)

lieve we do pretty much what we want to do. And I've noticed that the ones who 'make contacts' keep right on being social after they're the big shots. Then others 'make contacts'—and they're the contact. If they didn't like it would they do it, when they don't have to any more? I doubt it.

"Don't get the idea that I'm lonely and aloof. I've got some swell friends in Hollywood—Frank McHugh and his wife, Albert Hackett, Francis Goodrich, Pat O'Brien, Ivan Simpson—to name a few. They feel about Hollywood pretty much as I do and we have grand times together talking about what interests us, getting together and sitting around quietly for hours and hours.

"I take workouts in a gymnasium, play some baseball with friends, do what I like. It seems to me that I lead a pretty normal, average life. I'm amazed at my attitude—an attitude toward living that I'd take, no matter where I lived, is called rebellious. I suppose as soon as I get back to Hollywood now I'll be called a rebel, again, just because, on my vacation without pay, I wanted to do what I wanted to do and didn't report to the New York office. Funny! I can't figure it out.

"The other night I went to the stage production of 'Tobacco Road,' in which Henry Hull gives a magnificent performance. I have never in my life gone back stage to see anybody I didn't

know. But this was different. I felt that I simply had to tell Hull how great I thought he was.

"I turned to my wife and said, 'Bill, I'm going to break a hard and fast rule. I'm going back to see Hull.'

"When I was admitted into his dressing room I just stuck out my hand and said, 'Thanks for the lesson.' He grinned. 'Do you do that, too?' he asked. 'Keep on taking lessons?'

"Now maybe I've got it figured out all wrong—but it seems to me that getting a lesson in acting, as I did from Hull, is one of the best things I could do while in New York. And I couldn't be seeing all the shows, etc., unless I was here more or less incognito.

"I don't want to fight with anybody. I was amazed that my two fights with the studio got so much publicity. I live by my own rules. They satisfy me—and anybody else can do what he pleases, if he'll let me take my life the only way I know how to take it."

And here you have the way Jimmy Cagney feels about Hollywood now. But the funny part is that I've got a sneaking hunch that's the way he's going to feel about Hollywood ten years from now, too. Under that mop of red hair is a real brain—a brain that is alive and active. All of his life Jimmy Cagney has known what he wanted and set out to get it. I've got a hunch that nobody stands a chance of changing Jimmy's rules for living.

The Authentic Story of My Life

(Continued from page 28)

but I am, in a way, a fatalist. Many of the most important events through which I have lived have been beyond my control. I have had no active part in their happening. My going into motion pictures is an illustration. I had not planned such a career. In fact, I hadn't even dreamed of the screen. And if, one afternoon, I had not driven a girl friend of mine to the Fox Studio, I probably never would have been a motion picture actress.

When I was asked to write the story of my life, I hesitated for a few minutes. I don't like to look back. I much prefer to look forward. As Marie Dressler, that grand old philosopher, often says, "What's past is past. Forget it. You can't do anything about it, anyhow." That's the way I feel.

But there are many things which I do like to think about and remember—my childhood, for instance. No girl ever had a happier childhood than mine. That is one of the greatest blessings which any parent can bequeath to his child, happy memories of a carefree gay boyhood or girlhood.

My happiness and welfare were planned long before I was born. My mother, Jean Harlow Carpentier, was serious about motherhood. Mother was only nineteen when I was born and to her bringing a girl into the world

was the greatest event of a woman's life, not merely a responsibility which must be shouldered without complaint. Mother, too, is an only daughter and she and my father lived at that time in the home of my grandparents, a gray stone house on Olive Street in Kansas City.

There were long discussions about my name. If I had been a boy, they would have named me Harlow Carpentier. But Mother didn't hope for a boy. She didn't even consider the possibility of having one. She knew that I was going to be a girl. And she wanted to name me Shirley Jean. But the family over-ruled her on that. One Jean was enough in the house, they said. So they compromised on Harlean, which, they all agreed, had the double value of being unusual and of being a feminine version of Mother's maiden name. So the fat, little baby who arrived on March the third, was christened Harlean.

THE main worry which I caused the family during the first months of my life, so they tell me, was that I never cried and that I slept all day and stayed awake all night. Other than that, from all reports, I must have been a model child until I reached the walking and talking age.

The Authentic Story of My Life

Then I began to take advantage of the devotion of my four elders. When I didn't receive the attention which I thought was due me, I demanded it in no uncertain terms. My grandfather was my absolute slave. He even came home from his real estate brokerage office once, and sometimes twice, a day to "see how the baby is getting along."

Suddenly Mother realized what was happening to me. She knew that, if I remained there in that doting atmosphere, I would become hopelessly spoiled. So she and my father found a smaller house on Gillam Road, facing a park which made an ideal playground for a growing youngster. It was only a short distance away from my grandparents' home and I saw them every day. They understood the wisdom of the move because they knew that one child should have only one set of parents.

Emma went with us, brown-skinned Emma Foster, who has been nurse, playmate and friend to me all my life. She had come to my grandmother's house as cook shortly after I was born and she moved with us to our new home as housekeeper. Emma and I were never separated until I came to California. Then she stayed in Kansas City with her family.

My first memories and impressions are naturally a vague blur. There was my grandfather, tall and dignified with a deep voice and kind eyes. Never in all my life did he scold me. Except once. And then I was a grown-up girl in California and the scolding was given over the long-distance telephone after he had seen me in my first Hal Roach comedy when I wore only a pair of black lace underthings.

My grandmother, the only dark haired member of the family, with her soft voice and her white, slim hands, moves through that haze of memories like a graceful shadow. Grandmother, Ellen Williams Harlow, sang and painted and wrote lovely verses. I can still remember opening the front door of the house on Olive Street and standing still to listen to her sweet voice, singing somewhere in another room. One of her paintings, which she named "Echo," was exhibited in the Kansas City Art Gallery. Grandmother was one of four sisters who were famous for their beauty and who were nicknamed "The Four Graces."

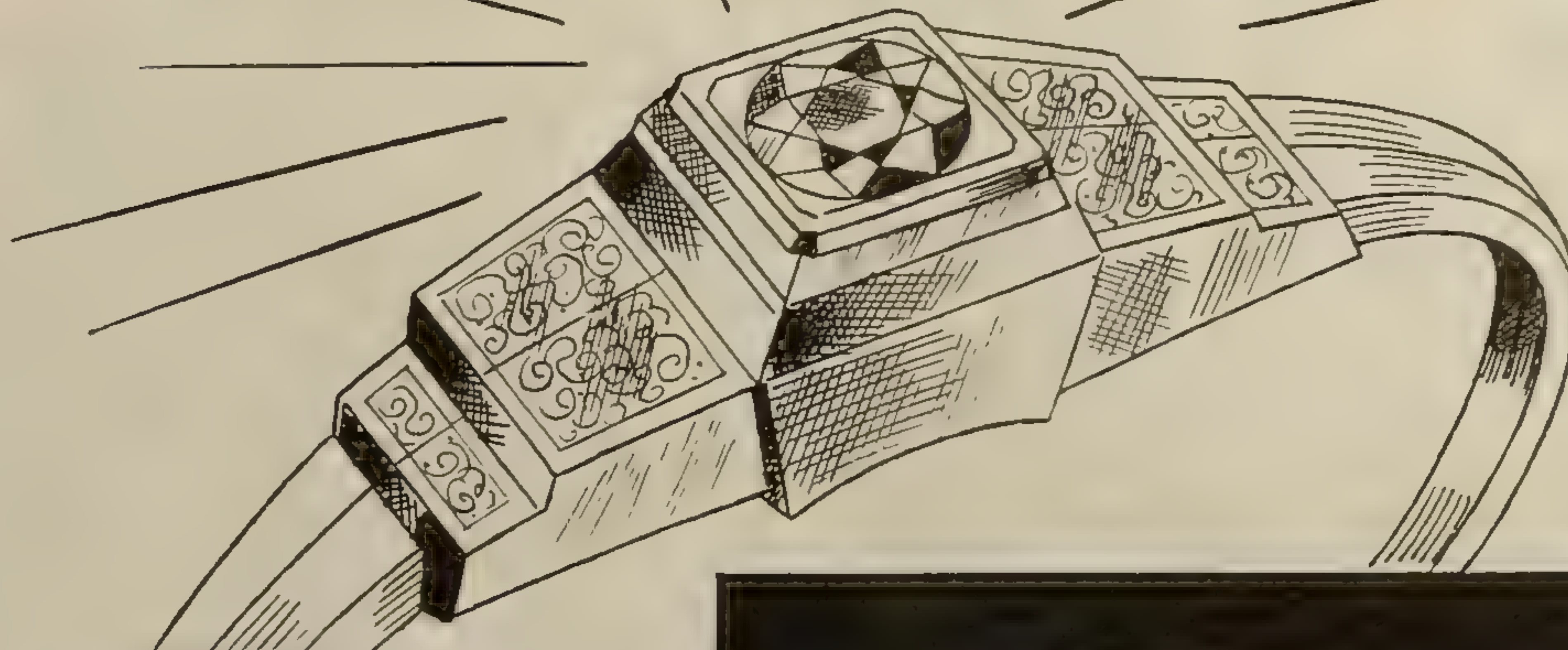
My father has an important role in those childhood memories. Each morning he departed for his office. Each evening I watched for his return. As a child I liked his quiet gentleness, his punctiliousness, his poise and his strength when he lifted me high in the air.

But most vivid of all is the memory of my Mother, golden-haired and blue-eyed, laughing, romping, always playing with me and cuddling me.

I was about three years old when I had my first experience with the results of disobedience. Razors and knives always held a strange fascination for me. I liked to watch Emma cutting things with the long, shiny kitchen knives. I loved to peek into the bathroom closet where my father kept his razors. I had been warned again and again about touching them.

(Please turn to page 78)

WIN A GENUINE DIAMOND RING!



**Its brilliance is the
nearest thing to
Diamond Nail Enamel**

**Write the Best
Last Line for a
Simple Limerick**

Here's your chance to win a valuable Diamond Ring! . . . A beautiful blue-white stone . . . nearly half a carat in size . . . set in 18-carat white gold.

To be eligible for this wonderful prize, just write the last line of a simple limerick. Anybody can do it!

You get the limerick, rules and entry blank free—at the better ten-cent stores, where Diamond Nail Enamel is sold.

And the *best* last line written and submitted by August 1, 1934, wins the Diamond Ring Prize!

Try your hand at it! Everybody will . . . it's a lot of fun!

Diamond Nail Enamel comes in both Creme and Transparent form. In 4 smart shades:—Crimson, Cherry,



Diamond Creme Polish will not dry the nails. It goes on evenly, without streaking. Covers nail blemishes. Gives brighter lustre and longer wear.

Medium and Natural. Only 10¢ for generous-sized bottle, including metal-shaft brush that can't come loose from cap.

Get one or more bottles tomorrow. Ask for limerick, rules and entry blank, and enter this thrilling contest immediately!

HERE'S A SAMPLE LIMERICK!

Diamond Nail Enamel turned a Miss Bright
To a raving success overnight—

Her nail tips were glorious

They made her so victorious,

That she quickly roped in "Mr. Right."



Dr. J. Parker Pray, Inc., New York City, N. Y.

No—not to
the Beach
YOU Wouldn't
Dare Go!



SHE never made dates to go places during the day. She let him see her only at night. The darkness was romantic, she said; its soft lights intrigued her. Others believed it, but in her own heart she knew the truth. She was sun-shy . . . and for a good reason! The ruthless, revealing light of day told the truth about her skin. It was sallow, coarse, pimply—embarrassing.

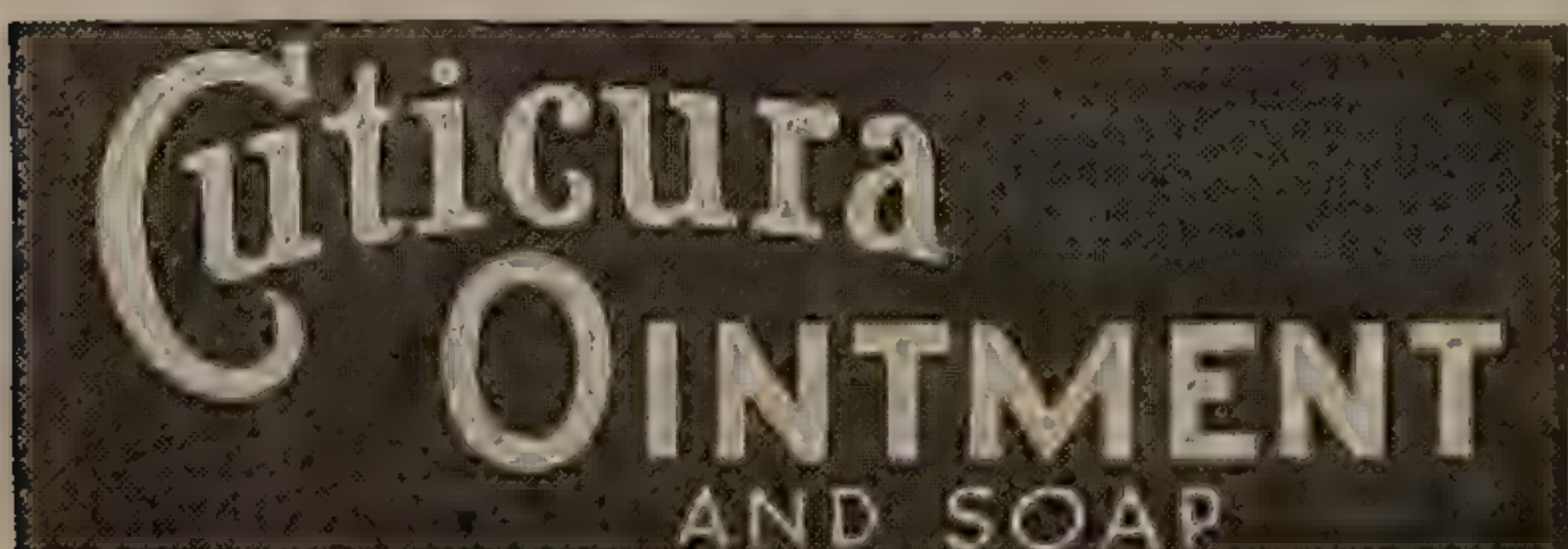
Cosmetics and shadows may conceal complexion faults for a while—but sooner or later the humiliating truth will out. And it's all so unnecessary. You can have a smooth, radiant complexion like the others—and just as many friends and good times. If you don't, it's nobody's fault but your own.

For there is one time-tried aid to skin health and beauty that has proved its value to literally millions of people the world over—Cuticura Soap used along with Cuticura Ointment. Stubborn, seemingly hopeless cases of pimples, eczema and other skin troubles yield to these soothing, gentle, yet highly effective emollients.

Start today with this simple, economical Cuticura treatment—and note how your skin begins to look clearer and fresher.

Cuticura Ointment 25c and 50c. Soap 25c at leading Drug and Department Stores. Also at variety stores in 10c size.

FREE! Helpful folder on Cuticura Products for the care of the skin and scalp. Write Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. TM-5, Malden, Mass.



. . . Over half a century of success in controlling and healing skin troubles.

The Authentic Story of My Life

(Continued from page 77)

But one day the temptation was too great. I picked up a razor to examine the glitter of the blade, and I slashed my fingers. Then I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to cry. In my baby way I realized that I had suffered only what I deserved. In the medicine closet I found a bottle of clear, white, liquid—it happened to be turpentine—filled a glass with it and sat down on the bathroom floor to soak my injured fingers. There the family found me. Even now, after all these years, I am rather proud of the fact that I didn't scream and cry. I have always tried to take my punishment without whimpering, when I knew that it was deserved. I have no respect for welchers or bad losers.

SHORTLY after we moved into our new home, Mother began to grow weaker and developed a constant pain in her side. The doctors diagnosed it as a tumor and said that an operation was necessary. But Mother had a horror of operations of any kind. Finally she became so weak that, even if she had been willing, an operation was out of the question until she could be built back into greater strength. So Mother and Emma and I went to Excelsior Springs in Missouri, not far from home.

It was at Excelsior Springs that we met Dr. Herbert Lippman to whom both Mother and I owe our lives. Mother was so weak and ill that she had finally almost resigned herself to the belief that she was going to die. One evening, when she was talking to some of the other guests at the hotel, she said with a strange vehemence, "I will not die and leave my baby."

Dr. Lippmann, who was one of the vacationers, overheard her statement and the next morning he called upon Mother. He said that he was interested in the case because of the amazing devotion between Mother and me and he asked Mother to allow him to try to help her. Mother was desperate. She grabbed at any possible hope of recovery. So Dr. Lippman borrowed a resident physician's office and, after a thorough examination, found that Mother's illness was caused by a nervous pressure and not by a tumor. The doctor volunteered his services and Mother put herself under his care.

Within six months, Mother was entirely well. Several times Dr. Lippman came to Kansas City to continue his treatments and, on each visit, Mother asked him to call upon some friend of the family. His reputation grew until he was persuaded to open offices there. So he was close at hand when I needed him so desperately.

I was not quite five years old when I suddenly developed a severe sore throat. An epidemic of flu was raging in Kansas City at the time and the family thought that I had contracted the disease. Then, one night, my body began the convulsive twisting which spells that most dreaded of all diseases, spinal meningitis. For eight days and eight nights Mother and Dr. Lippman never left the side of my little bed. Because of the siege of flu

it was impossible to get a nurse, so Mother, Grandmother and Emma worked over me, depending upon love rather than trained skill to save my life. My father and grandfather did not leave the house for one hour during that fight against death and disfigurement. Steadily, long hour after long hour, the doctor manipulated my spine. When his strong fingers became so weary that they could no longer move, he rested his hands in bowls of warm water while Mother continued the manipulations under his direction.

And, when at the end of the eighth night the fever died and the crisis was passed, my body was whole and there was not even a slight sign of the ravages of the disease. So the Jean Harlow of today owes not only her life but her physical well-being to two people, her Mother and Doctor Lippman, who labored for those desperate hours over the small unconscious, fever-ridden Harlean.

A few days after the crisis when I was growing well as rapidly as I had grown ill, Mother gave me as a plaything the cured and lacquered wings of a mallard duck. A friend of the family had sent the ducks after he returned from a hunting trip and, because the wings were so beautifully colored, Mother had saved them for me. The first thing I did with them was to put one on each shoulder and say, "Look, Mother, I'm your little angel now." And I wondered why Mother grew so suddenly white and crumpled to the floor.

We spent the Winters in the house on Gillam Road but, when Summer time arrived, we moved to my grandparents' country house, "Red Gables," which stood on a bluff overlooking the Missouri River. That house was a magic castle to me. I loved its red roof and its gables, its wide rooms with the high ceilings where even the heat of a Missouri July and August could not penetrate, its orchards where I could climb into the low branches of the old apple trees and pretend that I was one of the princesses whom Emma used to talk about when she rocked me to sleep at afternoon nap time.

It was in that orchard at Red Gables that I wrote my first bit of poetry. I must have been about nine years old at the time and, even now when I read it it brings back memories of those happy days.

MY first day at school is another vivid memory. I was terribly excited when Mother and I drove down to Miss Barstow's School for Girls. The sight of all those children with their scrubbed faces was thrilling to me. When Mother was ready to leave, I told her, "I think I'm going to be very happy. But please come after me at one o'clock."

For four years I attended Miss Barstow's school. The hours were from nine until one. Mother always called for me at the end of the school day and took me home to a hot lunch. During all those years Mother never made a luncheon engagement. Always we had our noon meal together.

The Authentic Story of My Life

Usually we ate luncheon in the Muelbach Hotel. The head waiter and the chef became interested in the little girl who sat so demurely on telephone books, scorning a high chair even when she was so small that she was practically lost in a regular chair. Usually the chef prepared some special treat for me. One Hallowe'en Saturday the chef, Charlie Fry, came in from the kitchen, bringing me a small basket containing a candy witch with a smoking cauldron in her hands.

A few years ago, when I was in Kansas City, some friends gave a party for me at the Muelbach. I went back into the kitchen and discovered Charlie, still at his post and still remembering little Harlean. For a half hour I sat on a table in his scrubbed and shining kitchen, telling him stories of Hollywood. And, on my last visit to Kansas City, Charlie Fry and the head waiter sent me a horseshoe of spun sugar candy with "We love you" spelled across it. In a world which forgets so easily it is wonderful to find people who remember.

AS a child I cared no more for clothes than I do now. All my life I have wondered how other girls can get such a thrill from new dresses, how they can so thoroughly enjoy tiresome shopping trips. Maybe it is because I'm lazy. But I think that it is more because I don't find any pleasure in selecting new things to wear.

Until I was six years old I wore nothing except white dresses. Then when my school days began, I was graduated into little jersey dresses of green, beige, brown and burgundy. Each year I liked one dress better than the others and insisted on wearing it, because I felt comfortable in it, until Mother or Emma spirited it away.

When I was ten years old the first important change came in my happy, exciting life. Mother and Father separated and Mother and I went to California to spend the Winter. We stayed three years, going to Colorado and back to Kansas City for a few months each Summer. Young as I was, I sensed my Mother's unhappiness and I can still remember my childish efforts to make her laugh. I was enrolled at the Hollywood School for Girls but, just as I did at Miss Barstow's school, I left my little school playmates behind me with the closing bell and spent the rest of the time with Mother.

It was during those three years that Mother and I became more than mother and daughter. We grew to be real friends. Perhaps it was because I was rather mature for my age and Mother knew that I understood the unhappiness which she was feeling. Whatever the case, the difference in our ages became unimportant and we began the understanding companionship which is ours today. My mother has always been, and always will be, the best friend I have.

At the end of that third California Winter, we were so homesick that we decided to go back to Kansas City. We found a small apartment near my grandparents' home and Mother enrolled me in a French Catholic Convent, the Sisters of the Scion of Notre Dame. (Please turn to page 80)



Why the Writer of this ad suddenly took a New Interest in his wife!

BEING MARRIED to an ad-writer sometimes makes a woman skeptical about certain advertised products and their merits. I found this to be true in my case for my wife did not usually believe in the things I advocated.

But, she DID try the famous LINIT Beauty Bath, and she DID send in the LINIT package top (and 10¢) for an attractive lipstick, 50¢ value.

I know she enjoyed the LINIT Baths because her skin is more soft and smooth than ever before. I also know she was delighted with the lipstick because of my comments on how it improved her appearance. And naturally, she is pleased at the new interest and attention I have shown in her since then.

Signed *Geo H. Guinter*



Try LINIT — the Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin — and send in the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (wrapping and postage costs) for EACH lipstick desired. See convenient coupon below.

LINIT is sold by grocers and department stores.



CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, Dept. TM-8, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City

Please send me.....lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose.....¢ and.....LINIT package tops.

☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark

Name

Address.....

City..... State.....

THIS OFFER good in U. S. A. only and expires Sept. 1, 1934

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES



A MOST REFRESHING SMOKE

*like a downstream paddle . . .
like a breeze from the sea . . .
like a shower on a dusty day . . .
like a tall, tinkling drink . . .*

KOOLS are definitely refreshing. They're mildly mentholated to cool the smoke, save your throat, and to bring out the full flavor of the choice tobaccos used. Cork tips—easy on lips. Coupons packed with **KOOLS** good for gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards; other nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

FREE HANDSOME GIFTS...



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

The Authentic Story of My Life

(Continued from page 79)

I didn't stay there long. Mother was so lonely and I was so unhappy away from her that I left the school and became a pupil in Miss Bigelow's School where I was able to go home every afternoon. I'll never forget the kindness and the wise saneness of Miss Bigelow. There were only seven pupils in the school and we enjoyed every minute of the studying and the play.

AT the end of that school year, when I was just fifteen, I suffered one of the greatest humiliations of my life. I had the measles. I had not been feeling well but never dreamed that a young lady of fifteen could have anything so childishly simple as the measles. Emma was the only person who suspected it. One afternoon she gave me a hot drink, put me to bed and by evening I was thoroughly be-measled. I pledged the entire family to secrecy, fearing that the other girls at school would find out what was the matter with me.

When the siege of measles was finished, the doctor advised Mother to send me to a girls' camp for the Summer, so that I would have systematic exercise and the competitive friendship of girls of my own age. So Mother took me up to northern Michigan to a camp which was well-known for its almost military regime. And, now, after all this time, that camp still remains in my mind as one of the worst nightmares through which I have lived.

Three days after Mother left, one other girl and I displayed symptoms of scarlet fever. They isolated us immediately. We were put in a small tent house away from the main camp and there they left us. I shall never be able to understand how we lived through the next few days. Everyone was afraid to come near us except a country doctor. And there we lay, two sick, lonely children, crying for our mothers.

The manager of the camp wired Mother that I had a throat infection. The telegram reached her as she got off the train on her return from taking me to camp. Without unpacking her bags, Mother turned around and travelled back to Michigan. The manager of the camp met her at the little town on the other side of the lake and told her that the camp was in quarantine and that it would be impossible for her to go to me.

But no manager of any camp and no quarantine in the world could have kept Mother from me. She completely ignored the woman and rowed herself across the lake to camp. There she found the two of us, burning with fever. For three weeks Mother nursed us both. As soon as we were able to move Mother took me back to Kansas City.

It was on that trip home that Mother met Marino Bello, whom she married the following year and who has been friend and adviser to me throughout my entire life since that time. While we were waiting between trains in Chicago, we called at the office of a friend of ours who had sent us boxes and baskets and delicacies during my illness at the camp. Marino

was in the office and he was introduced to us. The following week-end he came to Kansas City to visit us. And that was the beginning of Mother's romance.

It is a strange and beautiful thing that, as close as Mother and I have always been, neither has ever felt the slightest jealousy of the men whom the other has loved. We seem to feel, unconsciously or subconsciously, that nothing could affect the depth of our feeling for each other.

THE following Fall Mother again decided that I should go away to school where I could learn to stand on my own feet away from the protection of my family. So I went to Chicago and became a pupil at Ferry Hall in Lake Forest. Mother took an apartment at the Highland Park Inn so that I could be with her on week-ends when I was permitted to leave school. She made a solemn vow, when I entered school, that we would see each other only on week-ends. I agreed to pretend that I was really far away from my family where I had to make my own decisions and settle my own problems.

But our every-other-day telephone calls soon developed into daily chats. And one afternoon Mother appeared at two o'clock, loaded down with good things to eat. The girls all gathered in my room to share the feast. Gradually it became a daily habit during our regular afternoon recess.

I liked Ferry Hall. On week-ends when we were not allowed to leave the school we were permitted to cook little meals on the small electric grills and stoves which were a part of our boarding school equipment. And we all passed through the romantic novel period, where we draped the transoms and stuffed the keyholes with dark cloth so that we could sit up and read long past the lights-out bell.

Mother and Marino were married that Winter. And, because I had a cold and the weather had turned into a veritable blizzard, the school physician would not consent to my leaving my room. It was one of the greatest disappointments of my life that I could not be present at my mother's wedding. They were married on Thursday but they waited until the following Sunday to have the wedding dinner so that I could be with them.

All during these school-girl years I had one romance in my life. I thought that he was the perfect man. He was a friend of the family and I had known him always in Kansas City. He was my hero. Whenever I read a story of thrilling romance, I always picture Rod Adams as the stalwart hero. The fact that he was a grown man, well over thirty, and that I was a little girl didn't make any difference. When I was fourteen I had secretly promised myself that some day I would marry Rod.

Then I met Charles McGrew and Rod faded away into my childhood dreams.

Next month Jean tells of her marriage to Charles McGrew and of her first motion picture experiences.

New Films

(Continued from page 57)

Ann has gently but firmly pushed him to the top of the heap, financially, Bette begins to play her cards.

It looks like defeat for the home team, until Ann takes her wandering husband home . . . for keeps.

John Halliday catches Bette on the first bounce and everybody's happy. Al Green directed.

HERE COMES THE NAVY

Warners

BEN MARKSON must have written this story especially for Warners' bad boy, because it cer-

tainly is right for Cagney treatment.

Jimmy is leading a merry life as a riotous riveter until he tangles with Pat O'Brien, chief petty officer on a warship, and joins the Navy for the sole purpose of chucking Pat through a port-hole.

Once aboard the ship, however, imagine his chagrin when he finds out that it's "no fair" to hit your superior officer. And does Pat chuckle when Jimmy is obliged to salute and "Yes, sir!" him!!

There's plenty of action, with the cocky Cagney fighting all the way.

He falls in love with Gloria Stuart, Pat's sister, but she holds out on the "I do!" until Jimmy has soaked up enough discipline to make a good husband.

The tragic incident of the Akron dirigible, in which three men, holding the landing wires, were hauled into the air, two of them dropping to their death, is woven into the story.

Frank McHugh grabs off his usual share of comedy honors, and Lloyd Bacon turns in a fine job of direction.

FAMILY MAN

RKO

STARS may come and stars may go, but it would seem that our old

friend Richard Dix goes on forever!

This is a very entertaining story of a happy-go-lucky gambler who kidnaps his little daughter from an unhappy existence with her cold, calculating mother, and flees to Italy, there to teach the pliant youngster how to live, bravely . . . adventurously.

Convicted of a murder, on circumstantial evidence, Dix is sent to prison and the child returned to her mother.

Upon his release, fifteen years later, Dix returns to find his grown-up baby an invalid, almost wholly through suggestion.

How he releases her crushed spirit and, with the job well done, sets out on further adventures, is described poignantly by the author, Salisbury Field, and further enhanced by the keen direction of John Robertson.

THE GREEN HAT

M-G-M

M-G-M has pulled Michael Arlen's good old "Green Hat" out of its dusty hand-box, stuck a perky feather on it and is ready to go to town.

Remembering Garbo's beautiful performance in the first version, we're just a little bit afraid that Connie Bennett may be on the spot, in the memorable role of *Iris March*.

But, on the other hand, Connie has (Please turn to page 82)

Grand Chocolate Sauce speedy! can't fail!



Eagle Brand

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
¼ teaspoon salt
½ to 1 cup hot water

Melt chocolate in a double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add salt and hot water, amount depending on the consistency desired. Makes 2 or 2½ cups.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking! No lumps—always gorgeously creamy and smooth! The ice cream, too, is failure-proof. See free booklet. ● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



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Whether it's a bar of soap or a long list of groceries—eggs, flour, shortening, coffee, sugar, canned staples and luxuries—your grocer is on the alert to give you friendly, helpful service . . . to offer all his experience that you may be better satisfied. Sometimes you find unusual service, which you particularly appreciate. For the best letters of 50 words or less, telling how some grocery clerk has shown you unusual service or courtesy, Tower Magazines will pay \$1,000.00 in cash. Turn to pages 10 and 11 of this magazine for details how to win.



Use FREE Coupon Below

● Years ago—remember when your Dad called to you, "Hello, Dirty Face?" It was "clean dirt" that he referred to—easily washed away.

Today, lurking *underneath* the surface of your skin, may be a much more treacherous dirt—(caused by dried make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water)—and it is *this kind* of dirt that stops up your pores, bringing blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores and shiny skin.

Don't take chances with "dirty face" and the skin blemishes that come when pores cannot *breathe* naturally. Send for a FREE Gift Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's new, liquid skin cleanser invention. Make the famous "ONE-TWO-THREE TEST" on your own skin. (1) Dampen a piece of cotton with DRESKIN. (2) Rub gently over your face and neck. (3) Look at the cotton! If it is dirty—heed the warning. Use DRESKIN regularly each night to remove the *hidden dirt*—*neutralize* the alkali—*reduce* the size of pores. Send for FREE trial bottle TODAY.



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DRESKIN, Campana's Skin Invigorator
—enough for 4 or 5 skin cleansing treatments.

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Street _____
City _____ State _____

If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd., TM-8 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.

New Films

(Continued from page 81)

a reputation for tackling tough propositions with high-handed glee, so . . . One never knows, does one?

Most of you are familiar with the tragic story of *Iris*, victim of her own passion for living life to the fullest.

When, on her wedding night, her husband commits suicide, *Iris* defends his act, gallantly, and at great cost to her own reputation.

All through her brief, unhappy life, the finger of scandal follows, relentlessly. She is desired by all men and understood by only one.

It is not a pretty story, but Robert Leonard's able direction should lift it into the premiere class.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY

Paramount

in his latest nonsensicality, "The Old-fashioned Way."

The story was written by Fields himself, and the dialogue by J. P. McEvoy and Garnet Weston and is about a traveling road show of the gay nineties period.

With the sheriff ready to attach his show, Fields, in desperation, makes up to a small-town spinster lady who promises financial aid if she can be rewarded with a part in the show.

Recklessly promising anything, Fields finds himself stuck with an impossible actress and, again in desperation, gets the old girl tight so that she can't go on.

Baby LeRoy adds to the general hilarity and William Beaudine directs.

THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET

M-G-M

Barrett (Norma Shearer) comes the impetuous poet, Robert Browning, played by Fredric March.

Robbed of youth and freedom by the jealousy of her fanatical father (Charles Laughton), Norma seeks to express her imprisoned soul in verse, and it is through this medium that the two lovers meet.

Realizing the father's unhealthy love for his own child, March determines to take the frail girl from the man's unholy influence.

Frightened, Norma at first refuses to leave with him. But, when her father's passion shows its ugly head, she runs from the house and into the arms of the waiting Freddie.

Maureen O'Sullivan plays the younger sister, also stifled by the half-mad domination of Laughton.

Laughton's role is powerful, and, in his capable hands, it's just possible that the show may be stolen from under the very noses of Mr. March and Miss Shearer.

The story was adapted from an original play, by Rudolph Besier.

THE MERRY WIDOW M-G-M

and Jeannette MacDonald are swapping high C's in the leading roles.

If you don't know the plot of this gay little story, taken from Franz Lehar's operetta of the same name, we'll tell you that philandering Chevalier falls in love with the beautiful MacDonald and, believing her to be just another "lady of the evening," makes improper advances, which Jeanette repulses properly.

It only takes one little waltz to convince the haughty lady that Monsieur Chevalier is destined to be the main interest in her life. But, Chevalier has to go to jail before she'll admit even to herself that he's the only one.

Ernst Lubitsch, and his trusty cigar, directs the gay caperings with a keen eye for that Continental touch that means so much.

KISS AND MAKE UP

Paramount

Ernst Lubitsch, and his trusty cigar, directs the gay caperings with a keen eye for that Continental touch that means so much.

With a deep-seated pride in his work, he rejuvenates Genevieve Tobin, and then is obliged to marry her when she threatens to get fat and ugly if he doesn't.

When the wedding bells ring out, Helen Mack, Cary's little secretary, is heart-broken, but tags along with the newlyweds, so as to be on hand when the unwilling benedict discovers that "beauty is only skin deep." And it doesn't take long, either.

On their wedding night, Genevieve enters the bridal chamber wearing a long nightie, gobs of cold cream, elk skin gloves, a hair net, and no eyebrows! So the bridegroom dashes out into the night, after taking one look at his better half!

Helen has sort of rebounded into the arms of Edward Everett Horton, but Cary gets there just in time to save the day, and Horton goes meekly back to the little woman . . . cold cream, mittens and all!

Two directors, Harlan Thompson and Jean Negulesco, collaborated on the direction of this Stephen Bekeffi story.

SHOOT THE WORKS

Paramount

while it isn't new, it's generally good fun, besides being reliable.

Jack loves the ladies and gets into jam after jam over the fair ladies, until Dorothy Dell sings her way into his life and tries to make an honest man of the rascal.

Alison Skipworth mothers the lad all through the picture and Ben Bernie contributes swell music that should make up for any pictorial inconsistencies.

THE MERRY WIDOW is with us again! And, in spite of all the controversy Chevalier

SPEAKING of angles . . . or were we? . . . this one is a polygon, with all points leading to Cary Grant.

Cary is a beauty doctor, and, as fast as he de-wrinkles the

gay old ladies who crowd his ante-room, they fall in love with him, much to his embarrassment.

With a deep-seated pride in his work, he rejuvenates Genevieve Tobin, and then is obliged to marry her when she threatens to get fat and ugly if he doesn't.

When the wedding bells ring out, Helen Mack, Cary's little secretary, is heart-broken, but tags along with the newlyweds, so as to be on hand when the unwilling benedict discovers that "beauty is only skin deep." And it doesn't take long, either.

On their wedding night, Genevieve enters the bridal chamber wearing a long nightie, gobs of cold cream, elk skin gloves, a hair net, and no eyebrows! So the bridegroom dashes out into the night, after taking one look at his better half!

Helen has sort of rebounded into the arms of Edward Everett Horton, but Cary gets there just in time to save the day, and Horton goes meekly back to the little woman . . . cold cream, mittens and all!

Two directors, Harlan Thompson and Jean Negulesco, collaborated on the direction of this Stephen Bekeffi story.

JACK OAKIE repeats his wise-cracking good-for-nothing act in this Ben Hecht-Gene Fowler yarn and,

while it isn't new, it's generally good fun, besides being reliable.

Jack loves the ladies and gets into jam after jam over the fair ladies, until Dorothy Dell sings her way into his life and tries to make an honest man of the rascal.

Alison Skipworth mothers the lad all through the picture and Ben Bernie contributes swell music that should make up for any pictorial inconsistencies.

New Films

Roscoe Karns, as the flag-pole-sitter, delivers some good comedy, after the Karns fashion; and Arline Judge, his wife, flirts about outrageously.

There's a heart throb or two, when Jack hits the skids and finds himself deserted by everyone but the faithful Skipworth, but, it's good entertainment for a hot day.

Wesley Ruggles is on hand to keep a directorial eye on his cute little wife, Arline Judge, as well as the rest of the cast.

BACHELOR BAIT
•
RKO
CAN you imagine Stuart Erwin running a matrimonial agency? With a charm school and a reducing department on the side, to keep clients fit and desirable?

Well, that's exactly what you're going to get in Stu's newest picture, "Bachelor Bait," by the Brothers Halperin (Victor and Edward).

Fired from his long-time job in a marriage license bureau, Stu decides to become a marriage broker.

The plan works beautifully. So beautifully, in fact, that a crowd of racketeers try to chisel in on the profits. And Stu's method of out-witting them is some fun.

When Rochelle Hudson puts in her application for a rich husband, Stu gallantly introduces her to the wealthiest prospect in the lot, only to discover that he's walked into his own trap and is madly in love with the lady, himself.

Director George Stevens doesn't skip the comedy possibilities, and, if you like Stu (and who doesn't?) you'll like the picture.

HERE COMES THE GROOM!
•
Paramount
ANOTHER matrimonial tangle!

Jack Haley is turned down by Isabel Jewell because she feels that he's a no-good and needs a little discipline.

On a train, Jack bumps into Patricia Ellis, who has married a radio crooner in a moment of pique against Neil Hamilton, whom she really loves.

The crooner has proved himself to be a bust, so Pat is headed for home and disgrace, when she persuades Haley to step into the late lamented bridegroom's boots and pretend, to save her pride, that he's the husband.

How Richard Flourney, the author, ever thought up so many complications, is another of those mysteries that make life exciting.

But, in the end, Patricia is re-united with Neil, and ditto for Haley and Isabel.

Edward Sedgwick worked the plot with his usual directorial finesse, and Mary Boland injects some acceptable comedy, as the Auntie with a yen for crooners.

100 PER CENT PURE
•
M-G-M
BECAUSE Will Hays objected to the original title of "Eadie Was a Lady," M-G-M bent over backwards and named the latest Harlow opus "100 Per Cent Pure."

Another thing . . . the studio begged Jean to hold off on the announcement (Please turn to page 84)



It's natural for cats to nap—but not natural for them to wear night togs. Just so, you housewives know it's natural for the family to like Soft Food but not natural for food to provide so little chewing. It is one of Nature's ways of keeping the teeth in condition—as vital for LOOKS as for health. Dentists say "chew your food vigorously." They mean EXERCISE YOUR TEETH. That's why they recommend chewing gum. DOUBLE MINT is the gum to enjoy. So, go ahead with your Soft Foods. Just remember DOUBLE MINT.



SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

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see Chicago from the



GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL

See Everything

On your next visit to Chicago, see everything . . . not just the World's Fair, wonderful as that is, but see all of Chicago's great civic attractions, as well as the shops and theatres. You can, quickly and economically, when you put up at *The Great Northern*. Quiet, almost secluded—yet in the heart of everything! And so reasonable!

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Special Attention to Clubs
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USE THIS COUPON

GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me complete information about the Great Northern—the World's Fair Hotel. Our party consists of . . . persons.

Name

Street Address

City State

New Films

(Continued from page 83)

of her divorce until the picture could be finished.

In this story, by Anita Loos and hubby John Emerson, Jean plays a hard-boiled girl who resolves to surrender to no one man without wedding ring and cake.

Consequently, she sets her little blue hat for Lionel Barrymore, and all would have been well, too, if son Franchot Tone hadn't skidded across the scene and spoiled things.

Lionel tries to break up the match but Jean steps out of her skimpies and stands there in her scanties (a la Clara Bow) and calls Lionel "Daddy!" . . . right there in front of heaven and everybody!

Naturally, it takes a lot of explaining to clear matters up. But, the quick-minded Lionel announces that as long as she is about to become his daughter-in-law, surely nobody would make anything out of that girlish gesture (except maybe) Mister Hayes? . . .

Jack Conway directed.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

Universal

with Mae Clark, who is the local million-dollar heiress.

Mae has different ideas, being rather chummy with Johnny Warburton, but Chet keeps so constantly under foot that Mae finally gets him a position with her grandfather's firm. And is Chet's neck red when he discovers that he holds the exalted position of errand boy and official waste-basket-emptier?

But Chet eventually proves that he can "take it" and, after a chase in somebody's high-powered car, Mae eventually surrenders to the inevitable and the fade-out shows Mae and Chester aboard an ocean liner on their wedding trip to Honolulu or somewhere in that direction.

Kurt Neuman directed this story, which was written by Dore Schary and Lewis Foster.

BLACK MOON

Columbia

His wife, Dorothy Burgess, has always puzzled him with her strange ways, but not until he permits her to return to her home, near Haiti, does he discover that she is a helpless victim of the Voodoo mysticism.

Her secretary, Fay Wray, reports her fears to Holt and together they discover that Dorothy is taking an active part in the Voodoo rites, even to the extent of offering up her own child, Cora Sue Collins, as a living sacrifice to the demands of the gods.

It's a blood-curdling business, and, in the end, Jack is obliged to kill his wife in order to prevent the murder of his child.

Aboard the steamer, going back to civilization, he realizes that the loyal Fay has loved him all the time, and the fade-out looks pretty rosy for all concerned.

Clements Ripley gets credit for the grotesque story idea, and Roy William Neill directed.

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY

Columbia

WALTER Connolly, as a great theatrical producer, has but one driving ambition in life . . . to see his small son's name in lights, as big as his own.

On a sinking ship, Walter, not cowardly, but thinking only of the wife, Doris Kenyon, and little Junior, don't a woman's fur coat and hat, and takes his place in one of the life boats as a "female of the species."

Reported as a "hero" who gave his life on the doomed ship, Walter is honored with a bronze plaque, in memoriam, placed in the lobby of his theater.

Unable to return to the life he has known and loved for fear of being branded a coward, he watches over his loved ones from a distance, appearing to them, later in life, as Peter Jans.

Doris finally recognizes him, but, for the sake of the boy who respects his memory, he begs her to keep silent.

The plot is an original, by Sidney Buchman. Directed by Walter Lang.

SHE LOVES ME NOT

Paramount

BING CROSBY'S popularity seems to be fathomless, and if a month goes by without a Crosby picture and "bo-bo-bo-bopes" . . . the rabid Crosby fans pout around until Papa Paramount does something.

This one starts with Miriam Hopkins seeing Warren Hymer commit a murder. To keep from being called as a material witness, she goes away under the protecting wing of Crosby.

From there on, it's a shambles. Because Bing calls in everybody he can think of . . . college deans, movie producers, even his fiancée, Judith Allen . . . to help him in the promotion of Miriam.

It's pretty complicated, but, in the end, Miriam scores a hit on the screen; Bing falls in love with Kitty Carlisle, the dean's daughter; and, the rest of the cast, aided by director Elliott Nugent, scramble out of it the best way they can.

GIFTS FOR THIRTY CENTS

Gifts you can make with the aid of our New Method Circulars:

Au319—The Gracie Allen apron made of plain or figured organdie or lawn.

Au320—Cocktail mittens made of glazed chintz to keep your hands dry when you are shaking your favorite beverage.

Au321—A smart round cushion for bedroom, porch, living-room or car.

Au322—A chintz covered bag for sewing accessories or cosmetics.

Au323—Oil cloth daisy pin-cushion for the up-to-date dressing room.

Au324—Crocheted cotton sports gloves—a smart accessory for the summer and early autumn wardrobe.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing 4 cents for one circular, 10 cents for 3 circulars, or 15 cents for all six. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

Strictly Modern

(Continued from page 43)

a fanatic vegetarian, a precise, careful person, without a visible flaw.

Now, I like my personalities with faults, nice human frailties, and I was visualizing Evelyn in iceberg proportions when she walked into my office.

Almost immediately I discovered that she giggled—outrageously, like any other girl of nineteen. When the subject of love was brought up, as it is at all Hollywood interviews, she could not quite keep it an impersonal thing. Her face crimsoned with a very normal blush while we settled the problem of romance, marriage and children.

She admitted to a passion for dancing, and the fact that she never misses a prom or dinner dance at the University of California at Los Angeles where a young cousin has introduced her to his fraternity brothers.

Even when she must be up at six o'clock for work on the set, she will stay for the last dance, often not getting her head on a pillow for twenty-four hour stretches.

When she does get to bed, she can't be pried from the mattress. Dot, her companion, has learned that only by tearing every shred of covering from her, can Evelyn be awakened for the day's work.

She adores clothes, and spends hours planning new frocks and new arrangements for her hair for the next party. She is continually hungry and eats on an average of five meals a day with in-between snacks for good measure.

She is a vegetarian because her parents believed in meatless diet, and so far has never had the slightest curiosity to taste meat or fish. She probably will try one or all of them if she ever feels inclined to do so.

She is a natural athlete, excelling in riding. Recently she spent eighteen hours in the saddle discovering for herself the beauties of the Hollywood mountains.

"There are so many things I want to do, and there doesn't seem time enough in one short life," she told me. "I love the stage and I want to be a success in pictures, too. Then some day I want my own company to give Shakespeare to people as it was meant to be given. I want to make Juliet a living, throbbing person, and to bring Ophelia to life without basso-profundo gestures and theatrical tinsel.

"And then there is marriage and love. When I find it I won't hesitate one second if it means giving up the stage or screen. I've lived long enough to know that a happy marriage is the most important thing in a man's or woman's life and no sacrifice is too great to attain one."

AS for the present, Evelyn hasn't been touched by a deep romance. She is far from the prudish side, but she declares that so far she has not been kissed, willingly, by any of the young men who keep her social calendar crowded.

Evelyn sees nothing unusual in her theory that the old-fashioned "necking" of her immediate predecessors inevitably tarnishes the real article when it arrives. She knows all the facts of life, and will talk about them frankly and without undue emphasis. She believes that an early knowledge of sex

(Please turn to page 86)



PARIS says—

To be
CHIC

IS TO BE TRULY

Irresistible

The smart Parisienne has long practiced the subtle art of the correct use of perfume. She chooses her perfume for its effect, for its ability to make her truly irresistible. But no longer need you envy her choice, for now with Irresistible Perfume, you can give yourself that indefinable charm, that unforgettable allure that has attracted men the world over. You will find Irresistible Perfume at your 5 and 10c store. Buy it today. One trial will convince you that it has the magic power to make you, too, more irresistible.

Try also the other Irresistible Beauty Aids, each delightfully scented with the exotic fragrance of Irresistible Perfume. Beauty experts recommend them for their purity and quality, comparing them favorably with \$1 and \$2 preparations.



Make This Test FREE

Get a free perfume card sprayed from the Irresistible Giant Atomizer at the cosmetic counter in the 5 and 10c store. Keep it. Hours later, you will still be delighted with its lasting exotic fragrance.

Irresistible
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Face Powder, Lipstick, Perfume, Cold Cream, Cologne, Brilliantine, Talc. Each only 10c at all 5 and 10c stores

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

WHAT

grocery clerk has
given you the most
HELPFUL SERVICE?



**\$1,000
IN CASH**
—See Page 10—

GETTING friendly, helpful service from grocery store clerks is just as everyday an event as turning on the electric lights. Yet try to get along without either! Every woman has had a special reason to appreciate her grocer.

What grocery clerk has given you the most helpful service? For the best letters answering that question, Tower Magazines are paying \$1,000.00 in cash. See pages 10 and 11 of this magazine for details how you can share in these cash awards and bring fame to a local grocery store man or woman.

Strictly Modern

(Continued from page 85)

is a girl's greatest protection.

Her parents were never strict with her. They have always permitted her to make her own decisions concerning men, clothes and education. It was her idea that any young man who asked her to go out socially should first visit her home and receive parental approval before any dates were accepted.

When her mother died in 1930, Evelyn and her father were tied by an even closer bond. He is with her every moment of the vacations allotted him from the University of Cincinnati where he is an instructor.

As one of the greatest living authorities on the works of Shakespeare, Professor Venable is frankly proud of his daughter's talent in portraying the bard's famous heroines. When her playmates were reading "The Wizard of Oz," Evelyn was learning passages from "As You Like It," and "King Lear," under her father's able guidance.

It was Professor Venable who was blamed for the anti-kissing clause, rumored by Hollywood gossip to be importantly included in Evelyn's Paramount contract.

"This 'screen kissing' item has grown to ridiculous proportions," she explained to me when I questioned her on the osculation subject. "I have been kissed on the stage dating from my first play in high school. When I signed my contract I made known my intention not to enact roles which would be distasteful to me. Because some day I wish to return to the Shakespearean stage, I do not want a past of motion picture roles that can be classed as 'trashy' or 'sexy'. My father has no rigid standard which my being kissed on the screen would violate.

"It was through some misunderstanding as to camera angles that the

story started that I refused to allow Kent Taylor to kiss me in 'Cradle Song.' He did kiss me—and did a very convincing job of it."

And that settles the case of kissing versus Evelyn Venable for all time to come.

The most striking thing about this girl is her entirely natural loveliness. Scant make-up is necessary for her camera work. Her hair is long, heavy, and abundantly curly—a light brown color that is ideal for lighting effects. Her eyes are a combination of blue, hazel and violet, fringed by surprisingly long and black lashes, and topped by definitely arched, unplucked and rather wide eyebrows.

Her complexion attests to the glowing health of her diet, creamy with natural splotches of color on her cheek bones. Her teeth are even and very white, her lips naturally red. Her figure is tall, about five feet six inches, and she is flat and curving in the right places.

No false lashes for Evelyn, no dyed hair, no heavy mascara or lip salve to worry the make-up operator each morning when she arrives for work!

Only fifteen minutes is necessary for Evelyn to make herself ready for the set. Her hair is parted in the middle, combed off her forehead and caught in a large knot low at the neck. An orange toned grease paint is used and covered with an ochre powder. Just a touch of lip-salve and only a dash of blue eye-shadow and she is ready for the day's work.

Evelyn with her poise and charm, her beauty, her super-trained intellect, her talent and her clear vision into the future and what she wants from life, sums up the girl of future generations—a girl born fifty years before her time.

Films Across the Sea

(Continued from page 31)

idea of making films in England is going to appeal strongly to many of our stars. It must be very nice to work just outside of London all day, then come into town and play about in the most charming night life existent. Not so gay as Paris, not so noisy as New York, not so shocking as Berlin (pre-Hitler) but smartly sartorial and consistently courteous night life. I can't imagine anyone working over the week-end there. One just naturally dashes to the country. Lunch at the White Hart in Windsor. Roast lamb, mint sauce and green peas. Eton Boys. Long legs and high hats. Windsor Castle, towering in ancient gray tolerance above the emerald green meadows which lead to the River Thames.

HHEY there, Janis! What's all this? Thought you were a Californian! Sorry old Deah! for 'alf a mo 'Hi was jolly well waivin me Union Jack. Eh Bien! Nous pouvons tres bien déjeuner à Paris si vous voulez! Zere ees verrry beeg Arreoplane leave Croyden

at ze hour of ten and we lunch een ze Bois du Boulogne, at Armenonville, Ah! j'aimerai bien si—excuse me folks, I guess I'm feeling a bit of wanderlust, but getting back to Hollywood and what England has to offer our stars, I can think of plenty. The catch will come, however, when J. Bull takes his share of the income before they take the boat for home, and then Uncle Sam says, "What about something for the family?" They will have a glorious time socially, because in no other country does the man or woman of the hour find so many delightful places to spend it in, but I would say that they will find themselves starting to work to get the egg that goes with the small piece of bacon which they manage to bring home.

One thing is certain, we have been able to take great talent from England because J. Bull wouldn't or couldn't pay. They are now evening the score by recognizing ability and artistry that we couldn't see. This same maker of great films Alexander Korda, was in Hollywood for months.

Films Across the Sea

He may have had the vision of "Henry the Eighth" and "Catherine the Great" even then, but I'm sure that among other things they told him, which must have hurt and finally sent him away, was that the Public wouldn't go to costume pictures. Now, between Cleopatra, Queen Christina, and Joan of Arc, all being filmed, Mr. Korda should get a nice little chuckle when he hears that practically every studio is "shooting" some kind of queen in costume. There seems to be a shortage of king stories. Maybe they feel that Mr. Charles Laughton as Henry the Eighth did just about all one could do, royally speaking. I still want to see John Barrymore do King Richard. Perhaps I'll suggest it to England for Mr. Korda! "Quiet Janis! You're just trying to stir up trouble." No! I'm not. Besides it's already stirred and I think it's swell.

OPPPOSITION is stimulating. All the time I've lived amidst the stars of the screen I have listened to their complaints about stories. They didn't believe in them, but they eventually played in them for the obvious reason that there was no alternative if they wanted to be seen in the first class theaters. They couldn't say, "If you don't get me a better story I'll go to England." The answer would have undoubtedly been, "Go! Just let your fans get a look at you under that British lighting and you'll come back wagging your close-ups behind you!" The high and mighty hands of the American Picture Industry have made some pretty stupid gestures in the past, because they were so secure in the knowledge that though they might be wrong there wasn't much danger of foreign producers being right. Perhaps there still is no real danger. Perhaps England will just make a great picture now and then and not establish a definite American market, but there is no doubt about the interest that is being shown by American producers, players and, more important, exhibitors. Where there is "interest," there is principal.

I would hate to see the British stars whom we have learned to love return to the Old Country, yet no one could blame them if they find that they can be as well presented over there. That double income tax works both ways. Uncle Sam says, "Must you go home? How much have you made?" J. Bull says, "Welcome Home! How much have you brought?" Any place you go you're working for some government so the thing to do is find out where you can get the most fun for the amount of your money they allow you to keep; then, if not satisfied, just work less.

When you read of one of your favorites signing a new contract to make two or three pictures a year at seventy-five thousand dollars each, remember that if she or he made six at the same figure the other three would be virtually made for George W. Internal Revenue. A nice chap and we'd all like to see him get along. Yes, indeed! Well along! I shall never be one to know the agony of handing over sixty per cent of a five hundred thousand dollar contract.

(Please turn to page 88)

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES



**THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES
USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!**

● BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or flatters it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

FREE

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Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

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Address.....

City..... State.....

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(5)

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Amazing New Discovery For Light Hair Perfected!

An almost magical way has been found to *increase and intensify* the special allure of the Blonde Girl. To enable you to attract as never before, if you're blonde... *with the golden shimmer of your hair!*

Science has found a way to marvelously enhance the beauty and *fascination* of light hair. Even when it is dull and faded-looking, to *restore* its real blonde color and lustre!

No matter how lovely your hair is now, this discovery will make it lovelier... give it a dazzling gloss and sheen... make you a golden magnet of feminine appeal.

Win and Hold Men

It is called Trublond. Try it just once. It is **SAFE**—not a dye. Simply acts to bring out the *natural hidden color*, golden light and fluffiness to your hair. And when hair has darkened and become streaked, Trublond quickly brings back its original color and sparkle.

You use it like an ordinary shampoo. Get a package of Trublond—for a few cents at any drug or department store or at the 10c stores. Begin using your blonde charm to the utmost!



Films Across the Sea

(Continued from page 87)

sand dollar income. Really we don't realize how much we have to be thankful for, we new poor!

IN 1928, when talking pictures were in their infancy and everybody's hair, I had lunch at the Carlton Hotel in London with three gentlemen who are now heads of the industry over there and I imagine, pretty much a part of that twenty million that is to be spent. We talked of the possibility that I might be able to direct, write, act, and a few other odd jobs. They were just about to start making talkies. I, having come from California, was supposed to know something about the latest miracle from America. I knew just enough to advise that they try to call back some of the British directors. I named one, Edmund Goulding, who was starting what developed into a series of wonderful pictures. "I'm sure Eddie would like to help," I said, knowing my Goulding.

"But," said the gentlemen, "he wants so much money!"

"Yes," I agreed, "that's why he is in Hollywood; but he knows all the tricks and, believe me, these new flickers should be called the trickies."

The lunch was excellent, the gentlemen were charming, but I did not see them again. I might add that there was also some slight mention of my salary.

AT that time there were comparatively few successful British stars. They arrived with sound. It was quite all right, in the old silent days, for the hero, Sir Marmaduke Wetwhistle, to mouth the subtitle, "How are you, Duke? Welcome to Chichester Towers, I trust you are feeling fit." Our hero looked English, his clothes were from Bond Street, but when the sound track ground out, "How're Dook? Welcome to Chichester towers, trust yere feelin' fit," it was time to think about the English market. Englishmen who had languished joblessly in casting offices were suddenly rushed into dukedoms. Elocution teachers, dialogue directors, singing maestros and deep breathing experts swarmed into Hollywood with a buzz of broad A's to teach Americans how to speak English. There was a great to-do about the British invasion.

It didn't take us long to balance things. We drenched the silver sheets with gangster pictures. The dukes went back to the casting offices and spent their spare moments learning to speak American. In England they

stopped laughing at our English and settled down to studying American home life as depicted on the screen. Chicago, they learned, was really our greatest city, certainly the richest because no one apparently ever killed eight or nine people without getting a hundred thousand grand. They couldn't understand what these important people said, but it was obvious that, though their manners were somewhat crude, their marksmanship was perfect. And it was all so typically Yankee!

That's over now, thanks to talkies and radio. England and America are beginning to understand each other, that is, as much as relations ever can. Personally I expect to see a great exchange of artists, writers, directors and arguments between the countries in the next few years.

Charles Laughton has returned to Hollywood. That's one for our side. Because Leslie Howard occupies my house in Beverly Hills I know to my sorrow that he is returning to England in a few weeks. That is certainly one for their side and one on my chin. He will come back, however; they all do in time. And so, too I hope, will Madeleine Carroll, who starred in "I Was a Spy." They leave Hollywood saying they are fed up with pictures, studios, supervisors and even sunshine. I honestly believe it is the latter which brings them back. Whatever it is, I'm all for our transatlantic stars. Having been one I know the stimulation of playing in two or three countries. You don't get tired of them and they don't get tired of you. A rolling stone may gather no moss, but a traveling star certainly gathers better contracts.

So here's to Films Across the Sea! Mussolini has put his sock of approval on the building of a Hollywood in Italy. Il Duce may think he has had problems before, but wait until he starts telling Movie stars they must have babies! Babies mean time and time means money. Money at time of going to press still seems to be very much talked about. I think I'll try raising some—money, not babies—and use it to fight a bill fathered by one Congressman Dickstein. He wants to keep all alien actors out of this country, unless they can establish their qualifications to the satisfaction of the Federal Government. By the time anyone established anything to the satisfaction of same, they would be too old for pictures anyway.

I had better stop before I get into politics. I know too many people who wish they had.

NEXT MONTH

Next month NEW MOVIE will bring you the fascinating story of Fred Astaire, light-footed dancing comedian who is taking Hollywood by storm. A new kind of picture personality! Friend of royalty, spending half his time in the smart London revues and the other half in Hollywood, Fred Astaire is a coming star. You will be intensely interested in what he has to say to you.

The Real Mae West

(Continued from page 28)

and easy ways, her staff addresses her always as "Miss West." She's very particular about that. Those who work for her are her friends always. She gives them loans if they are hard up. She makes their sorrows hers. But they must keep their distance—professionally.

Her response to those suffering from the trials and tribulations of life is as real as it is spontaneous. She has never lost her interest in the plight of the girls she met during her visit to Welfare Island.

In her dressing room one day I asked her if she would recall any kindnesses she has done for women. Her goodness to men out of jobs, to the people of the theater, is proverbial.

"I don't think so much of women," she said. "I can't think of anything I ever did for them—maybe I never have helped any."

As it happened, a young woman and an elderly man were ushered into her dressing room only five minutes later, and Miss West and the two of them went off into secret conclave. To make a long story short, the man was a doctor. The girl had made the acquaintance of Miss West on the Island, and had through unfortunate circumstances taken to relieving her sorrows with dope. Miss West had arranged some days previously to pay hospital expenses for a cure, but was eager to give the doctor the "once over" before putting the girl in his care.

Through long years in the show business, and her experience in dealing with all sorts and conditions of human beings, Miss West has learned to size up people in two minutes, and in her judgment of character she is shrewd, analytical and discerning.

HAVING launched herself on a career of writer, producer and star of her own plays, Miss West's next play was "Pleasure Man," followed by "Diamond Lil," one of the greatest theatrical hits of the past decade. It came to be written in a peculiar way. Coming home one night from the theater, bedecked and shining in her favorite jewels, Miss West was stopped at the desk of her hotel by the manager.

"Excuse me, Miss West," he exclaimed, as brilliant, gay and saucy, she strutted provocatively into the foyer, "but you remind me of an old gal of mine."

"O-ooh?" said Miss West, ever ready to listen to a fellow's yarn.

"Yes," he said, "Diamond Lil, the pride of the Bowery, when I was a lad of parts."

And he launched forth into a description of this notorious gal, easy to get, hard to forget, who claimed men's hearts and wore their diamonds.

Mae West became very curious about this gay and gaudy lady of the romantic nineties who lived in the heart of the elderly hotel manager, as the most glamorous and alluring being he had ever known. He had a trunk full of photographs, gewgaws and mementoes of the unscrupulous, seductive dame who lived and loved on the Bowery.

"Diamond Lil," dead these many (Please turn to page 90)

HELEN STOPS A WANDERING EYE



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The Real Mae West

(Continued from page 89)

years, began to live again in the imagination of Mae West, and day by day the rowdy, restless, roisterous, unregenerate lady with passion unrestrained, became Diamond Lil as we know her on the stage today, blonde, buxom and bejewelled, with wisecracks on her tongue, a promise in her eyes, and no mercy in her heart. Opulent of bosom, waspish of waist, and with those curving hips which have become the fashion, Diamond Lil embarked upon her professional career of luring and outsmarting men a la Mae West.

With the success of "Diamond Lil," Mae West was on the top of the world. Her sallies, "You can be had," and "Come up and see me sometime," were on every tongue, and the clientele of the Mae West show was the most chic and smartest in town. She became the toast of the Gay White Way.

Miss West is five feet four inches tall and weighs 116 pounds. The transformation into the buxom shapeliness required for Diamond Lil exacted of her a strict regime. She had to eat her way to success in order to acquire that superabundance of curves—danger ahead! Diamond Lil—in fact all the beauties of her day—were Junoesque.

With 160 pounds as her goal, she wore a specially constructed boned corset which brought her waist in and her hips out, designed and executed by no less a personage than the maker of Lillian Russell's inimitable armor.

Mae West was playing on the stage when her mother died. Schooled in the tradition of the theater—"the play must go on"—she went ahead with her evening's performance. Hard-boiled? When the final curtain went down, a physician had to be sent for to revive her. Overcome by grief and emotion they found Miss West on the floor of her dressing room unconscious.

Miss West loves opulence and richness and gaudiness, in some things. Her clothes are simple but striking, and her jewels, round her throat, at her breast and on her fingers, and up to her arms, are the last word in lavish display. She loves jewels, and one of her real sorrows occurred while in California when she lost one of her most prized possessions. A hold-up man saw fit to relieve her of her favorite pendant—a champagne bottle in diamonds which she wore suspended from a diamond necklace. She was wrathful with that bandit, who forced the door of her limousine in front of her Holly-

wood apartment. With a pistol at her ribs, she judged this was one of the men who couldn't be had. However, she gave him a piece of her mind, along with the pendant.

Miss West made her debut in Hollywood unostentatiously. Without any heralding or fanfare of trumpets, she went to Hollywood a year and a half ago under contract for a comparatively small part in the picture "Night After Night." She felt that by her performance in that production she would stand or fall in pictures. She asked permission to write her own dialogue, with the result that as the glittering lady whose diamonds were irreconcilable to goodness, she was acclaimed as the hit of the film. And in her next production, "She Done Him Wrong," an adaptation of "Diamond Lil," she was not only catapulted to stardom, but was the reason the picture was the biggest box-office sensation of the year.

In Hollywood she lives simply, in an apartment near the studio, with her brother. She takes part in none of the Hollywood gaieties, spending her time out of the studio writing her dialogue for the current production and preparing the script of the next. Her new one is "It Ain't No Sin." She never misses any of the fights, and Cary Grant, who has accompanied her to some of them, is amazed at the warmth and geniality she brings to the ringside where invariably she greets a host of friends.

"All sorts they are," said Cary Grant on a recent visit to New York. "And she is as interested in them, though she may not have seen them for years, as though she'd been palling around with them the day before. She is interested in human beings, that's the secret of her popularity with them. I don't believe women can appreciate that quality in her."

Miss West's feeling for literature is, like all people whose education has been of their own choosing, spasmodic. But she has a library of biographies of which she is justly proud. It contains the lives of all the great women in history. She hates fiction, because, she says, "I can do my own dreaming; I want to know things that are real."

She likes to portray bad women, she says, because "that's the only kind of women people are interested in. Can you remember any of the good women in history? I can't—only Betsy Ross, and all she could make was a flag!"

Letters Condemning Mae's Influence

(Continued from page 33)

practically the whole public.

Robert J. Hill, Dayton, O.—Her talks and lyrics are in many cases an affront and insult to good morals. We are not all perfect morally, but the trend of civilization is for the improvement of morals. Why go backward just to attract those that have not advanced with civilization?

Mrs. John Feehan, Hamden, Conn.—Seeing her picture is much like going to a circus—go once and you know

just what to expect thereafter. Personally I prefer the circus.

Mrs. J. R. Garrison, Knobnoster, Mo.—When one's five-year-old child comes from kindergarten calling, "Yuh kin be had," that's a little more than one can swallow at any time.

Leslie Morton, West Hartlepool, England.—To all conservative people Mae West must appear an unorthodox novelty who is anything but an influence for good.

Letters Condemning Mae's Influence

John Portrum, Columbia, S. C.—Women, in an attempt to imitate her, may resort to the gaudy in both dress and jewelry.

Mae Jones, Philadelphia, Pa.—It is a standard rule in our house that the children, fourteen, seventeen and nineteen, are not to go to any pictures that Mae West appears in. I do so want them to have higher ideals and a little more refinement than they would see paraded before them in any of her pictures. Privately she may be wonderful, but her pictures are just plain vulgar, cheap and disgusting.

These People Have Nothing but Praise

(Continued from page 33)

Mrs. Grace Estes, Clarkston, Ga.—Mae West is to the theater-going public what a bright rattle is to a baby, a fairy story and circus to a kid, puppy love to the youngsters.

Betty Virtue Fallin, Medford, Ore.—Who, of the intelligentsia of America, would be morally influenced by a couple of hours at the cinema?

Mrs. R. L. Moreno, Tucson, Ariz.—There are distinctly bad influences in pictures. Among the worst are drunkenness and glorifying gangsters. I have attended every Mae West picture shown in this city, and she hasn't had any such "stuff" as these two things, or been the proverbial "home-wrecker."

Mrs. Ruth Christensen, Catoosa, Okla.—She is a tangy, bitey, phizzy tonic for a depression-ridden people.

Miss Maud O'Bryan, New Orleans, La.—Her antics provide a much needed tonic for over-romanticism and mush, and insidious suggestiveness.

Norman Robertson, Seattle, Wash.—Mae West is a great entertainer. There is a dash of tabasco in her entertainment just as there is a dash of it in her personality. When a personality can make the clothing industry on two continents put on curves, many people are put to work. Incidentally, the wives of two continents get new clothes.

Give and Take

(Continued from page 45)

Jeanette MacDonald, W. C. Fields, Lupe Velez, Charles Laughton, Marie Dressler, Clark Gable, Katharine Hepburn, Jack Oakie.

Stock: Louise Fazenda, Joan Bennett, Nat Pendleton, Edward Everett Horton, Marjorie Rambeau, ZaSu Pitts, Ginger Rogers, Walter Connolly, Beryl Mercer, Warner Oland, Herbert Marshall, Charles Ruggles, Alison Skipworth, Genevieve Tobin, Stepin Fetchit.

TWENTY-TWO stars appeared, twenty-eight disappeared during the past year. The success of Jean Muir is significant. Along with Margaret Sullivan, Jean Parker, Ruby Keeler, Frances Dee, she reflects the naturalness and unretouched beauty of America's youngest generation.

(Please turn to page 92)

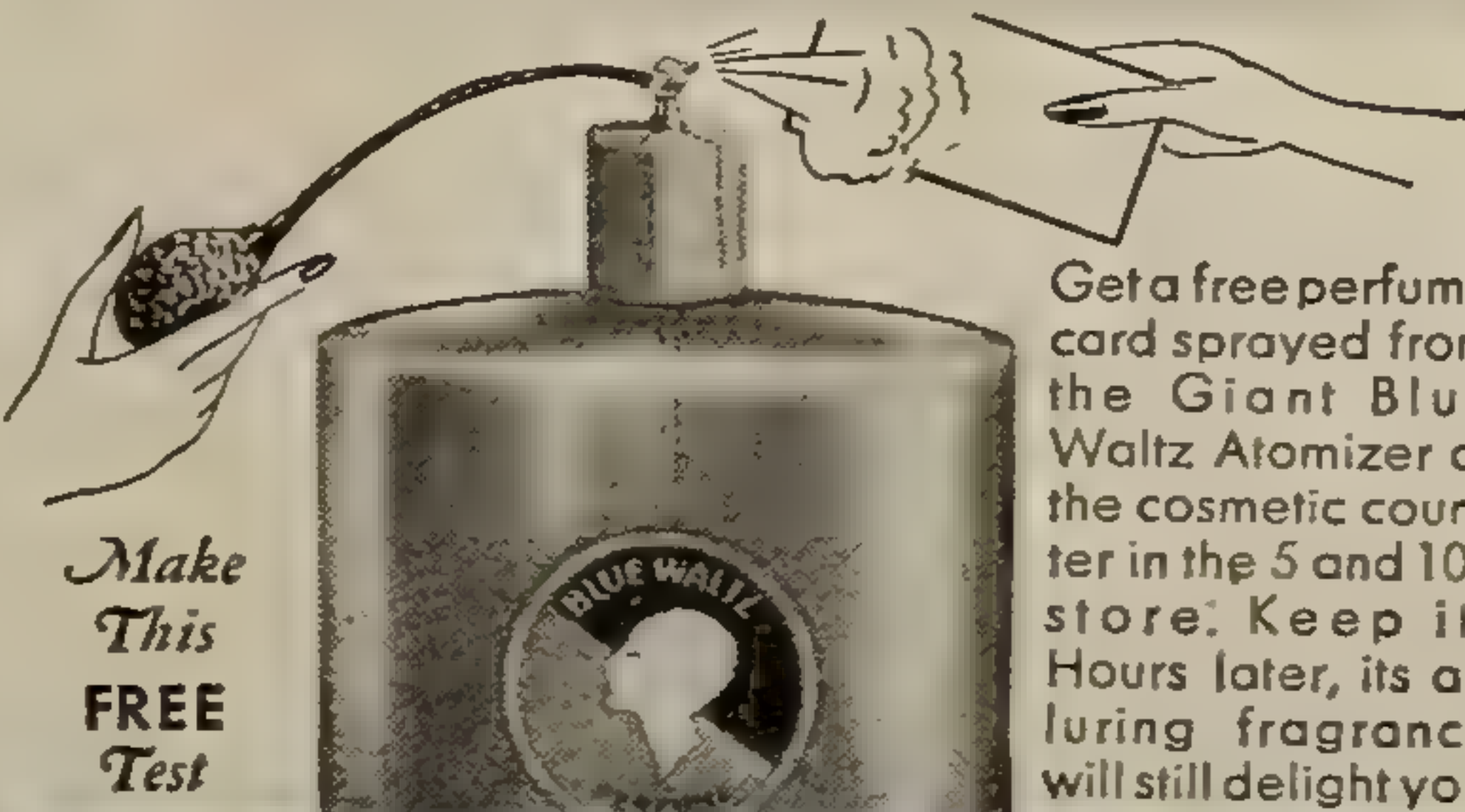
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THOSE WHO
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To be completely lovely your makeup must be flawless throughout... so begin with Blue Waltz Face Powder, a satin-soft, delicately smooth powder that blends perfectly with your skin... then let one of the four exciting new shades of Blue Waltz Indelible Lipstick add sweet allure to your lips... finally, for lingering loveliness, a touch of enchanting Blue Waltz Perfume.

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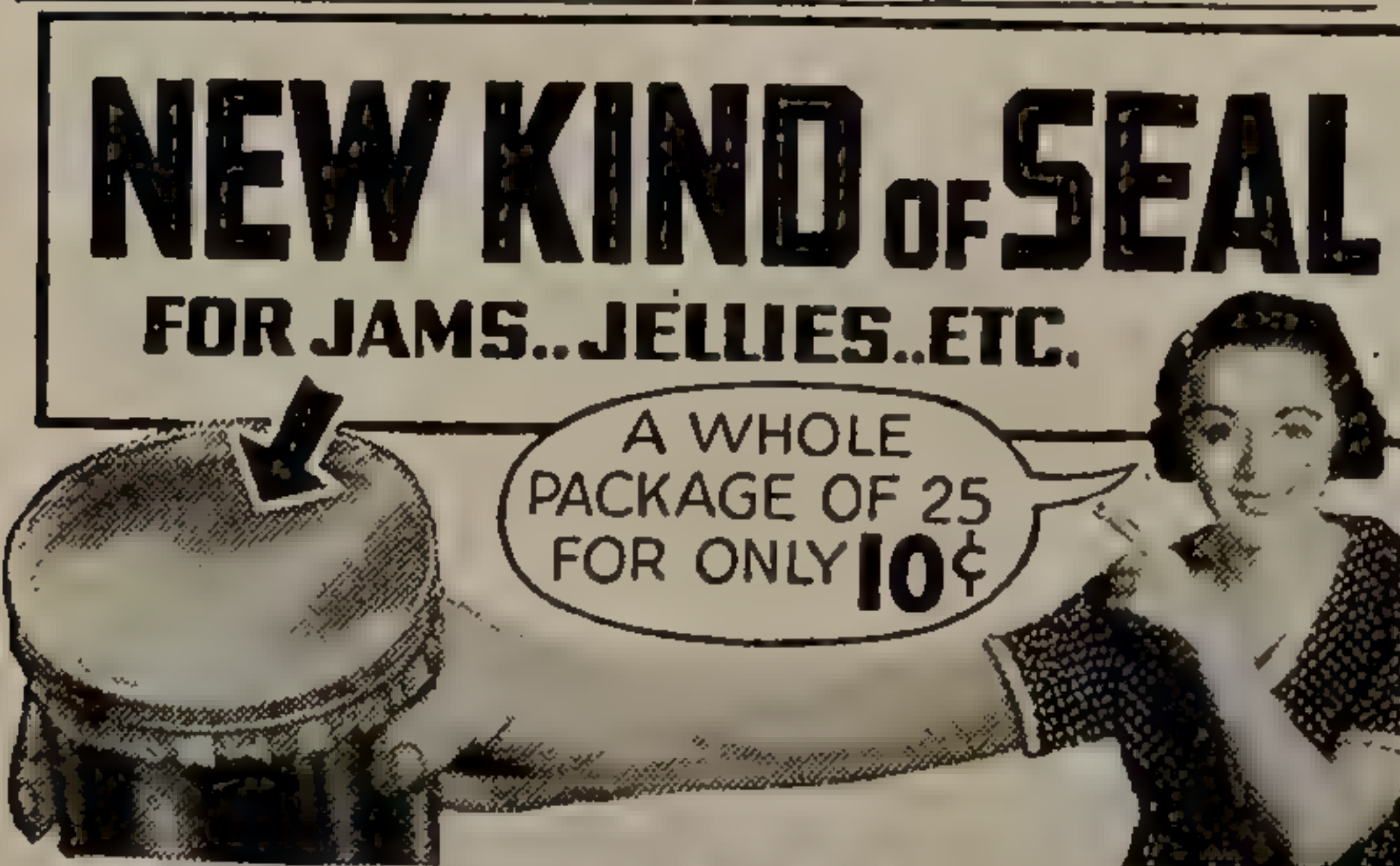
Peg Gets REALLY Kissed



Have the same "lip appeal" that the movie stars and Broadway actresses have. Use the same lipstick! It is the new **KISS-PROOF** Indelible Lipstick—*Special Theatrical Color*! This lipstick is so wonderful, it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing rooms of the Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! Price is no object here—but the experts have found that inexpensive **KISSPROOF** gives matchless allure to the actresses. It will do the same for you.

Use it tonight! You will be thrilled! You can get it in all shades, including the new *Special Theatrical Color*, at any toilet goods counter and at the 10c stores.

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At Many Woolworth and Other 5c and 10c Stores or Your Neighborhood Store

Give and Take

(Continued from page 91)

There are older stars, of course, who have the quality, notably Kay Francis. I predict it won't be long before the posey gargoyled mamas with the blubber lips, broom lashes and curlicue brows will be as forgotten as ladies who wore rats in their hair and bird cage bustles.

CLARK GABLE threatens to turn Indian too. His favorite retreat is Lake Pyramid on an Indian reservation in Nevada. He says he intends to retire there but Mrs. Gable says they have bought a ranch in the San Diego mountains so maybe us Cupas can get him to join our tribe. Squaws are all a-twitter.

RIGHT Off the Chest:

Why doesn't some producer sign my favorite songstress, who is none other than Rosa Ponselle?

When a star goes to Europe or anywhere else for more than two weeks she has to stage a come-back.

Cagney is turning on the personality a little too strong; needs to get inside another character as in "Winner Take All."

Bette Davis sometimes suggests the beautiful bisque doll that walks, talks, opes orbs.

A Tarzan scream of approval for Lupe Velez' Slim Girl in "Laughing Boy."

Little Columbia has outpaced the big league companies in quality of productions.

Where has Eddie Quillan gone?—a fine young comedian.

Story suggestion for alert producer: "Mr. President" based on Ike Hoover's memoirs in the Post; W. C. Fields for President, Louise Fazenda for First Lady.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS at 39 and Ramon Novarro at 35 are star veterans. Dick has blazed for fifteen years, Ramon for thirteen. There are many stars older in years—the Barrymores, Colman, Beery... Stardom is no longer bounded by age limits. But

both Dick and Ramon have excelled in youth portrayals. When I congratulated Ramon on assignment to play Kipling's "Kim," he said, "It's marvelous, but how long can I get by playing boys?" Fortunately both Barthelmess and Novarro have swell alternatives. Dick would make a corking producer, and producers are needed more than stars. Novarro is rapidly making the whole world his concert stage. Each is distinguished by the loyalty of his following.

I'M getting pretty tired of being told that the reason stars have to make such enormous salaries is that they have to live so much better than the rest of us. Stars must keep up a front, they say, while writers for example, may starve in garrets without loss of prestige (I'd trade prestige for a bird and a bottle any time). To keep up the front a star must have a mansion, servants, sixty suits and almost as many cars. Unhuh, say I, have you ever seen Greta careening around in her Lincoln?—the original Lincoln, I mean, the one Abe drove. Stepin Fetchit had three cars full of servants but the front set him back. In my opinion the only front worth keeping up is Mae West's.

HOLLYWOOD is the deserted village so far as movie folks are concerned. They have migrated to Beverly Hills, Brentwood, Bel Air, Westwood, Santa Monica. The only celebrities left are those who want to get away from it all—Peter the Hermit and Ronnie Colman. The latest trek is over the trail blazed by Father Serra into San Fernando valley. Everyone is buying a ranch (piece of ground large enough for house and geranium). Among the rancheros of San Fernando are Paul Muni, Charlie Ruggles, Lewis Stone, Francis Lederer, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee. And Mae West says she will soon move over. I think there should be some final ceremony when Mae's glittering swan bed goes swaying over the trail of the padres.

New Movie's Awards

(Continued from page 40)

choices more significant than those which might possibly be made by any single group especially selected to give such judgments.

It is noteworthy that the balloting ignored those films of last year about which the flame of controversy burned brightly, if briefly; and that the performers who received the largest number of votes were not those who have been the centers of a more or less constant publicity. It would seem that the theater-goers represented in this poll have been more impressed by beauty and dignity, both in story and acting, than by sensationalism.

So, without further preamble, The New Movie Magazine presents "the people's choice:—"

BEST ALL AROUND FEATURE—"Dinner at Eight." This noteworthy

production of M-G-M with its notable cast, including as it did Madge Evans, Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, the Barrymores and Wallace Beery, among others, led in the voting all the way. Its nearest competitor for the honor was "Cavalcade."

BEST PERFORMANCE (Actress)—Katharine Hepburn was selected in this division. The dynamic actress had more than one opportunity, during the year, to add cubits to her professional stature, but it was particularly her work in "Little Women" which brought her many votes, according to the comment which accompanied the ballots. Other high-rating stars were Helen Hayes, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford.

BEST PERFORMANCE (Actor)—Fredric March. He maintained a high

New Movie's Awards

quality of work in all of his 1933 vehicles, but NEW MOVIE readers were particularly swayed by his acting in "The Sign of the Cross." Leslie Howard, Lionel Barrymore and Nils Asther were others whose performances brought them near-top ranking.

BEST MUSICAL PICTURE—"Forty-Second Street." This tuneful spectacle of Warner Brothers seems to have been a national favorite, judging from the number of votes it received. Two others also frequently mentioned were "Footlight Parade" and "Gold Diggers of 1933."

BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE—"Little Women," RKO's masterpiece of 1933, had very little competition in this division. The picturization of Louisa M. Alcott's old story of New England home life seems to have been the most uniformly popular film the year brought forth. Among the thousands of letters received, about this picture, not one was touched with criticism.

BEST MYSTERY PICTURE—"The Kennel Murder Case." Warner Brothers seemed to have done a popular thing when they returned William Powell as the erudite detective "Philo Vance." Among other thriller films which also were frequently voted for were "The Invisible Man" and "The Mystery of the Wax Museum."

BEST ROMANCE—"Only Yesterday," produced by Universal. The selection of this picture, which brought Margaret Sullavan to stardom, proves perhaps that people do not demand happy endings in their film entertainment. A simple love story, provocative of tears rather than smiles, it drew great popular approval.

BEST COMEDY—"Duck Soup" (Paramount). The tomfooleries of the four Marx Brothers, which brought a harvest of laughter, also impelled a host of votes and entrenched the film in first place in its division.

BEST SHORT FILM—"The Three Little Pigs." Walt Disney's masterpiece in color, which had the nation screaming and which made the Big, Bad Wolf a household pet, was one of the biggest film events of the year.

BEST NEWSREELS—Paramount. The voting in this classification did not have reference to the picturization of any particular news event, but covered the average run of newsreel releases during the year.

BEST DIRECTION—Frank Capra for "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." It is sometimes believed that movie audiences are more or less insensible to this technical phase of picture-making which is known as "direction," but there is no doubt that they easily recognize something behind acting excellence in all good films. The voting brought forth the titles of a large number of the best remembered films of 1933, but leading the way was "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."

BEST STORY—"Little Women." The familiarity of practically all of the present generation with this book accounts, no doubt, for the selection of this story for the gold medal. It has been popular for so many decades that it spans all age ranges, and a vote for it was apparently considered as a vote for a household friend.

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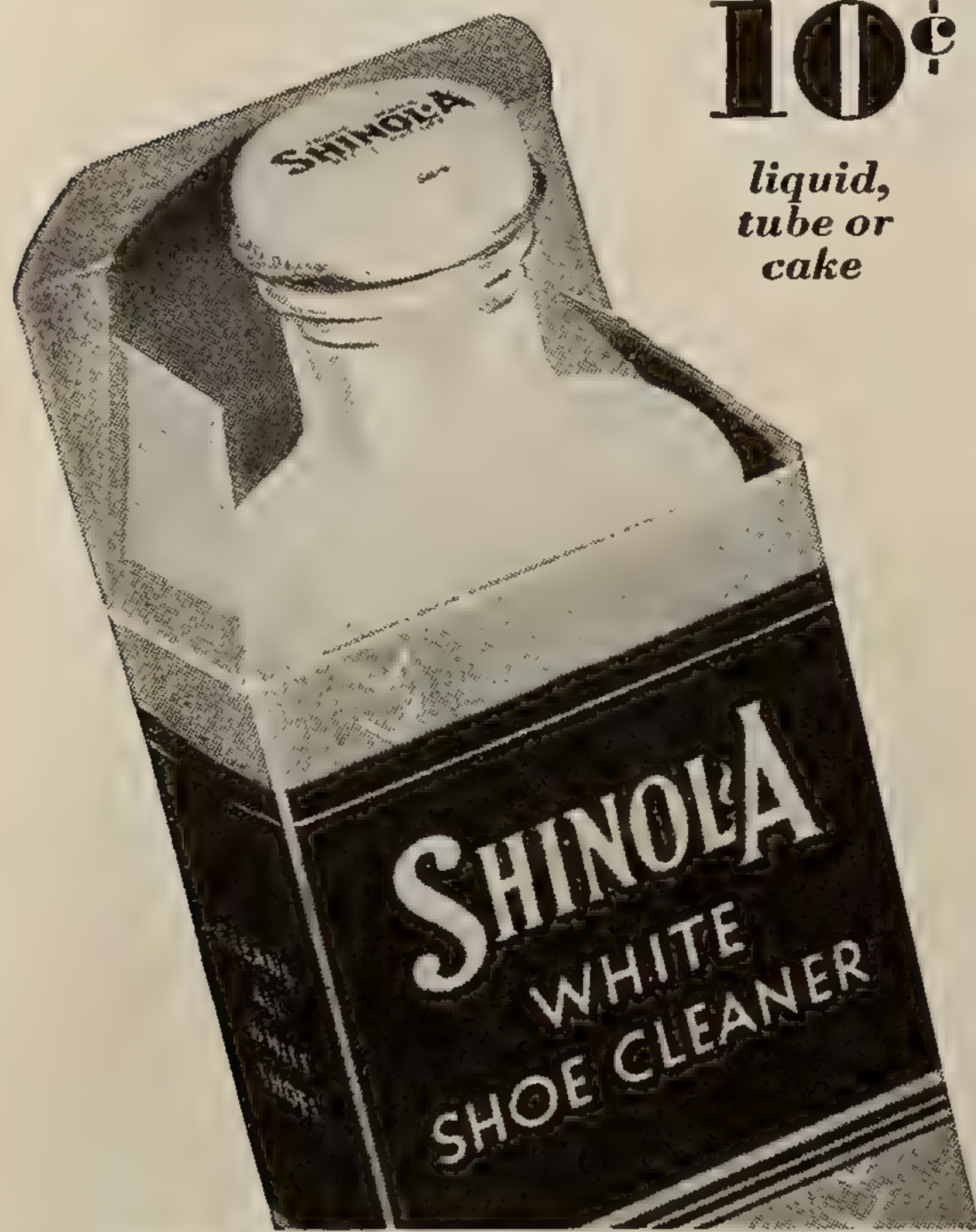
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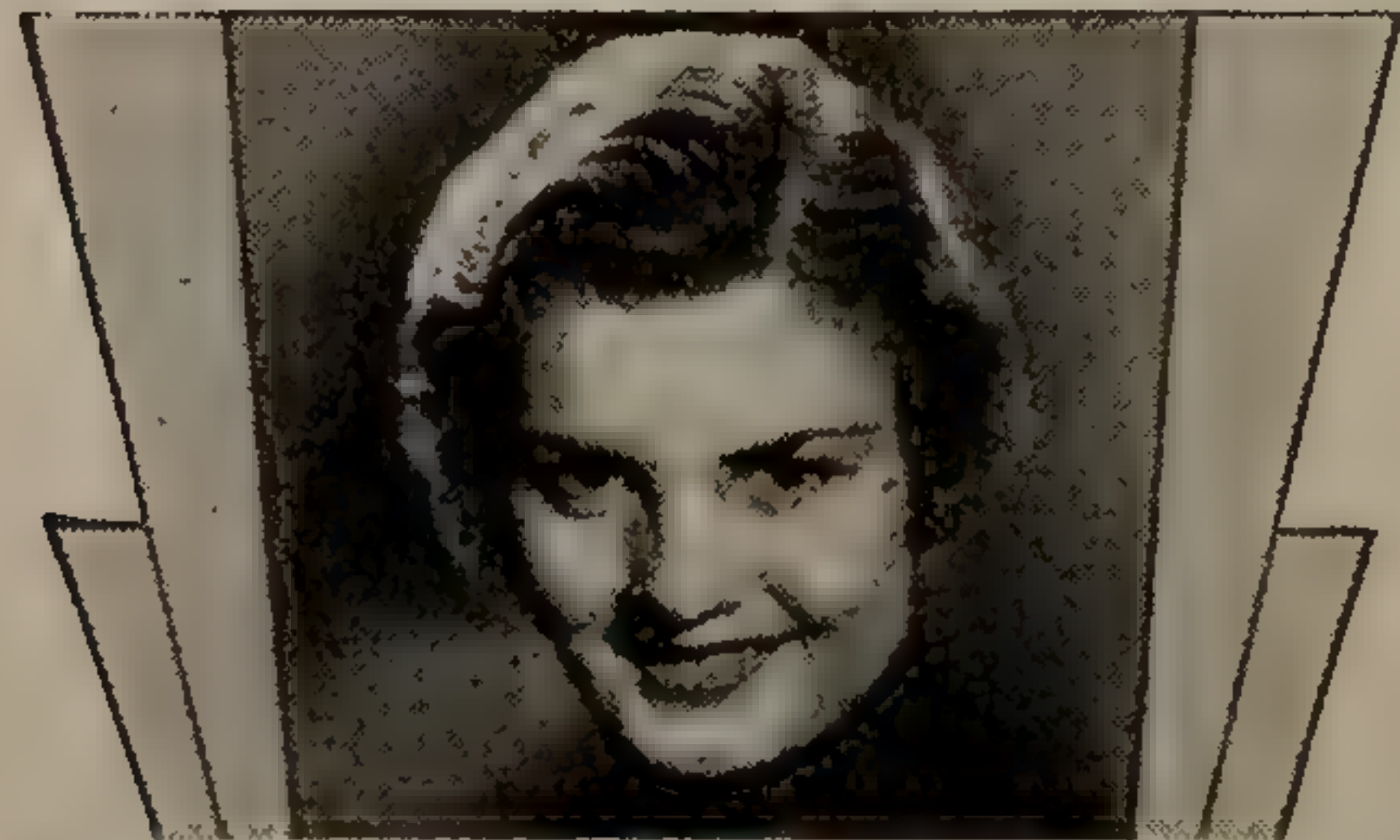
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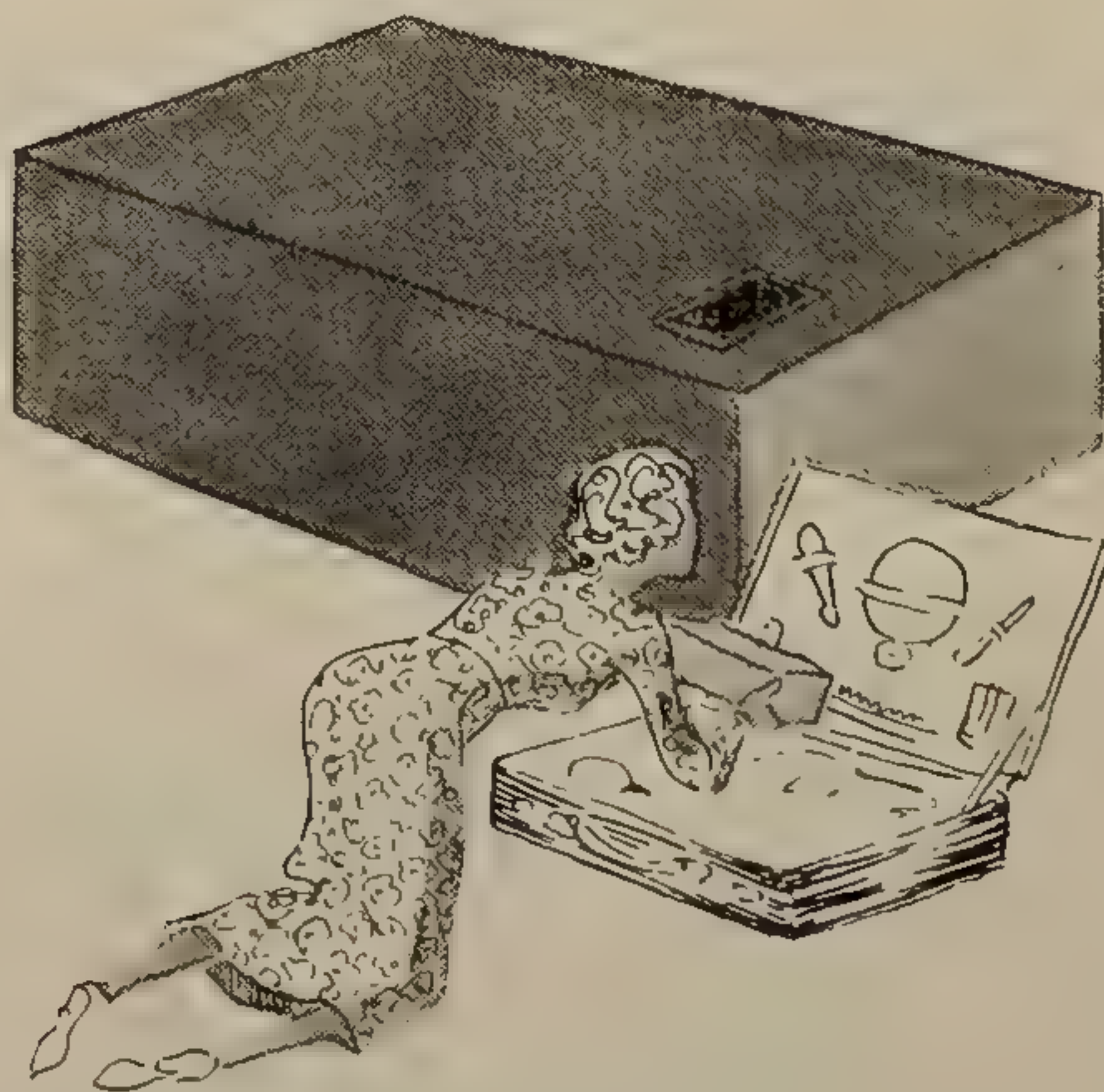
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The MAKE-UP BOX

WE wish there were room enough to picture *all* the thrilling things that came to the Beauty Department this month... a fat green and white jar of cucumber emulsion for sallow skin... a tiny bottle of perfume with a cool fresh fragrance designed for warm weather... a white glazed piqué beach kit trimmed with blue containing sunburn cream and sensitive skin cream, with an ample space for comb and dark glasses.

DID you ever notice how dry and chapped your lips become during summer months? Sun and salt water intensify this condition but there are two new kinds of pomade which come in green or red lipstick-like containers... one is white and the other a blush rose. Use them to correct chapped dry lips and remove all traces of indelible lip rouge.



WOULDN'T you like a personal complexion analysis by Hollywood's famous make-up expert? He will select for you the color harmony which is individually yours, which harmonizes with your complexion and emphasizes your personality. What you do is to fill out a questionnaire in which you tell all (about the color of your eyes, hair, complexion, skin texture, and so on). Then you are told exactly what make-up is correct for your type. Armed with this knowledge, you dash out and purchase the color harmony ensemble. It's a treasure chest of everything your heart desires... a huge jar of melting cleansing cream, finely textured face powder, a bottle of spicy skin freshener, eyebrow pencil, eye shadow and mascara, a superindelible lipstick. When Pandora opened her magic box, she could have been no less excited than when we opened ours.

THE young lady pictured above may be lacking in smart apparel, but she's certainly not lacking in hot weather beauty aids. The jars, bottles and boxes which she is contemplating, while whisking a towel about her, are shown in their new summer dress... pale peach and tropical orange with masses of tropical flowers and



capped in sun-orange. Bathing, today, may be a dull routine or an enjoyable luxury. Bathe in water softened and scented by a handful of bath salts from the great plump bottle; step from the tub and pat on toilet water which leaves your body as fresh as early clover; then fluff on the chiffon-fine bath powder to prolong the cool sensation. More detailed information about these glorious bath products may be found in this month's beauty circulars. Want one?

GOLF players welcomed these products for foot-relief with loud huzzahs! But there's no reason why young mothers who find Junior's baby carriage outings a bit tiring, or even enthusiastic beauty editors who raise an occasional blister in their quest for beauty news, shouldn't use them too! One is a tube of medicated salve which when massaged in will cool the feet, quell pain, and reduce swelling. Then there's a special cuticle softener which does things for the old corns or callouses, if you are so afflicted. One treatment is as refreshing to the feet as a mint julep on a summer's day.



If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 15)

LUNCH, we'll skip. But, along about dinner time, it wouldn't make us a bit mad if Mrs. Purnell Pratt invited us to another of her famous baked bean banquets.

She gave one the other night in honor of George Cohan's daughter, Helen, and everyone, including the Princess Pignatelli, did complete justice to the lowly, but exalted bean.

WOULDN'T you expect to find at least a white peacock stalking majestically about the front lawn of Connie Bennett's ultra-swank Beverly Hills home? Wouldn't you?

Well, walk through Connie's gate and page Mister Ripley! Because, there against the front wall nestles a plain, ordinary chicken coop, occupied by some twenty plain, ordinary, prospective Sunday dinners!

HOLLYWOOD! . . . Land of Bally-hoo . . . inhabited by worshippers of the Golden Cow . . . and shooters of the Brass Bull. . . .

Out here, there is no reason for anything. The unexpected always happens. Even the weather is inconsistent. It never rains—except on rare occasions when it pours for three or four weeks at a time—and the sun always shines. . . .

Hollywood! . . . where ex-icemen are cast as princes . . . and genuine royalty swells the bread lines . . . or swap moth-eaten titles for "coffee-and" . . . via matrimony. . . .

On one set they were shooting a prison scene. Dark, cheerless cells lined the corridor. Haggard faces . . . white, hopeless . . . peered through the confining bars.

A black-robed chaplain fingered the crucifix that hung from about his neck, watching the scene with gentle, compassionate eyes. Stern-faced guards paced the enclosure.

All was ready. . . .

Suddenly, a derisive and unmistakable "Bronx cheer" split the silence.

"Who did that!" the director roared.

"Me." All eyes turned toward the gentle-visaged chaplain. "I done it," he admitted with remarkable nonchalance.

"Oh, you DID, did you?" snorted the director. "And, may I ask, WHY?"

"Because you're all wet," His Reverence announced calmly. "Whoever heard of a prison guard packin' a gat?"

Half a dozen "yes-men" started to roll up their sleeves but the director stopped them with an imperious gesture.

"Wait a minute!" he commanded. "I want to hear about this. Do you," he addressed the synthetic chaplain, "know what you are talking about?"

"I ought to," the man smiled modestly, "seein' as how I just finished a ten-yard stretch in San Quentin! And . . . in all that time, I never seen no guard packin' a cannon!"

(Please turn to page 96)

Your Grocery Store Clerk Is On the Job to See That You Are Served



ONE of the most obliging . . . one of the persons most necessary to your every-day existence, is the man behind the grocery store counter. Perhaps you've never especially thought about it—just taken him for granted. But what would you do without him?

As a shopping housewife, you no doubt recall some occasion on which a grocery clerk gave you special helpful or courteous service. For the best letters of 50 words or less, telling about your experiences, Tower Magazines is paying \$1,000.00 in cash this month. See pages 10 and 11 of this magazine for complete details—and mail your letter before September 15th!



This month's awards will be given to the best letters about friendly, helpful service in grocery stores.

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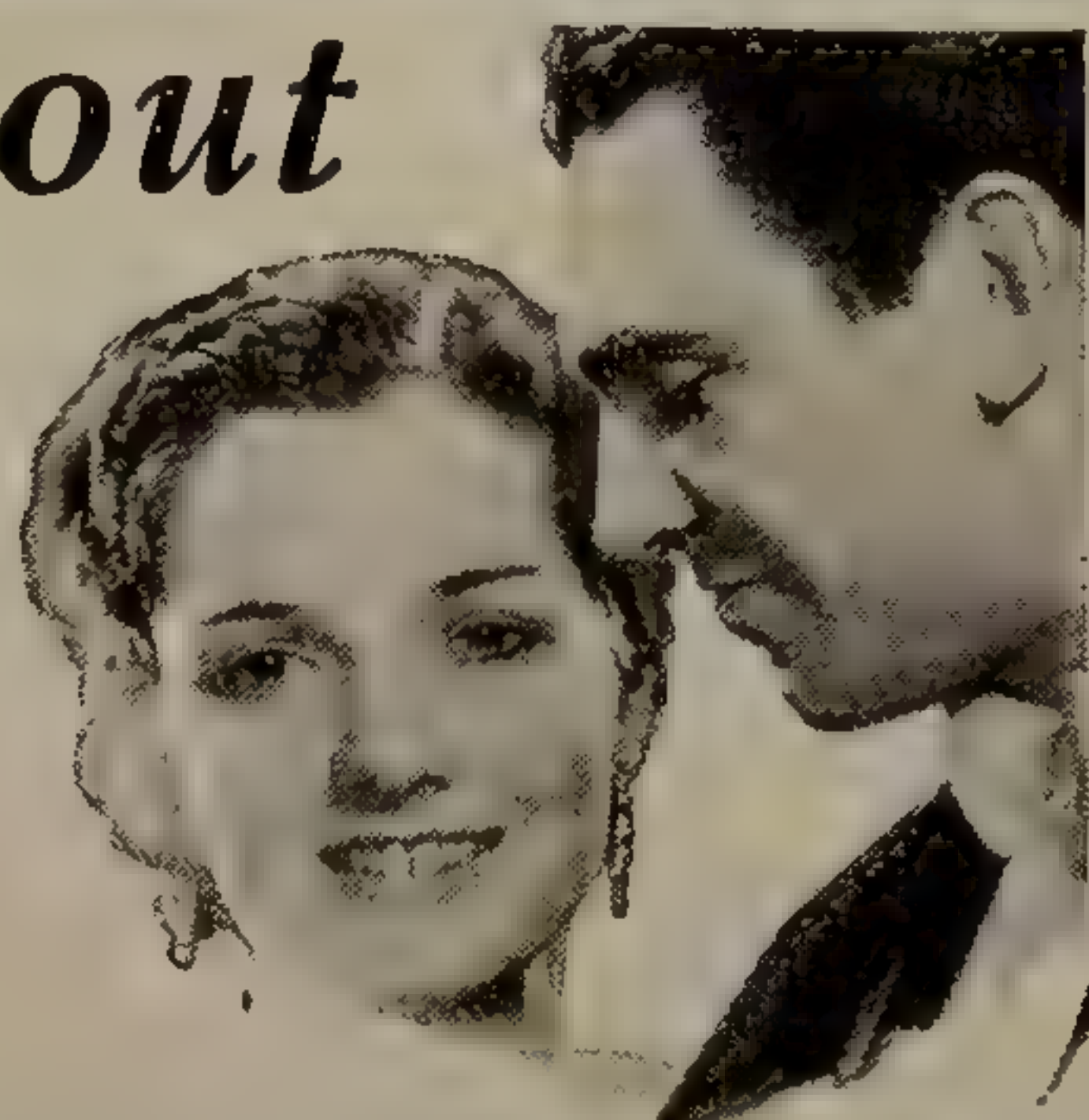
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Nadinola Bleaching Cream

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 95)

AND, was the reprehensible gentleman kicked off the set for his impertinence? Not much, he wasn't! Instead, the director slapped him on the back, had him installed as technical director for the duration of the picture, and saw to it that he received a nice weekly check for telling them just what was wrong, and what to do about it!

Yes . . . ten years is a long time in which to work up to the position of technical director. . . .

HONEST, folks, this is a crazy business. But, it's a poor day when you can't wade through the tears and heartaches to pick up at least one laugh.

Under the Extra Players' Code (Which Eddie Cantor, Ann Harding, Jimmy Cagney, and a host of other stars are defending so staunchly) is the stipulation that "the reading of a line, or lines," automatically boosts the usual seven-five-o check of the extra to twenty-five dollars. Ad libbing, however, does not come under this head.

On one set, the director picked a man from the extra ranks and instructed him to stand out of camera range and call stations as the "prop" train pulled into the depot.

"Not at these prices!" the man protested. "The Code says 'Twenty-five dollars for lines.'"

"But . . ." the director argued, "there aren't any lines. All you do when I give the signal, is shout: 'Berlin . . . Baden-Baden . . . any old thing, see? Just ad lib, for goodness sake!'"

"O. K., boss," the extra agreed finally. "Ad lib, it is!"

And, if it hadn't been a German train, pulling into a supposedly German station, what happened wouldn't have been so funny.

As it was, when the director signaled, our extra friend opened his mouth and bawled:

"Chicago! . . . Hollywood! . . . Schenectady . . . a-aa-and SANTA MONICA-AAA-A-AA . . . !!"

And, just to prove that some directors are regular fellows, the extra got his twenty-five dollars and a big laugh . . . in which the director joined!

MAYBE it's repeal. Or maybe Papa Mars is going two ways on a one-way orbit. Anyhow, the local lads were swapping hay-makers this month and we're keeping out of the way from now on because they're not any too fussy about who stops 'em.

Our own Gable and Gilbert Roland tied into each other, and Lee Tracy tangled with director William Wellman, and Lyle Talbot offered to take a pop at the popular Danny Danker . . . it's been a pretty bloody month, any way you look at it.

AS a rule, Lyle Talbot is pretty level-headed about his many girl friends, but, for a while, it looked as if the Alice Faye alliance was something else again.

Independent-like, the fair Faye chose to step out with Danny Danker, probably never dreaming that Lyle was anywhere about. Or maybe she wasn't even worrying about it?

Anyhow, when the pair bumped into the brooding Lyle at a favorite stay-up-all-night spot, it did look to be headin' for a hey, nonny-nonny and a left to somebody's button. Danny's button.

However, the good-natured Danny saved the day by grabbing Lyle's up and coming right and genially advising him not to make a scene.

And thus another juicy morsel was snatched from the jaws of the big, bad publicity wolves.

And so we popped in on a Warner Brothers' set and found Lyle, nose buried deep in a massive volume on ancient Egypt.

Completely oblivious to all about him, he read on . . . and . . . and ON . . . ignoring our presence entirely until some helpful soul turned loose a rousing "Ps-ss-st!"

Snapping out of his daze, Lyle looked up at us and exclaimed: "That's funny! I was just reading about skulls and things. . . . I look up suddenly and . . . there you are!"

DIXIE LEE just can't stand conceit in any form.

The other night she effectively took the well-known starch out of one Public Nuisance who had embarked on a long-winded oration of his too, too superior qualities, with:

"Pull that knife out of your back . . . you're bleeding to death!"

CAROLE LOMBARD is probably the most proficient feminine "ribber" in this here town.

When the "We're Not Dressing" company was on location in Catalina, she collected, single handed, the "goats" of practically every member of the company.

One evening, after a hard day's work, a few of the principals dropped in at a local movie for a little relaxation.

Between features, a Bing Crosby "short" was flashed upon the screen, and, as Bing himself was sitting a short distance away with the director, it gave Carole a well idea.

Right in the middle of Bing's big number, Carole's gang got their heads together, collaborated on one long, loud "Bronx" cheer, and then got up and noisily left the theater!

Some fun, eh, kid?

HOLLYWOOD is beginning to look more like a ribbers' Paradise than a production center.

Hollywood Day by Day

Even august directors are sitting in on the fun. Or maybe it was their idea in the first place? Far be it from NEMO to give out any misplaced credits.

As Gloria Stuart left the Warners' lot and headed for her car, Director Lloyd Bacon stood in the offing, a gleam of rare anticipation in his eyes.

Sliding under the wheel, Gloria pressed a dainty toe on the starter. There was a muffled "Pop!" followed by an ominous "s-ss-sss-s-ss!" that can mean but one thing to any motorist.

A split second later, the "Pop!" and subsequent "s-ss-sss-s!" was repeated. Four times, so help me! . . . And, just as the harassed Gloria was verging on the hysterical, a cloud of black smoke rolled from under the hood!

With a shriek, the startled gal tumbled out of the car and tore across the lot, yelling "Fire!" with every leap. And, all the time, Director Bacon leaned helplessly against the side of a convenient building, simply convulsed with laughter!

Eventually, they caught up with the leaping lady and explained that it was all in fun . . . just a trick gadget that anyone can attach to a trusting friend's spark plugs for a laugh.

And how that gal did laugh as she plucked a dozen startled gray hairs from her blond head, next morning!

GARY COOPER and the brand-new missus have moved into town from Gary's favorite ranch.

When your favorite bachelor (and that's only because you haven't happened to meet up with Casanova NEMO!) jumped off the deep end, he announced that it was because he had finally found a pal who thoroughly liked all of the things that he enjoyed.

Now, with the little woman turning thumbs down on the wide open spaces and developing a yen for the bright lights . . . what do you make of it, Watson?

WILL ROGERS, who likes to play bashful boy . . . has his blushing down pat . . . and always runs when the fans try to nail him down, has gone and spoiled all our illusions by appearing in the West Coast presentation of "AH, WILDERNESS."

Furthermore, he admits that he *likes* it. And, best of all . . . he's making a swell job of his appearances.

We've heard little or nothing from the Chaplin front of late. Since the report of his marriage to Paulette Goddard, he's even deserted his cus-

tomary lunch-time booth in our delicatessen. The answer must be that these warm days have driven him to his right smart little boat . . . and we must admit that the channel islands are pretty tempting right now!

Call Anna Sten a "peasant type" if you wish, but she certainly pulled a fast one on her boss, Sam Goldwyn.

Goldwyn thought that she might not be able to put over the young girl part, in the early sequences of "Resurrection." But, on the q. t., Anna slipped out and posed with the photographer, and now Sam has been obliged to change his mind.

More than that, he's driving everybody nutty by cornering 'em and proudly displaying the really good photos.

And Anna, peasant-like, says nothing.

Nat Pendleton, who has played dumb gangster roles ever since his advent in pictures, is "within the law" for the first time in his career. As a dumb cop, in M-G-M's "The Thin Man," Nat remarks:

"If environment has anything to do with it, I'm destined to be the original dumb bunny of the century! Some people are born that way; others acquire it; but it looks like I'm the guy who's had it thrust upon him!"

Paradoxically enough, Nat's background has fitted him for anything but dumbness.

A college graduate, he has been a member of the Mexican secret service, world champion wrestler, owner of an oil company in Portugal, purchasing agent for the United States Government in Spain, supervisor of distribution for General Motors in New York, organizer of a motion picture company, and speaks four languages fluently.

Ah, the advantages of a college education . . . ???

OTTO KRUGER was just plain nervous. His face was drawn and white. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. The muscles of his jaw tightened spasmodically.

What was it? Was he about to step into a difficult role without confidence? . . . No, worse than that. Did some tough gangster have him by the hip pocket? . . . Not at all, the cause of all this nervous emotion was the fact that his seven-year-old daughter, Ottilie, had just settled her little skirts upon the piano bench, preparatory to playing the opening number of her very first piano recital.

And Otto couldn't take it!

Thelma Todd has a swell offer that she can't very well overlook.

A Hindu potentate offered to make the beauteous blonde his Number One wife if she will just come to his country. And he put it in writing, too!



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FREE ☐ Booklet on Freckles.
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Name

Address

First Nights on Broadway

(Continued from page 49)

made a photoplay that is hard to forget and should be obligatory to see.

Miss Bennett as the ruthlessly erotic Duchess of Florence and Mr. March as the insurgent and amorous goldsmith, Cellini, play close to the top of their forms, but Mr. Morgan (who has left the cinema to take over his family's interests in Angostura Bitters) walks away with the picture. No subordinate actor since these bleared eyes started looking critically at movies has more completely made a film his own.

As the blood-thirsty, fuzzy-minded, comic and cruel Duke Alessandro, Mr. Morgan reveals himself as a magnificent comedian.

The production is lavishly mounted and intelligently directed. The minor parts are well played throughout, with Louis Calhern doing an excellent characterization of the scoundrelly Ottaviano. If the picture's climax is a bit implausible, you can forgive this for the sake of its other excellences, chief of which is the belatedly discovered talent for comedy of Mr. Morgan.

High Spots: Alessandro muddling through a meeting of his council. Cellini's impassioned wooing bouncing off the dumb Angela (Miss Wray). Ottaviano showing Cellini the torturers' masterpieces. Cellini and the wrathful Duchess fencing verbally at a state dinner.

Twentieth Century—AA

Directed by Howard Hawks
Released by Columbia

THE most successful stage comedy of two seasons ago appears on the screen with the qualities that made it a legitimate triumph, all intact. John Barrymore and Carole Lombard have the chief roles in this chronicle of rowdy and violent happenings on a train journey from Chicago to New York. Mr. Barrymore never has been more outrageously comic and Miss Lombard has relaxed her face, brightened her voice and suddenly determined to act.

You'll like "20th Century." The comedy therein ranges from bitter satire to broadest slapstick. The irreverence of the original production may have been toned down, but there is enough of it left to preserve the native rowdy flavor. As the spoiled darling of the movies, Miss Lombard plays with a fine temperamental skill and Mr. Barrymore as the producer demonstrates that he is as excellent in comedy as in tragedy or melodrama.

The direction is uniformly good and a thoroughly able cast pushes the hilarity along without scruple and with much skill. Walter Connolly, who has yet to turn in a bad film performance, is laughable as a theatrical business manager. Herman Bing and Lee Kohlmar do well as a couple of stranded Passion Play actors, and Etienne Girardot is perhaps a shade better than all these as a mild little religious maniac.

"20th Century" is one movie this month that you should take a deal of trouble to see.

High Spots: Clark (Mr. Girardot) adorning cars and passengers with religious pasters. The supposedly dying Jaffe (Mr. Barry-

more) wheedling Lily (Miss Lombard) into signing a contract. Webb (Mr. Connolly) discovering that the check he has just obtained from Clark has been issued by a maniac. The identical note on which the picture begins and ends.

He Was Her Man—AA

Directed by Lloyd Bacon
Released by Warner

JAMES CAGNEY mutes his voice in this picture, softens his manner, refrains from beating up women, and turns in what appears to me his best performance in the best film he has had to date.

Modesty keeps me from pointing out who has been insisting that Mr. Cagney is too good an actor for a routine role. He has a different, or at least a modified, role this time. He still plays a gutter type. He's a yegg, but not hard-boiled.

"He Was Her Man" is a silly title, but the picture is fast, honest drama with a good story for its framework and a cast that can carry it along at top speed. Mr. Cagney, despite his still tough exterior, is permitted to display not only sentiment but a tragic heroism. The courage of those who did the picture goes still further. They have dared even to give it its logical, unhappy ending.

Joan Blondell as a woman of more principle than virtue is only a fraction of an inch below Mr. Cagney's achievement. She resists the temptation to overplay her part and in consequence gives a heart-stirring and honest performance. Victor Jory is also sincere as a Portuguese fisherman, and Sarah Padden, as his mother, is more than satisfactory in a minor role.

Whoever was responsible for the script displayed ingenuity and intelligence in building the story, and Mr. Bacon, by his direction, keeps it traveling at ever-increasing speed from start to finish. "He Was Her Man" is one of the rarities worth sitting through twice.

High Spots: Rose (Miss Blondell) starting to eject Flicker from her room and ending in his arms. Flicker jilting Rose to save her life.

Stand Up and Cheer—B

Directed by Hamilton McFadden
Released by Fox

WILL ROGERS and Philip Klein share the credit for this story. There really isn't enough of it for two. This is a celluloid vaudeville show in which numbers—some good and some not—are strung on a thin, frayed thread of plot that gets pretty thoroughly lost before the picture is over.

The cast is all cluttered up with stars—Madge Evans, John Boles, Ralph Morgan, Warner Baxter, Sylvia Froos, James Dunn, Stepin Fetchit, Arthur Byron—but the smallest member of the troupe seems to me the most worth while. If the film had no other merit, it should be worth your attention for the presence of Shirley Temple, only five, who plays with the charm and skill of thirty more years. When this abhorrer of infant prodigies



We're off on a Treasure Hunt, mates . . . with pirate ships and whales, crocodiles and storms. That is, we are, if we're readers of TINY TOWER, the new magazine that is full of good fun for little boys and girls. And after they finish the Treasure Hunt, there are so many other fascinating things to do and read.



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TINY TOWER
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The New Movie Magazine, August, 1934

First Nights on Broadway

pays tribute to one, she must be good. The music is fair. The ensemble numbers aren't even that.

High Spots: Miss Temple singing "Baby Take a Bow" with Mr. Dunn. A penguin imitating Jimmy Durante.

Where Sinners Meet—A

Directed by J. Walter Ruben
Released by RKO-Radio

THE not entirely cockeyed idea that movie audiences have brains seems to have inspired the sponsors of this film version of A. A. Milne's play, "The Dover Road." Its appeal chiefly is to the part of man that is lodged above his eyebrows, a portion often entirely neglected by the cinema.

This is a talking, not a moving, picture. It is urbane and slightly mad comedy woven about two tentative adulteries that miss fire. In it, the conversations of Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook and the rest of the cast take the place of action, which is almost non-existent.

The lack of movement doesn't mar the film's entertainment value. What you see is pleasant and what you hear is definitely amusing. Epigrams and satire, bits of philosophy and sophisticated moralizing fly back and forth like balls in a pingpong game, and those who bat them about are skilled players. They include Reginald Owen, Billie Burke, a well-drilled corporal's guard of men and maid servants and Alan Mowbray, to whom special praise should be accorded for his fine sense of comedy as a disillusioned eloper.

High Spots: Mr. Mowbray enduring the syrupy devotion of his partner in elopement (Miss Burke). The breakfast scene between Miss Wynyard and Mr. Brook.

We're Not Dressing—A

Directed by Norman Taurog
Released by Paramount

BING CROSBY is an improved comedian in this and he has a better comedy to appear in as well, together with an expert corps of assistants and one hit song, "Love Thy Neighbor." The plot is the old one about the wealthy folks who are cast away on a desert island and are put to work there by a former underling. It is helped along by George Burns and Gracie Allen, Ethel Merman, Carole Lombard, Leon Errol and a gifted bear named Ruby. Altogether, it is pretty darned funny.

Mr. Crosby sings as effectively as usual and, besides, is learning to act. Mr. Taurog, the director, manages the production so cleverly that it presents more the appearance of an actual photoplay than a stitched-together vaudeville show.

My favorite actor in this item is Ruby, who gives a practically perfect performance as a bear who cherishes an instinct for falling upon tenor singers and trying to strangle them. I've always felt there was much to be said for bears.

High Spots: Mr. Errol and Miss Merman demonstrating a new Spanish custom. Ruby careening around the deck of a rocking yacht on roller skates.

(Please turn to page 100)

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First Nights on Broadway

(Continued from page 99)

Success at Any Price—A

Directed by J. Walter Ruben
Released by RKO-Radio

THIS picture for the most part is a faithful transcription of the stage play, "Success Story," which set forth the tragedy of a man who sacrificed everything for cash and power. Most of it is hard-hitting drama in which Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the success-ridden principal character does the best work of his career. It concludes with a forced happy ending that is as affrontingly inappropriate as a Bronx cheer in church.

The film follows the play script faithfully to the point where Joe Martin (Mr. Fairbanks) reaches the pinnacle of success and shoots himself. Thereafter, take it from the optimistic movies, he recovers to live happy ever after with his long faithful and long neglected girl friend (Colleen Moore). There ought to be a law.

A fine cast has something into which it can get its teeth. The story is ruthless and shrill and Mr. Fairbanks' development, or deterioration, from a cocksure, sullen boy into an overstrained magnate is worth going miles to see. Genevieve Tobin plays a nitwit woman with a perfect balance that keeps her from being either hard-boiled or sentimental, and Ralph Morgan is a convincingly sleek executive.

This is a distinctly worth-while picture, despite its sloppy conclusion.

High Spots: The discharged Merritt (Mr. Morgan) and the discarded Sarah (Miss Moore) trying to hide their hurts by laughing. Aggie (Miss Tobin) coming home tight at 5 a. m.

Manhattan Melodrama—B

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke
Released by M-G-M

STORY writers of this item have been just about as blind to common sense or human nature as even the movies ever get to be. It is a pretty silly yarn, adorned by fair acting by Clark Gable and better than fair by Myrna Loy and William Powell. There has been better direction on the screen. Mr. Van Dyke has done some of it himself.

"Manhattan Melodrama" is the old one about the two boys who grew up together. The righteous (Mr. Powell) becomes district attorney and later governor, marries the mistress of the wicked (Mr. Gable) and sends his old chum to the electric chair. Drama could have been made out of this, but it hasn't been.

Inanity of plot and a lot of silly lines don't keep Miss Loy and Mr. Powell from being clear-cut and convincing in their roles. . . . Mr. Gable is completely miscast. He acts the sinister gangster and killer like one of the Rover boys. Nat Pendleton, as a comic gunman, does the best and as far as I've seen the only acting of his career. No one else is worth mention in a film that really doesn't rate much.

Sore Spots: Blackie (Mr. Gable) on trial for his life and applauding the district attorney's address to the jury. The maudlin and implausible visit of the governor to the man he has condemned just before the prisoner's execution.

Double Door—A

Directed by Charles Vidor
Released by Paramount

MARY MORRIS, stage veteran, makes her film debut in this gooseflesh-inspiring drama of family pride and personal vindictiveness. If there has been a crying need for a female Boris Karloff in pictures, Miss Morris supplies it. As Victoria Van Brett, the softly savage head of an old New York family, who hates the wife (Evelyn Venable) of her kinsman (Kent Taylor), she is bitter and effective.

This is one of the better horror stories, though, like all the others, it is laid in a dark old house equipped with secret portals. It may carry no great amount of conviction, but it will, I think, stir your hair at times.

Miss Morris heads the cast in billing and in skill. She has a hard job to make the poisonous Victoria a real character, but she succeeds. Her support is thoroughly able. Miss Venable has improved since "Death Takes a Holiday." Sir Guy Standing does an impressive minor role as the family lawyer, and Anne Revere as the dim-witted Caroline Van Brett is real and appealing.

There isn't much cheer in "Double Door," but there is sustained interest and a few thrills.

High Spots: Victoria accusing Anne (Miss Venable) of infidelity. Victoria luring her victim into the secret chamber.

Thirty-Day Princess—B

Directed by Marion Gering
Released by Paramount

THOSE staples that the movies always have in stock—a mythical European kingdom and two persons who appear identical—are dealt out to the customers again in this film. If that's what the customers want, it serves them right. If it isn't, they'll take it anyway and, perhaps, like it better than I did.

"Thirty Day Princess" is one of the many lukewarm offerings that could have been much better and might have been even worse. Its plot, in one form or another, has been of voting age for years. Most of it was used recently in Constance Bennett's "Moulin Rouge." A deal of the dialogue is silly and much of the acting, notably Cary Grant's effervescence as the stalwart hero, is likewise.

Sylvia Sidney plays the double role of visiting princess and the actress who substitutes for her with pudgy charm. If it's hot and the theater has a cooling system, you might do worse.

NEXT MONTH

NEW MOVIE is planning some thrilling surprises for you in next month's issue. Be sure not to miss your September copy on sale August 1st.

You Tell Us

(Continued from page 54)

Literal

I WISH the producers would name their pictures correctly. For example, what about "The Worst Woman in Paris?" If she was really the worst, Paris must be a "home-made heaven for two."

Another was "Day of Reckoning." What was there in that story to suggest such a title?

Let's have more self-explanatory titles, such as "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen," "Dancing Lady," and "Flying Down to Rio." You can tell at a glance what they are; namely, a kidnaping, a musical, and a musical with a foreign background.

Let's hope the producers do this little thing.

Schuyler C. Hill
P. O. Box 756,
Centralia, Wash.

"Flying Down to Rio" might mean an aviation picture. It's just a difference of opinion, Schuyler.

A Boost for a Bus

THAT gay romance, "It Happened One Night," is absolutely the most perfect screen entertainment I have seen in ages, and I'm hoping it happens more often. There's a gay spirit to it that is delightful. Claudette Colbert is lovely and Clark Gable makes love divinely. Three cheers for that perfect love team. May we see them together more often!

Sally Eggers,
1302 58th Ave.,
Oakland, Cal.

The picture was a box-office smash all over the country, Sally. You're a good picker.

Why We Forgive Homeliness

HER face is her fortune" may be Hollywood's slogan, but that doesn't mean the face boasts cupid bow lips and a Grecian nose. How many of our present-day most popular stars, both male and female, fall short of such a description? But still we seem to find them beautiful and attractive.

Take Marie Dressler. No semblance of baby-face or siren features here! But find the persons who wouldn't rank her as possessing one of the most expressive, appealing, stirring countenances ever filmed.

And who stops to think about Joan Crawford's big mouth when she can cast a spell of delight over her audience with that thin, almost sharp little face?

Katharine Hepburn's dilated nostrils wouldn't be found on the delicately chiseled features of a Greek beauty, but there's a natural, refreshing vitality about this captivating little "spit-fire."

Clark Gable's ears, Will Rogers' comfortable homeliness, the big jaw and puffy eyes of George Arliss—what makes us overlook them? It's the true artist living behind that face, skilfully transforming even its defects into characteristics which make us admire and love them the more!

Laura Harmon
Box 133,
Jamison, Pa.

The screen asks for personality, not beauty, all right.

Will We Join?

AS a lover of music and good acting, I am thoroughly appreciative of the success of the production, "Melody in Spring." There's a picture that's really worth seeing at any price!

The music is delightful, the scenery is beautiful and the picture is a perfect conception of spring time. All these things, of course, make a setting for the picture, but the real hit of the picture was Lanny Ross with his charming smile, his alluring personality and his golden tenor voice.

"Melody in Spring" was the first glimpse I had of this actor. Now I am all pepped up to see plenty more of him in just such pictures.

A vote for Lanny!! Will anyone else join me?

Virginia Duke
27 Franklin St.,
Hyattsville, Md.

Well-I, Virginia—about 3,000,000 girls join you.

Conrad—Come Home!

WHY don't we see more of Conrad Veidt? His two pictures released through Fox-Gaumont prove him a capable actor with a not-too-unintelligible accent, and a certain rather sinister magnetism unlike anything our present crop of actors, both foreign and domestic, with the exception of Victor Jory, have to offer.

Sound has added to this fine actor of silent days a voice of peculiar timbre—arrogant, harsh, yet at times ingratiatingly modulated, with subtle undertones of insolence—a highly individual voice which attracts even as it repels.

His "Herr Kommandant" of "I Was a Spy" was a role made to order for him, and an improvement upon his rather anomalous position as the English flyer in "F.P.I." Let us see more of him for Veidt actually knows something about acting.

Mary Irene Woodruff,
26 Monument Sq.,
Charlestown, Mass.

Conrad does not often come to America, Mary, that's why.

Gilbert and Westerns

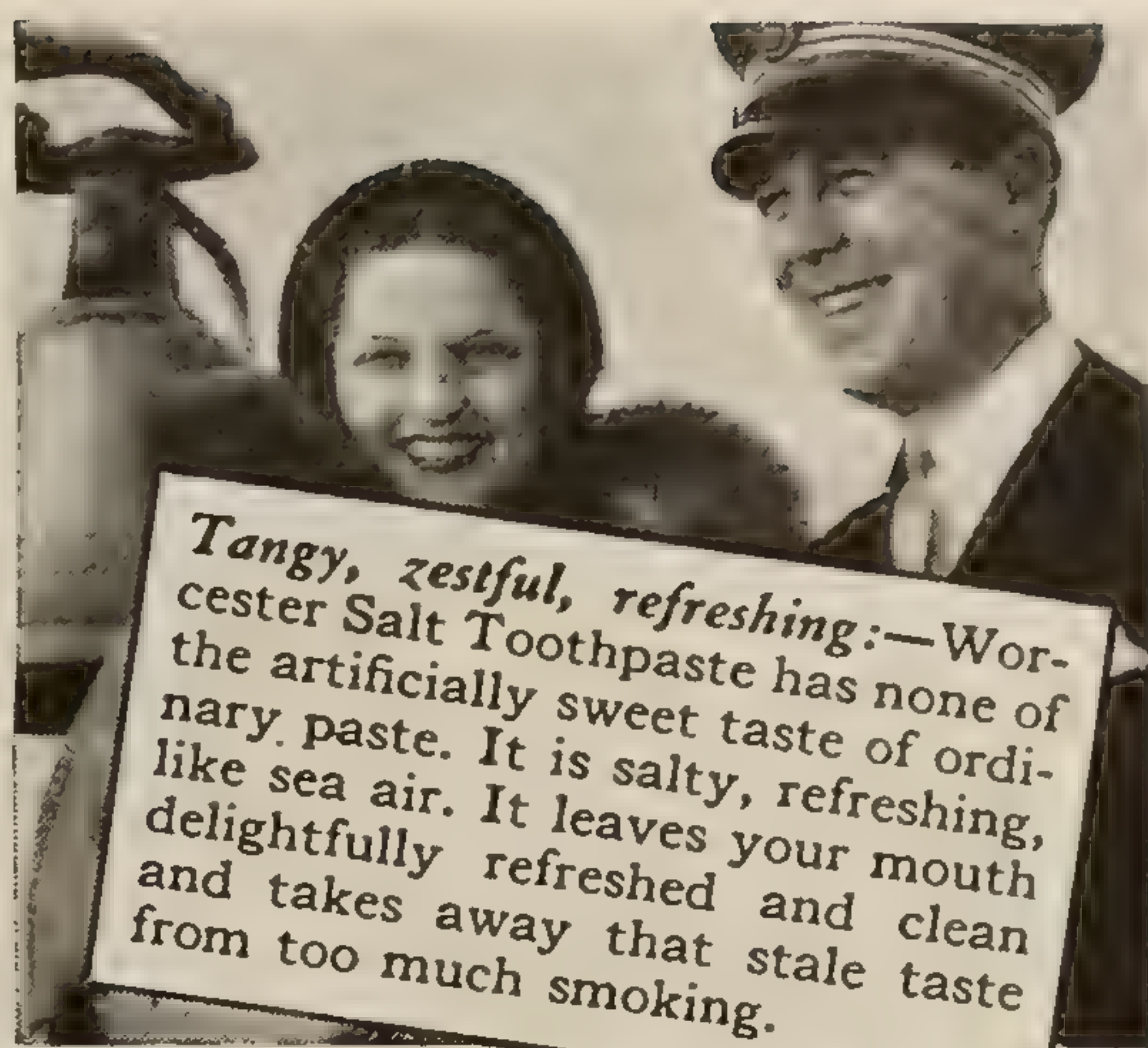
I SAY that John Gilbert is one of the best actors the screen has and, also, his voice is one of the best there is among the actors of Hollywood!

Who else could have portrayed the role of the dashing, charming ambassador better than Gilbert in "Queen Christina"? This role was one that suited him well. Why not always give him suitable roles? One of his pictures that I remember well is "Bardelys the Magnificent." Such highly romantic roles are well suited to him.

Regarding Westerns, of course go on producing them. Only, why not get good story material such as "The Virginian," "Three Bad Men," etc. There are so many good western stories appearing in our current magazines.

Armand Carnes,
2238 N. 73 St.
Elmwood Pk., Ill.

Half of Hollywood says John had bad luck and the other half says it is his own fault. . . . As for Westerns, we agree. (Please turn to page 102)



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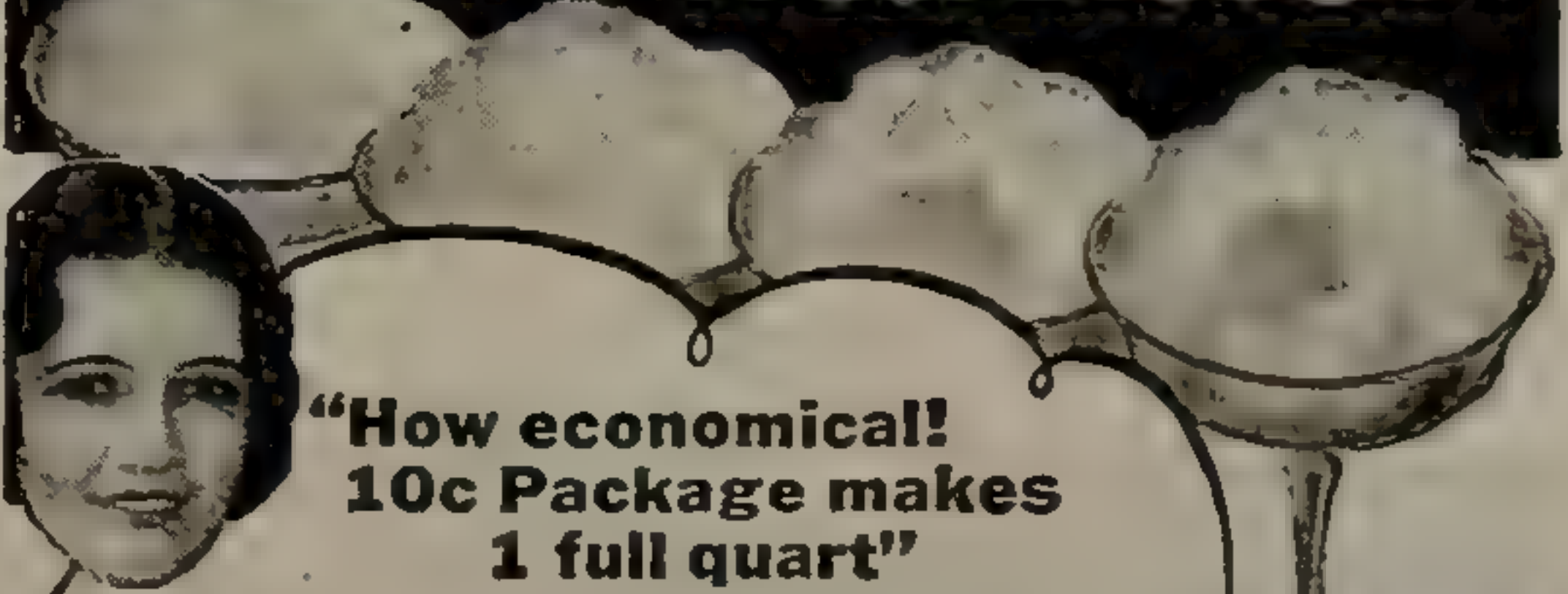
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Silvaray

You Tell Us

(Continued from page 101)

A Plea for Teams

HERE are a few stars who, I think, should be co-starred:

Ralph Bellamy and Jean Parker, because they would make another Gaynor-Farrell team.

Claire Trevor and Randolph Scott, in a good old Zane Grey western.

Please keep Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young together because they are my favorites and fine actors besides.

My other two favorites are Ralph Bellamy and Irene Dunne. Their latest, "This Man is Mine", was swell.

Why can't something be done about this?

Edythe Cacchioli,
202 East 52nd St.,
New York, N. Y.

Because, Edythe, often players work for different studios and their schedules don't permit their getting together.

An Executive's Choice

RECENTLY I was present when a certain executive of a big film company was being interviewed. The young lady doing the interviewing asked casually if he read the magazine that she represented. It was a movie magazine.

"Sure," he said.

The young lady left.

The executive swung his chair around toward me and pulled out the bottom drawer of his desk.

"I read them all," he said to me, "but there are the babies that are worth while," and he pulled forth a half dozen copies of NEW MOVIE.

"Why do you read that?" I asked "You know everything that is going on in the movie industry."

"And what I don't know," he says, "NEW MOVIE tells me."

It was an amusing incident. I was surprised to know that even executives read NEW MOVIE in order to keep abreast of what's going on.

Wilburt Fortsche,

81 Pine St.,

Bogota, N. J.

We knew it—but we're pleased anyhow.

Something to Anticipate

I THINK musicals are grand, and what a lot of fine singers we have these days! But why not develop a few really good dancers? We all enjoy the dances of Joan Crawford. Fred Astaire's dancing is a real treat, and I can say the same for George Raft.

I hope the news is true that Irene Castle will be signed to make a picture. Wouldn't it be wonderful if she and Fred Astaire made a picture together?

Margaret Kelly,

44 Clara St.,

San Francisco, Calif.

The response Fred Astaire received for his dancing in "Flying Down to Rio" indicates that dancing is universally liked.

Pioneering in the Movies

(Continued from page 58)

the business with heads similarly shaved. There was only one Griffith in those days and if his imitators couldn't hope to equal his directorial genius, they could at least appropriate his hair-cuts.

An idea for a story came to Jack Cohn one day while the two-reeler was at the height of its popularity. When he discussed it with his co-workers in the studio they agreed with him that the theme contained tremendous box office possibilities. He knew, however, the futility of attempting to induce the executives of his company to make the picture because the story would require five or six reels in the telling. Binding his studio co-workers to a pledge of secrecy, he put the story into production unknown to the Home Office, with George Loane Tucker as director. Tucker subsequently won international fame as the director of the greatest picture of its day, "The Miracle Man," in which such stars as Lon Chaney, Betty Compton and Thomas Meighan subsequently soared to the heights of stardom. Fired by Cohn's enthusiasm, his co-workers donated their services and when the production, entitled "Traffic in Souls," was finished, it was a full six reels in length—the first time so big a picture had ever been produced.

"I'll confess that it was in fear and trembling that I broke the news to the chief," Jack Cohn declared when relating the incident. "He was mad clear through when he heard about it, but it wasn't a marker to the way he

felt when I told him that 'Traffic in Souls' had cost all of five thousand dollars, a stupendous sum in those days! Looking back, I can't understand what kept him from firing me right on the spot, as this was way over the cost limit. We ran the production in the projection room but it left him cold. A few days later we ran it again and it was not until I told the chief that those of us who were responsible for the too-long film would pay back its cost if it didn't 'click,' that he consented to release it. What made it interesting for me was that I had the same kind of battle on my hands that took place when I produced my first two-reeler. The exchange men couldn't understand how anybody would ever sit through a six-reel story."

Producing this picture secretly put a tremendous burden on Jack Cohn because it meant doing all of the cutting and the titling in his spare time. Night after night saw him working until the early hours, and the fact that the Home Office never got wind of what was going on in the studio was an unusual tribute to the loyalty and cooperation accorded by the studio attaches to the young production manager.

THE IMP COMPANY by this time had been merged into the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, which had grown and prospered. One of the factors which convinced Cohn that "Traffic in Souls" would make a great box office bet was its exploitation and

Pioneering in the Movies

advertising possibilities. Consequently, before "Traffic in Souls" was shown to the public in New York, the way was paved for it by what was considered a tremendous advertising, publicity and exploitation campaign in those days. As a result, people literally broke in the doors to see the picture. It was the first of the truly big money grossers the industry knew and eventually brought several hundred thousands of dollars to Universal. It resulted in a "first" of another kind because, gratified by the picture's financial success, Mr. Laemmle presented a bonus check to Jack Cohn, which was the first reward of its kind in the industry.

IT was not long after "Traffic in Souls" that Jack Cohn figured importantly in another unusual picture. This was "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," a picturization of the Jules Verne book. J. Ernest Williamson had devised a unique apparatus which enabled a camera man to descend to the bottom of the ocean via a telescopic rubber tube, at the end of which was suspended a huge iron globe. This globe, which contained a window, was large enough to admit a camera man and his cameras, to shoot whatever the ocean bottom revealed through the glass port. An expedition which included Cohn among its members, was sent to the West Indies to film the story because of the crystal clearness of the water in that part of the world. Although it was originally believed that "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" could be filmed in six weeks, storms, illness and displays of ordinary every-day temperament on the part of the performers so delayed production progress that seven months were required for the shooting.

The day came when Universal decided to enter the newsreel field and to Jack Cohn was assigned the job of turning out a news weekly. Careful analysis of the problem resulted in his creating a staff of camera men, located strategically throughout the country, for the purpose of insuring a constant supply of timely news material. Within a year, the newsreel under his direction became one of the most important products distributed by his company. Later, a second news weekly was added because of Mr. Cohn's belief that too many news events happened between issues and that, consequently, a mid-week issue would prove popular. This was subsequently demonstrated to be the case.

It was while in charge of this phase of his company's activities that the country had plunged into the World War, but aside from the usual news weekly shots, no one truly comprehensive picture of the actual events portraying America's share in the great conflict had been presented to the public. Cohn thereupon approached Mr. Laemmle with the idea of making such a picture and finally was told to go ahead with it. In the weeks that followed, he literally scanned hundreds of thousands of feet of film, culling from this footage the finest scenes revealing virtually every phase of the activities that started with the declaration of war and the drafting of men, and then followed with America's actual participation in the front line

trench fighting. Plants were shown turning out various types of munitions, and it was therefore no wonder that the theaters and public eagerly welcomed this production. It earned Universal a profit of several hundred thousand dollars, a return all the more remarkable in view of the actual production cost, which was nine hundred dollars. Of this, the most expensive item was that for making the subtitles. No other film the motion picture industry has yet produced yielded such an amazing profit in proportion to actual cost and but for the fact that the war ended just a few months afterwards, the returns would have been much greater. The end of the war saw the cessation of all interest in war films and so the production, which was titled "Crashing Through to Berlin," went into peaceful retirement.

For some time prior to the production of "Crashing Through to Berlin" a spirit of restlessness had pervaded Jack Cohn. He felt himself cramped as an employee and was filled with the urge to go into business for himself. The fact that he lacked the necessary capital to launch into a venture of his own did not deter him because, from the time he became a laboratory worker, he knew what it meant to achieve something out of nothing.

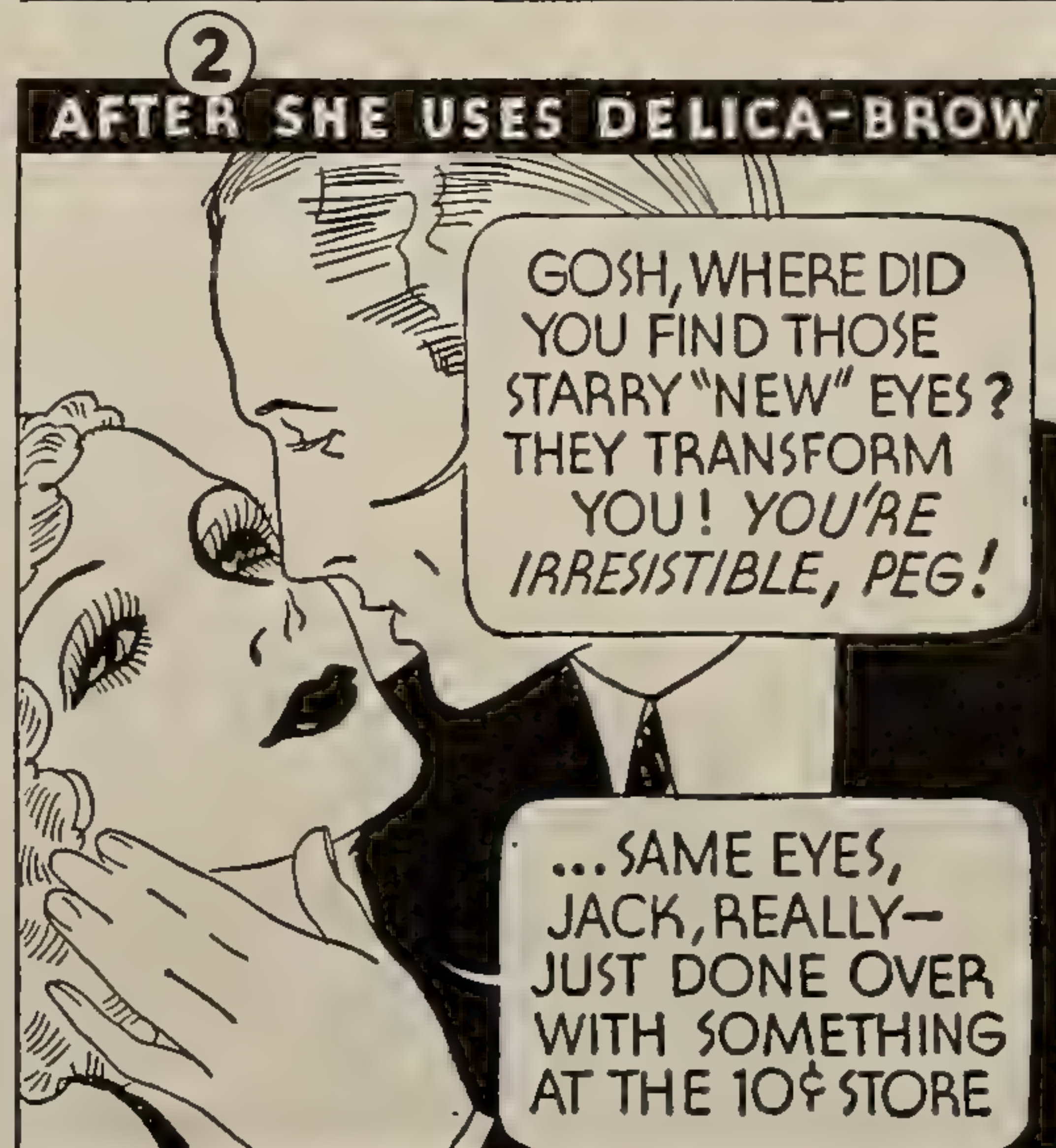
When Jack Cohn resigned, he was joined by his brother, Harry Cohn, who at that time was also working for Universal. The two were kindred spirits and although their combined cash capital amounted to exactly \$250 they more than made up for lack of cash in ideas, energy and determination.

THE first venture was in the form of a series of two-reel comedies based on a popular cartoon strip then running in newspapers throughout the country and entitled "The Hallroom Boys." A contract was entered into with a West Coast producer and for some indefinable reason, the brothers Cohn insisted upon the insertion of a clause in that document to the effect that if for any reason the producer left the country, the contract was to be cancelled with all rights reverting to them. After the first few comedies had been made, the producer died. Harry and Jack, in the meantime, had done a pretty good job of selling these comedies, because from the moment the first subject was received, they had spent their slim capital in trips to the various key cities in which independent film exchanges were located. And by "independent" is meant those local film organizations which had no affiliation with the firmly entrenched national companies operating their own branch offices throughout the United States.

The problem of the new distributing company which bore the trade name of Jack and Harry Cohn Film Company was a three-fold one. First, to pay for the pictures delivered by the producer; second, to induce the independent film exchanges to buy their product for their respective territories; third, to get these buyers to pay the prices demanded for the pictures, or, when the exchange operators lacked the ready cash, to meet the notes they tendered in lieu of cash payment.

Up to this time Jack Cohn had been (Please turn to page 104)

PEG'S "New Eyes" work a Magic Spell!



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You can make your eyes wells of allure... get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—*instantly!* Simply darken the lashes and brows with the wonderful make-up they use—called DELICA-BROW. In a few seconds DELICA-BROW makes your eyes look bigger, brighter... *irresistible*. "Peps up" the whole face! Try it *tonight*. It's waterproof, too. Remember the name, DELICA-BROW. At any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.



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"AIREDALE"—that's what Hollywood calls a girl with hair on arms and legs. That's why all Hollywood uses X-BAZIN Cream to remove superfluous hair. It is essential for legs, arms and underarms that expect to be seen! Constant research

and improvement have made X-Bazin more and more mild, efficient and agreeable. This really reliable cream depilatory leaves your skin exquisitely smooth, white and hairless—without irritation, stubble or that blue, shaved look. Even the future growth of hair is retarded.

Insist on X-Bazin—in new giant-size tubes at drug and department stores—only 50c. Good size tubes 10 cents in five-and-ten-cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in the original powder form.

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removes hair



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For free sample of each with instructions, write Resinol, Dept. 4-K, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol

Pioneering in the Movies

(Continued from page 103)

considered not only a skilled film editor, but also a competent producer. Now, however, he suddenly discovered that he had something more to learn— independent distribution and all of the financial problems connected with it! So seriously did these problems loom up that for six months neither of the partners drew a salary and, if the truth be told, frequently found themselves wondering not only how they could meet the cost of their productions, but how they could stay in business another week.

AT the end of the first year, they acquired an additional partner, Joe Brandt, who had been associated with Jack Cohn at the Ben Hampton Advertising Agency and who subsequently was induced by Jack to work for Universal. Brandt gave up a lucrative position as general manager of Universal because he, too, felt the urge to go into business for himself.

The firm name was forthwith changed to the "C B C Film Sales Corporation," the initials representing the names of the three aspiring producers and distributors. Because three men could do more work than two, the new company was presently producing not only all of the "Hallroom Boys" comedies, but a series of one-reel films entitled "Screen Snapshots" and "The Screen Letterbox."

Business was now good, but instead of drawing down their profits the partners promptly put them back into the business. This enabled them, when they decided the time was ripe, to go into the production of features.

At that time it was beyond their financial capacity to buy expensive stories for these feature pictures, but here their knowledge of what the public wanted stood them in good stead. An attractive title would be conceived, and a story written around it!

Another method Jack Cohn used. He heard of an unusually interesting dance number staged in one of New York's smart cabarets. He saw the novelty and discovered it consisted of a dancer dressed as a moth, gyrating around a huge candle which contained a reflector, a fan and red and white lights within its cylindrical shape. While the fan revolved, the lights burned, causing the ribbons at the upper end of the candle somewhat remotely to resemble a flame. The ladies of the ensemble who appeared in support of the danseuse were also dressed as moths. All in all it was considered an effective piece of stage craft then.

The number gave Jack Cohn an idea. He obtained the ear of the owner of the cabaret and by impressing upon him the publicity that must inevitably result if a moving picture were made of that dance, obtained his consent to film it.

As soon as the negative was developed and dried it was rushed out to Harry Cohn who was in charge of all the little company's production efforts. Viewed on the coast, the sequence was found acceptable and a story written around it. Had the dance itself been staged out at the coast, it would have cost C B C three or four thousand dollars, whereas the entire production didn't cost much more than that.

Six pictures a year was the ambitious program of Cohn, Brandt and Cohn; six pictures, the stories of which were virtually written "on the cuff" but which invariably had box office titles. By a miracle, they were financed and produced and with the proceeds the next year's program was expanded to include more pictures.

The company was at last able to buy the older stories of then currently famous writers who were not yet being paid the fabulous sums which popular plays and stories are considered to be worth today. Because the young producers reserved the right to change each story in adapting it for the screen, and because the authors' names were considered desirable for inclusion in the advertising done by the company, these stories were "revised" each year until they were milked dry of possibilities.

The company had one star, Elaine Hammerstein, and she was used over and over again until the exchange men in desperation finally pleaded for a change. Fortunately, this demand came at a time when continued expansion made it possible for the company to branch out to a still greater degree, and so other names were added to the roster.

IT was at this stage of their careers that Jack Cohn and his partners adopted an idea which more and more is becoming a part of the general practice of the motion picture industry. One of the costliest practises of the various companies consists in maintaining large permanent stock companies of stars whose salaries continue whether or not they actually work in pictures. Inasmuch as the money paid to a star while she is idle automatically is added to the overhead of her next picture, this boosts production costs. Jack Cohn and his associates did not have the money to indulge in so extravagant a custom, but at any rate, the school in which they had been brought up would have made the idea of a large permanent stock company abhorrent to their sense of economy. Consequently when new stars were obtained, they were merely engaged on a picture-to-picture basis. This meant far more than merely saving money. It made possible the hiring of such stars as were best fitted for the various roles.

Obviously, it was not possible for C B C to obtain the best stars, nor could they have paid the salaries demanded even if such players had been available. They took, instead, the best of the lesser lights, the most promising of the newcomers and those stars whose box office brilliancy had been dulled to the point where their original employers desired to part with them. These still possessed enough popularity to put the C B C pictures over, but leaving nothing to chance the Cohn brothers and Brandt pursued more aggressively than ever their idea of properly exploiting each individual picture.

There came a time when the business grew to the point where a more appropriate corporate name was deemed desirable and so "Columbia Pictures Corporation" came into existence. Joe

Pioneering in the Movies

Brandt was president, Harry Cohn, vice president, and Jack Cohn, treasurer.

The policies of the company continued the same. However, they hit upon another idea. This consisted of making one picture at a time so that it could be given closer supervision. The practise is still adhered to and is one of the factors responsible for such recent Columbia successes as "Lady for a Day," "It Happened One Night" and "Twentieth Century."

With the birth of Columbia, there came the desire to make a better class of pictures. Even as Jack Cohn originally believed that the time would come when flicker films would be pulled out of the honky tonks and shooting galleries located in the worst parts of each city, so he and his partners now believed that the time had come to make the type of pictures that would result in their productions being shown in the first run theatres. "The Blood Ship" was their first attempt in his direction and it did yeoman's work in making their dream come true because it was played in the better houses. It also made possible the realization of their greatest ambition, which was to have a Columbia picture play on Broadway.

So great was the success of "The Blood Ship" that the following year saw the production of a picture which is still regarded as one of the best ever to reach the screen, namely, "Submarine," in which Jack Holt and Ralph Graves made their bow to the public as a star combination for Columbia.

During their earlier careers as independent producers and distributors, Jack Cohn and his associates experienced the same difficulty in getting stars to work in their pictures as occurred in the early IMP days. Located on what was known as "Poverty Row" in Hollywood and producing pictures contemptuously dubbed "quickies" by their older and more powerful rivals, players hesitated to work for the company lest they lose prestige. Once the company branched out, however, and took over its own distributing offices,

this attitude lessened appreciably. Today, such stars as John Barrymore, Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, May Robeson, Warren Williams, Edmund Lowe, Fay Wray, Walter Connolly, as well as a host of others, are not only willing but eager to appear in films bearing the Columbia trade mark.

TWO and a half years ago Joe Brandt decided to retire. Together with Harry and Jack Cohn he had worked hard and unremittingly in helping pilot Columbia to success and so decided that the time had come for him to indulge in his hobbies. With Mr. Brandt's retirement Harry Cohn was elected president of the company in charge of all production and with headquarters at Hollywood. Jack Cohn became vice president in charge of distribution.

Both Harry and Jack Cohn have been called lucky and that is something they vigorously deny. Looking back over the years Jack Cohn was moved to reminisce.

"When I think of the hours we put in," he said, "and the work each of us shouldered, I fail to see wherein luck played any part. Nothing has ever come easily to us. We have had to work for it and fight for it."

Indicative of the work which both brothers put in regularly is an incident which occurred the night before this article was written. Jack had occasion to call his brother Harry at the studio. It was 2:00 A. M. in New York when the call was put through. The three hours difference in time between the east and west coast made it 11:00 P. M. when Harry picked up the telephone at the studio. A twenty-minute conversation ensued at the end of which Jack said, "Well, good night, I am on my way home now." Whereupon Harry barked back, "What's the idea? Are you taking half a day off?"

The motion picture industry deals with fascinating romances built around fictitious characters and yet in the careers of men like Jack Cohn are contained far more thrilling romances than many to be found on the screen.

Hollywood Goes A-Partying

(Continued from page 47)

over Dick's house—upstairs and down.

Rochelle Hudson's engagement to that mysterious young man who gave her the emerald ring is off. Without any explanation as to who he was.

"I just found out," said Rochelle, "that absence does not make the heart grow fonder." And the ring has been returned.

It looks as though Helen Mack and Norman Krasna are rekindling, although Helen declares her heart is in her film work. But they do go about to places together once more.

David Marx, back in New York, was all steamed up when he tried to get Joan Marsh on the telephone and she wouldn't answer. But the reason Joan wouldn't come to the telephone, when called from the set, was because she thought somebody was kidding her. So poor David (he's a broker, not an actor) had to spend some thirty dollars

while he waited for somebody to persuade Joan he was really on the wire.

THE home of Leila Hyams and Phil Berg, in Hollywood, is like an old Italian palace, and you rather expect to see ladies in puffed sleeves and gentlemen with curly locks and velvet suits to be doing a minuet when you enter.

Instead, that day Leila and Phil gave a big party for Carmelita Geraghty and Carey Wilson. Hollywood's gayest were present, many very old friends of Carmelita and Carey, with a sparkling of the new crowd.

Carey and I sat at a little table in the whoopee room, and over our cocktails reminisced about the wedding of Carey and Carmelita, which had been held there.

We recollected how Maureen O'Sullivan and Mrs. Frank Morgan together (Please turn to page 106)

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For sale at the better 10c stores exclusively. Buy it today!

X-CREAM
PREVENTS BODY ODORS

Hollywood Goes A-Partying

(Continued from page 105)

caught the bride's bouquet of gardenias, but as Mrs. Morgan said she didn't ever want to marry another husband, she relinquished it entirely to Maureen.

And when we asked Maureen if she would be a bride—of course, we meant Johnny Farrow's—when she returned from her trip to Ireland, she said, very slowly and thoughtfully, "I don't know. I'm old-fashioned and take marriage very seriously. When I marry I want it to be for keeps!"

All the same, Johnny gave her one of those multiple-footage kisses when she returned with the bouquet!

By the way, it was perfectly funny how many Hollywood wives did reach for the bouquet when it was thrown!

BUT to get back to the party. Norma Shearer was there, looking lovely in a white hat of wide proportions and a white flannel tailored suit, the affair being an afternoon cocktail party.

"I've been out on the beach all morning," she wailed, "and had to do up my hair before it was dry!"

Once more working, Virginia Bruce is a very happy girl. She arrived alone at the party, but was soon surrounded by admiring young men, including Charlie Ruggles and others.

I think the real fashion plate of Hollywood has always been Dolores Del Rio. Always well dressed, but in good taste. And she looked stunning in a gray silk at the party.

Of course, Cedric Gibbons was there, and they seem happier than ever since he made his big success with "Tarzan."

THE WIVES WIN

Leslie Howard and William Gargan are going to think a while before they high-hat their wives again even in fun.

It all happened at Radio ranch, where Gargan's ten-months-old baby was working in a picture. The wives visited Leslie and Bill there. After the ladies had left, Howard and Gargan got the idea of dining at a roadside stand, so they climbed into Gargan's car and started toward the sandwich spot, passing Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Gargan along the way.

In the manner of small boys, the actors turned their noses up and sailed past their wives with an air of mock snootiness.

But looking back, they were horrified. They saw the car containing their wives stop, as the ladies accosted a motorcycle cop.

Instantly they decided, "Here's where we get it!"

Sure enough, they were right. At the next intersection they were stopped by the officer and arrested for speeding. The women had told them they were not only guilty of speeding, but had crowded them into the curb.

They managed to talk their way out of a ticket, but they are figuring on revenge.

VOODOOISM

Dorothy Burgess was all of a dither while playing in a picture in which voodooism is used.

Dorothy is deeply interested in voodooism in any case, from an academic standpoint, but she came near to having the shivers badly when it seemed to be applied to herself.

It was during a scene in which a sort of doll or idol was being used to represent her, in order that another character might pronounce an *ounga* on the character she was playing. As the doll was being brought on the set, a colored Haitian who was playing a small part let out a blood-curdling yell, bounded into the scene, snatched the doll, and exclaimed:

"Doll look too much like Missy Burgess!"

Dorothy recognized a negro for whom she had done a small service. He wasn't going to have any *ounga* put on his benefactress!

OVERHEARD

You hear some rather good ones at these Hollywood parties.

Doris Kenyon was giving a combination tennis and garden party, and Russell Gleason told about hearing an extra girl and a juvenile talking.

"I'm going to kiss you as you've never been kissed before," boasted the juvenile.

"Oh, yes, I have," retorted the extra girl.

Sweaters the colors of the tennis balls are being adopted as a fad in Hollywood. Doris Kenyon was wearing a rose-colored sweater exactly the color of the balls used on her court.

But speaking of Russell Gleason once more, who always is full of quips and quirks, we asked him where his father, James Gleason, was, that bright Sunday afternoon. Russell himself, by the way, was going to work that night.

"Oh, he's at home fast asleep," said Russell, "while I'm slaving my life away to keep him in polo horses!"

Doris's small son Kenyon was there, a beautiful child. He loves music, said his mother, but it is a tragic fact that he seems to be tone deaf—cannot carry a tune.

Which is all the more remarkable inasmuch as both she and his father, the late Milton Sills, were musically inclined.

ALL Hollywood occasionally has a way of going athletic, and there are always tennis, polo and other parties.

The Frank Borzages gave one the other day, with a badminton tournament featured. But Frank himself was off playing spectacular polo with Will Rogers, leaving Mrs. Borzage to entertain during the early part of the day.

Jess Willard, U. S. champ badminton player, and Clifford Sayer, his partner, were guests of honor.

At cocktail time the smart courtside hot-dog stand was the popular spot. Then Frank came home and badminton was started again, with Frank, unwearied from his polo efforts, taking part.

Young love was present in the persons of several couples, including Mary Brian and Dick Powell and Eddie Grainger and Helen Vinson.

TWO parties in one month are a lot, but Frank Borzage has a good excuse. One of the parties was a birthday celebration.

Will Rogers seldom goes to social affairs, but he did go to Frank's birthday party. And entered right into the

spirit of it, even to dancing a cowboy jig.

Everybody has been saying it was all off between Lois Wilson and Winslow Felix.

As a matter of fact, says Lois, it never was really what you'd call on. That is, there never was any engagement.

At any rate they were together at the Borzage birthday affair, and seemed quite devoted.

COCKTAIL TIME

It is becoming the fad for ladies to be escorted to afternoon cocktail parties, in Hollywood, quite the same as to evening parties.

And so we found Peanuts Byron with Lou Breslow, Millard Webb with Mary Eaton—he is a director, and they have been in England two years—Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Alice White and Cy Bartlett, Billy Bakewell and Virginia Bruce. By the way, Virginia is going out a great deal these days.

Two of the guests announced themselves as returning to the screen—Mrs. Douglas MacLean, who was Lorraine Eddy on the screen before she married, and Virginia Bruce, who has just divorced Jack Gilbert.

"I meant to devote myself to painting," said Mrs. MacLean, "when I left the screen to be married; but I guess my painting talent isn't so great after all. And I do want to get to work—can't stand loafing."

HITHER AND YON

Robert Young's wife sent him a wire on the morning he began his latest Columbia role. "She never misses doing it," said Robert. Will Rogers figuring on the table cloth in the Cafe de Paris, and finally announcing that his deductions show that the United States has more gold than money; Sidney Fox planning to buy a suburban home where she can keep a cow; Those inseparables, Ida Lupino and Elsie Ferguson II., wearing twin snake rings as a token of their friendships; "My wife explored my pockets last night," an actor told Richard Thorp, director. "What did she find?" asked Dick. "Same as any other explorer—enough material for a lecture." Jack Holt's son Tim longing to go into pictures, but Jack won't let him until he finishes college; Warner Baxter, finding himself lost in downtown Los Angeles, buying a city map in order to find his way back to Beverly Hills without the necessity of confessing his embarrassment to cops or oil station attendants; Carl Brisson receiving a fan letter from a school teacher, asking that he send her a lock of his hair, her hobby being locks of hair from famous heads. Hazel Forbes and Ed Cromjager, cameraman, enjoying the loop-the-loops and hot dog stands at Venice; Johnny Weissmuller thrilling the crowds at the beach, doing figure eights with his speedboat—getting a thrill himself when the boat leaped three feet out of the water as he turned on too much power; Madge Evans dancing at the Beverly Wilshire Gold Room with Tom Gallery; who is still being kidded because he fell off his sailboat while cruising last week-end.

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